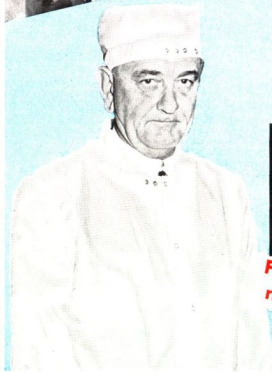


# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

THE NUCLEAR ISSUE

Fear Soviet Breakthrough  
in Domsday Weapon

VOL. 84 NO. 13

(EST. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



## Do you ever ask yourself where all the money went?

"Here today, gone tomorrow" may be a good way to handle some problems — but not when it comes to money. If you're not careful, it's easy to wake up and wonder where it all went.

This is just one reason why Connecticut General Life Insurance Company has created a unique new plan to help you manage your money *now* . . . a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. What's more, it helps you start today to meet tomorrow's goals without cutting back!

This new concept in money management, based on CG's years of experience, is called 25/75. It helps you decide where you stand and where you're going . . . what you're really worth today . . . and how much of what you make is making *new* money for you. Insurance is only a part of it.

25/75 is offered only by your CG agent or broker. Call him soon and learn more about it. Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, Hartford.

*Group Insurance | Pension Plans | Health | Accident | Life*

**CONNECTICUT GENERAL**







## General Dual Super G: The radial ply truck tire that delivers on-the-road profitability . . . Now!

For more than a year, General Dual Super Gs have been building profits for truckers on every type of run. In Arizona—under hot, high speed conditions—they added \$536.04 profit to every rig. In New Jersey, where stop-go traffic murders operating cost, Super Gs delivered a fuel saving-extra mileage combination that put \$391.52 into the profit till from each unit. In California, a bulk milk hauler discovered Super Gs were giving him 400% more original tread mileage—boosting his profits accordingly!

How come General Dual Super Gs deliver so much

on-the-road profitability, wherever they roll? Partly because they're radial ply-built, using stronger than steel Nygen cord. Partly because the tough Duragen rubber in them gives you up 30% more original tread mileage. Partly because of the two steel belts that stabilize the tread. (They also run 51% quieter; save up to 17% on fuel.)

And, most important, this tire is a proven profit-maker, not a promise. Better ask your General Tire Dealer about new Super Gs now. These great tires are bound to make you more profits, wherever you roll!



*phone-power<sup>®</sup> in action...*



## **"WE COVER OUR SMALL TOWN CUSTOMERS ENTIRELY BY LONG DISTANCE"**

*says John Koss, President, Koss Electronics, Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.*

"Late last year we selected a test area to try out a Long Distance selling plan.

"We telephoned our regular customers, got orders in 85 percent of the cases, and reduced our sales costs from 12 to 7 percent.

"This test showed us that telephone selling is an excellent supplementary sales tool. While we continue personal selling in

the major population areas, we now cover the less dense areas by telephone."

Find out other ways Long Distance can help your business. Call your Bell Telephone Business Office. Ask for a communications consultant to contact you.



**BELL SYSTEM**

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Associated Companies

Talk things over, get things done... by Long Distance!

# How smart are you about investing?

(Take this test about stocks and bonds and see.  
Check all answers you think are correct.)

**1. A good reason to consider investing is:**

- ☐ A. You want to get rich quickly.
- ☐ B. You want to give your money a chance to grow.
- ☐ C. You hope to get a second income from interest on bonds or dividends from stock.

**2. The amount of money you might consider investing is:**

- ☐ A. Everything that's left over after paying the rent, food and clothing bills.
- ☐ B. Whatever you can scrape together after taking out a personal loan, mortgaging your house and emptying the cookie jar.
- ☐ C. As much as you feel you can afford to invest after giving first call to living expenses and an emergency fund.

**3. The way to choose stocks and bonds is:**

- ☐ A. Get facts from a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. Ask a Registered Representative for his opinion, then make your decision.
- ☐ B. Ask your friends and neighbors about the stocks they have heard about. Choose the ones that most of them recommend.
- ☐ C. Listen to any exciting rumors from an acquaintance or a persuasive

stranger willing to let you in on a "sure thing." Buy fast.

**4. The thing to keep in mind about securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange is:**

- ☐ A. They can usually be bought and sold quickly in a fair and orderly market.
- ☐ B. They represent ownership in most of America's largest corporations.
- ☐ C. They offer varying degrees of rewards and risk.

**Answers:**

1. "B" & "C" are correct. (Smart investors set goals for themselves, usually for the long term. People who plunge to get rich quickly usually get poor quickly.)

2. "C" is correct. (Smart investors don't invest money they are going to need in the foreseeable future. Some systematically invest through the Monthly Investment Plan, with as little as \$40 every three months.)

3. "A" is correct. (Smart investors take advantage of knowledgeable advice. One source to consult is the Registered Representative. He had to meet Exchange requirements at the time he became a broker in a Member Firm.)

4. All the answers are correct.

**Send for this free booklet today.**

"DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS" gives you more information about investing. This 16-page booklet tells you how to start an investment program and what it costs to buy or sell stock on the New York Stock Exchange. It defines common stocks, dividends, growth and other investing terms. In addition, it lists more than 500 stocks that have paid cash dividends each year for 25 years or more. Send for your free copy, today.

*Own your share of American business*

## Members New York Stock Exchange

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. Mail to a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange, or to the New York Stock Exchange, Dept. 4-E.B., P.O. Box 1070, N.Y., N.Y. 10001. Please send me, free, "DIVIDENDS OVER THE YEARS, a basic guide for common stock investment."

NAME

ADDRESS

When in New York for the World's Fair, visit the Exchange, Broad and Wall Streets, Manhattan. See the nation's market place in action, the colorful Exhibit Hall and Little Theater. 10-3:30 Monday through Friday. Admission free.

*"Flushing a bird" (Photo by Inge Morath/Magnum)*



**At a time like this, who's thinking about investments?**

We are, here at Bankers Trust Company. Our Investment Advisory Division, backed by our own research facilities and our own information sources about business conditions, is in a unique position to assist in the sound growth and management of your investment portfolio.

If the burden of investment management is beginning to weigh heavily on your shoulders, entrust it to our experts. You'll get more than just wise business counseling. You'll also get the warm, personal interest you'd expect from a trusted friend. Come in today. You'll leave feeling better, knowing that Bankers Trust has assumed the important job of caring for your investments.

**BANKERS TRUST COMPANY**  **NEW YORK**

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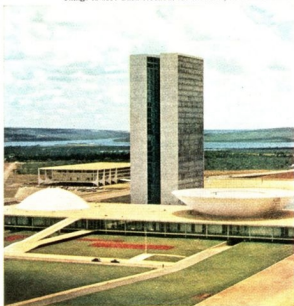
Places to stay: in Caracas, it's the Hotel Tamanaco.



Things to see: Casa Rosada, for instance, in Buenos Aires.



Things to do: go for the big ones on the Chilean lakes.



Discoveries to make: Brasilia, the world's newest city.

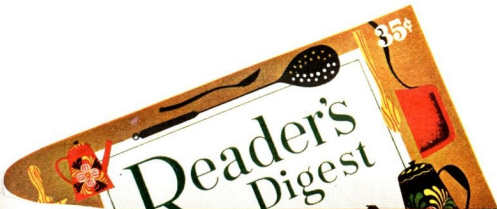
## You haven't seen anything till you've seen South America!



Both coasts for the price of one! Go one way, return the other on Pan Am - Panagra.

Both coasts for the price of one. Take the East Coast first, or the West. Rio is the place to be at Carnival time (or any other time). Buenos Aires will remind you of Paris—except France has no pampas. Montevideo will shrug if you mention the Riviera. It has Punta del Este just next door. Chile has mountains to schuss in the north. In the south, it has Viña del Mar. Peru has the Inca world of Cuzco and Machu Picchu and the old Spanish world of Lima. Put them all on your must-see list—with a 'Round South America ticket. As little as \$630 from New York, \$578 from Miami, \$641 from Washington. *On the only*





may interest you to his morning routine of the two biggest in the West, to and e of your own, and fier. We are several nearer to the end id we should find of the two, we at

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ghtfully, "Our sion differs egic Air Com- in is the com- bombers—all andards are quickly and e than yours, in less time t get to air- base his ar h closer to sious. It is to launch ober force, e weapons



### Who helped Wear-Ever put 29% more sizzle in their sales?

"We first used Reader's Digest in 1957 with great success, and in 1962 we placed our primary consumer emphasis in The Digest," says Mr. M. G. Armentrout, Vice President of Marketing, Wear-Ever Aluminum, Inc.

"In 1963 we stepped up to six insertions, giving our full-color half-pages continuity in addition to the extraordinary coverage and efficiency of The Digest. This helped introduce our broadened and newly styled lines of

electric and non-electric cookware.

"Result? Sales in 1963 topped the previous year's record by 16%, giving Wear-Ever its best year for consumer sales. And sales for the first half of '64 are up another 29%! Needless to say, Wear-Ever is again putting the major share of its advertising in Reader's Digest."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 14 1/4 million U.S. families (25 million world-wide) buy each issue.

Agency for Wear-Ever: Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.

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# WHAT'S NEW FROM PITTSBURGH STEEL

## DUAL WEIGHT DRILL PIPE

Look what Pittsburgh Steel is doing now—making it possible for the Petroleum Industry to drill wells with less steel.

That's right, less steel—for lower weight, reduced costs, more efficiency and greater safety, with Pittsburgh's new *Dual Weight Drill Pipe*. Dual Weight saves up to 3½ pounds for every foot that goes into the well. Just consider these facts:

- Hauling, hoisting and handling pipe are costly considerations in drilling. Dual Weight, weighing less than ordinary steel drill pipe, saves money at each step—and oilmen are just as tight-fisted as anyone about spending a dollar unnecessarily.

- Wells inevitably are plunging to extreme depths in the search for oil and gas—15,000, 20,000, 25,000 feet. Drilling strings reaching those depths add up to a lot of tons—enough that, under certain circumstances, the driller flirts with the limits of ordinary drill pipe.

Dual Weight Drill Pipe, weighing less, gives him more safety and extended drilling range—plus extra strength, durability and longer service in the one area of the pipe that gets the roughest abuse and worst damage.

In the interest of drilling economy, Pittsburgh Steel developed Dual Weight Drill Pipe in popular API steel grades by reshaping the pipe—putting a thicker wall of steel at the heavily used end, and a lighter wall over the remaining 85 percent of the length. (See sketch at left.)

Dual Weight Drill Pipe is another new product “first”—one that proves again that Pittsburgh Steel has the imagination to shape up to the changing needs of a competitive market—and the energy to go after the business.

---

### PITTSBURGH STEEL'S "PROGRAM FOR PROFITS"

Pittsburgh's \$44-million “Program For Profits,” now nearing completion, means we're prepared for whatever's ahead in steelmaking and steel marketing, too. Here's how the Program stands:

- Completed—an \$18-million Basic Oxygen Steel plant to reduce steelmaking costs and improve quality.

- Completed—expansion of our Hot Sheet Mill from four to six stands, plus installation of automatic thickness controls, to roll the bigger, heavier, precision steel coils sought by customers.

- Completed—expansion of sheet and strip annealing facilities, for fuller participation in metalworking's largest market—cold-rolled sheet steel.

- Underway—a \$3.5-million iron ore sintering plant to improve blast furnace efficiency is scheduled for start-up in 1965.

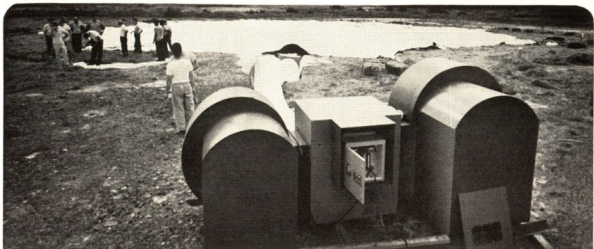
- Underway—facilities to supply Pittsburgh with 500,000 tons of pelletized ore annually from Canada's vast Wabush iron ore project, to achieve lower iron-making costs.



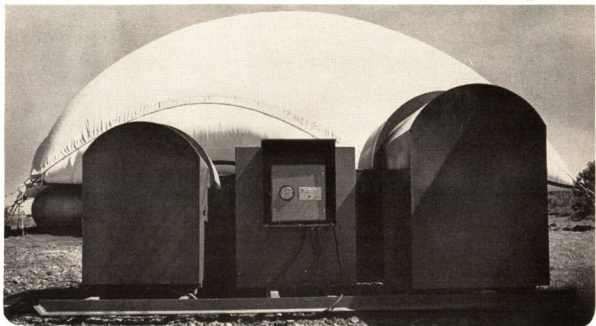
**PITTSBURGH STEEL COMPANY**

GRANT BUILDING • PITTSBURGH, PA. 15230





Above: Workmen prepare for test inflation of a mobile exhibit building produced by Birdair Structures, Inc. for the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.



In less than two hours Peerless-Porter blowers (foreground) have completely inflated the 136 foot diameter Birdair building.

## Some of our customers need their buildings blown up

Formula for an "instant building": Lay an airtight base, attach fabric, turn the switch on a Peerless centrifugal blower, watch building rise. Cost? Roughly one fourth as much as a prefabricated metal structure. Life? Up to ten years, depending on the fabric used.

You'll see more inflated buildings in

the years ahead. Big ones for warehouses, meeting places, exhibits, military electronic installations; small ones for swimming pools and tennis courts. Porter's Electrical Division blows them up and keeps them up with specially designed motors and blowers sold under the Peerless tradename. They're maxi-

mum heavy duty units built for utmost dependability.

If you need an instant building, let us help you. We'll send a list of manufacturers using dependable Peerless motors and blowers. Write to Warren Works, Electrical Division, H. K. Porter Company, Inc., Warren, Ohio.

## Who keeps them up?



**H. K. PORTER COMPANY, INC.  
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA**



## "Method" Broadcasting

Method broadcasting is the kind that zealous broadcasters throw themselves into, heart and soul.

Method broadcasters are the kind that don't believe in doing things half way. Never reveal news from just one side of the Berlin Wall, for example. And always give Brubeck and Brahms equal time. And never forget that farmers are pretty wrapped up in hogs, business magnates in stocks, and home-makers in kids. And always remember that no adult can get very wrapped up in broadcasting that has no vitality or character.

Need we add that method broadcasters beget method

listeners? (We have 2,183,000 in our school.) As you might expect, method listeners, too, are intense and responsive.

We have an official name for this vital kind of WJR broadcasting and listening: *Foreground Radio*.

We have a name for WJR advertising messages, too: *Foreground Commercials*. Because our commercials also enjoy the fruits of method broadcasting and listening: namely, *results*.

Sales auditions are handled through Henry I. Christal representatives.

**WJR**  
550 MC 50,000 WATTS  
**DETROIT**



## Dutch name, world fame

No need to travel. With Bols, there's a world of pleasant living at your fingertips. Quickly, easily, you can make perfect cocktails, desserts and aperitifs with world-famed Bols Liqueurs.

**Suggestion:** Try Strawberries Romanoff with Bols Triple Sec. Write for free recipe booklet. Bols, Box TS, 1908 Howard Street, Louisville, Ky.



By appointment to  
H. R. H. the Prince of The Netherlands

# BOLS

*Liqueurs*

Since 1575

Bols Liqueurs, 40 to 66 Proof.

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## TIME LISTINGS

### TELEVISION

Having held back while NBC and ABC unveiled their new programs, this week it is CBS's turn. Most of its new offerings are situation comedies, with situations ranging from the all-too-probable to the all-too-inconceivable. This just about completes the new season with only one or two stragglers coming in later.

**Wednesday, September 23**  
**THE PRESIDENCY: A SPLENDID MISERY** (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A CBS News special with the words of various Presidents read by Actors James Daly, Gary Merrill, Sidney Blackmer, Macdonald Carey, E. G. Marshall, Herbert Marshall, Dan O'Herlihy, and Robert Ryan. Fredric March is host-narrator.

**THE CARA WILLIAMS SHOW** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A comedy about a husband and wife who work for a company that bans intra-office matrimony. *Premiere.*

**Thursday, September 24**  
**THE MUNSTERS** (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). A new comedy series about a family of cheery monsters. *Premiere.*

**THE BAILEYS OF BALBOA** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new situation comedy about a poor family living on a houseboat in the luxury Balboa Yacht Basin—a kind of Beverly Hillbillies afloat—starring Paul Ford as Papa Bailey. *Premiere.*

**DANIEL BOONE** (NBC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Excitable adventures every week, starring Fess Parker as Boone. *Premiere.*

**Friday, September 25**  
**THE ENTERTAINERS** (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A new revue series starring Carol Burnett, Bob Newhart and Caterina Valente, with occasional appearances by Art Buchwald, Tessie O'Shea and others. *Premiere.*

**GOMER PYLE—U.S.M.C.** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new series in which Jim Nabors plays a rookie marine. *Premiere.*

**THE REPORTER** (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Harry Guardino and Gary Merrill will star in this new series about a New York daily newspaper. *Premiere.*

**THE JACK PAAR PROGRAM** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Guests: Mary Martin, Mike Nichols and Elaine May, with film clips of the Paar family's visit to Brazil. *Color.*

**Saturday, September 26**  
**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS** (ABC, 5:30-6:30 p.m.). Women's World Softball championships and the Oklahoma Live Rattlesnake Hunt.

**GILLIGAN'S ISLAND** (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). A new series about a fishing party that gets stranded on an uninhabited island à la Swiss Family Robinson. *Premiere.*

**MR. BROADWAY** (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Craig (Peter Gunn) Stevens stars in Garson Kanin's new series about a public relations man. *Premiere.*

**Sunday, September 27**  
**QUEBEC—OUI! OTTAWA—NON** (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). An NBC News special on Canadian nationalism.

**MY LIVING DOLL** (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). A new situation comedy with a new situation: Julie Newmar plays a top-secret

\* All times E.D.T.

Government robot, and Robert Cummings is the psychiatrist assigned to watch over her control box. *Premiere.*

**SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE** (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Marilyn Monroe, Jack Lemmon and Tony Curtis, unforgettable as members of an all-girl orchestra in *Some Like It Hot*.

**Monday, September 28**  
**OLYMPIC SINGLE** (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A special about the history of the games, including some old film footage of the 1900 Paris Olympics, Japan's preparations for next month's contests in Tokyo, and film clips of the athletes who will participate in them. *Color.*

### RECORDS

#### Pop

Seldom if ever have pop singles sold as fast as they have in the last weeks of summer. Since the popularity of a 45 often attaches itself to the LP from which it came or which it hastily inspires, sales of albums too are soaring. Some of the fast-moving LPs, all lifted up the charts by a two-minute tune:

**EVERYBODY LOVES SOMEBODY** (Reprise) was also the title of Dean Martin's million-selling single and is surrounded here by other songs (*Baby-O*, *My Heart Cries for You*, *A Little Voice*) awash with similarly sudsy sentiments. Dino swallows his consonants and sounds as though he has no bones, but who cares when he sings such warm things?

**I DON'T WANT TO BE HURT ANYMORE** (Capitol) was the hit in Nat King Cole's anthology for jilted lovers, including *Only Yesterday*, *You're Crying on My Shoulder*, *Road to Nowhere*, and *Was That the Human Thing to Do?* It seems as though Everybody Hurts Somebody.

**ALL SUMMER LONG** (Capitol). "My buddies and me are gittin' real well known," sing the Beach Boys, who sailed over a million with *I Get Around*. The Beach Boys feature the good California life, just surfing and riding their "groovy little Hondas." But the end of all this *Fun, Fun, Fun* may be in sight. "We know they're right when they say we're not ready," sings one treble boyish voice. "We'll run away and get married anyhow."

**RAG DOLL** (Philips). The Four Seasons resemble the Beach Boys in playing arrangements scored primarily for guitars and cash registers. Philosophically, however, they tend to be more conservative. It was they who warned *Down to go away*, and now along comes this sad rag doll. "I'd change her sad rags into glad rags if I could," sings the hero, "but my folks won't let me."

**HONEY IN THE HORN** (RCA Victor). Trumpeter Al Hirt piped such a jolly rendition of *Java* that he's had nothing but good news ever since. *Honey*, with *Java* in it, remains in perpetual motion in the record shops, and now two more bestselling collections have flowed from Hirt's horn of plenty: *Cotton Candy* and *Sugar Lips*. **ROGER AND OUT** (Smash). Roger Miller is the noisiest sinner in or out of Nashville. He spent the grocery money and half the rent on liquor and then jammed the air waves confessing. "Dang me, they ought to take a rope and hang me," he keeps singing. Nobody is arguing with him, but so far the only action against him has



# How to lose weight while you eat more often

*Lose weight while you eat six times a day under this new Mazola 1500 calorie diet plan. Best of all, it's a diet you can live with after you get down to the weight you want.*



The Mazola diet plan is based on a new concept of weight control which was described recently in a leading women's service magazine.

Overweight men and women who tested the concept were remarkably successful in trimming down. None of them complained of hunger pangs associated with low calorie diets. They were also pleased with the appetizing foods which the plan allows.

The plan *does not* force you to give up appetizing foods you need just for the sake of weight control, a fault doctors find with all too many crash reducing diets.

## Lose weight on 1500 calories a day.

Like most reducing diets, the Mazola diet plan cuts down on your daily calorie intake. Unlike most diets, however, there is no need to go to extremes. The 1500 calories a day you are allowed makes this diet quite liberal compared to typical crash diets.

The unique feature of this plan is that your daily food intake is distributed more evenly throughout the day. You eat *six* times a day instead of the customary three meals.

The eat six-times-a-day Mazola diet plan offers weight-watchers a two-fold benefit. First, it helps to ward off the empty-between-meals feeling which forces even strong-willed people to reach for the refrigerator door. Second, the plan apparently helps to cut down weight more effectively than when the 1500 calories are unevenly divided among three regular meals.

## Three meals a day may be obsolete.

There is mounting medical evidence that the grand old custom of "three squares" a day may be one of the big reasons for overweight problems.

Equally bad is the self-deceiving eating pattern of black coffee and dry toast for breakfast, a dab of cottage cheese for lunch

and then a whopping big dinner. The one big meal stuffs you like a force-fed goose. Your body does not need all of this food for energy while you sleep at night. The excess is thriftily stored as *fat*.

## No formulas, no fads. Eat delicious every day foods.

Here is a typical 1500 calorie menu:

### BREAKFAST

Grapefruit Juice (½ cup)  
Soft Cooked Egg (1)  
Broiled Canadian Bacon (1 slice)  
Toast (1 slice)

Mazola Margarine (1 tsp.)

### MIDMORNING PICKUP

Cottage Cheese (¼ cup)  
Skim Milk (½ cup)

### LUNCH

Broiled Chopped Lean Round Steak (3 oz.)  
Mazola Margarine (1 tsp.)  
Hamburger Roll (½)  
Sour Pickles  
Tossed Green Salad  
French Dressing made with 2 tsp. Mazola Corn Oil  
Hot Tea Lemon

### MIDAFTERNOON PICKUP

Lean Ham (1 oz.)  
Skim Milk (1 cup)

### DINNER

Hot Bouillon  
\*Broiled Parsiled Halibut (3 oz.)  
Lettuce and Tomato Salad (small)  
Carrots cooked with 1 tsp. Mazola Corn Oil  
Fresh Pear (1 small)  
Coffee

### MIDEVENING PICKUP

Lean Ham (1 oz.)  
Skim Milk (½ cup)

\*Brushed with 2 teaspoons Mazola Corn Oil and sprinkled with lemon juice.

The Mazola plan centers around food groups that are rich in proteins, essential fats, vitamins and minerals. Emphasis is placed on appetite-satisfying, nourishing foods, such as lean meats, fish, poultry, eggs, skim milk, special margarine, liquid corn oil, vegetables and fruits.

## Corn oil helps curb hunger pangs.

Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine have excellent satiety values. Like all fats, Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine are digested more slowly than carbohy-

drate-rich foods. It naturally follows that the longer the digestive system has to work, the less time it has to annoy you about being hungry.

There are many delicious ways to use easy-to-digest Mazola Corn Oil. It makes all kinds of tasty salad dressings and you can use it to sauté the lean cuts of meat provided in the diet.

Mazola Margarine tastes extra good melted over hot vegetables or as a spread for breads and toast.

## This is a diet plan you, and those around you, can live with.

The trouble with most diet plans is that, after the initial enthusiasm is over, most people slide back to their former eating habits. Hunger is often a stronger persuader than vanity or good sense.

Another big trouble with most crash diets is that they can make you irritable. You become as cross as a hungry bear and nobody likes to live with a cross bear.

Fortunately, you don't have to be a pillar of strength to live with this diet plan. It is not a spartan diet. You eat roughly 1500 calories a day. With few exceptions, you eat the foods your family eats. The foods are delicious and satisfying, so a minimum of self-control is needed.

To repeat, you should continue to have little or no difficulty staying with this Mazola diet plan after you get down to the weight you want.

## Balances saturated fats with polyunsaturates.

This diet is especially suitable for people who are concerned about the kind of fats they eat.

Specified daily amounts of Mazola Corn Oil and Mazola Margarine, which are rich in corn oil polyunsaturates, are used to balance the limited amount of animal fats in this diet. You get all the other benefits of 100% corn oil, too.

For free copy of "The Mazola Diet Plan," mail attached postage paid reply card.

You'd like my lead  
story but it's all  
Greek to you

I recognize a good story  
in any language



Its thorough foreign news coverage is one of the reasons why every United States Senator, 93% of the members of the House, and 95% of key government executives read The Washington Post regularly . . . and why, when they have time for only one newspaper, it is The Washington Post by a ratio of nearly 3 to 1.

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The Washington Post . . . as do nearly two-thirds of all the families in the Washington area.

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# The small one that sounds like a big one.

## Introducing the Fisher 50 portable: 30 watts of stereo in a suitcase!

Thirty watts is a lot of power. Even for a full-size, built-in stereo system or a big stereo console. In a portable stereo phonograph it is unprecedented. But then a portable by Fisher (doesn't that sound almost like "a compact by Rolls Royce"?) is bound to be unlike any other you have ever seen or heard. Close your eyes and you'll think you are listening to one of those stereo installations that take up half a house. Yet, when packed to travel, the Fisher 50 is about the size of a man's one-suit. Fully transistorized; complete with famous Garrard automatic changer and Pickering cartridge; \$229.50. At leading department stores and hi-fi dealers; or write Fisher Radio Corp., 21-40 44th Drive, Long Island City 1, N.Y.

# The Fisher

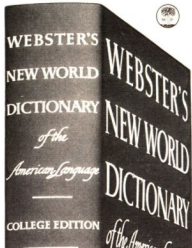

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## MID-MANHATTAN at its Luxurious Best

Regally spacious guest rooms... suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

**HOTEL Dorset**  
30 West 54th St.  
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.  
A Bing & Bing Hotel

been taken by Ruby Wright, who sings an answer to *Dung Me* called *Dern Ya*. In the meanwhile Miller has gone on writing songs like those that fill this album, e.g., *Squares Make the World Go Round*.

## CINEMA

**TOPKAPI.** Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov make a jewel theft in Istanbul look like grand foolery in Director Jules Dassin's niftiest caper since *Rififi*.

**THE APE WOMAN.** Italian Director Marco Ferreri creates a sublime parable of man's inhumanity out of this squalid tale about a fast-buck promoter who meets, marries and makes a freak show of a girl (Annie Girardot) covered from head to toe with brown silky hair.

**MARY POPPINS.** In Walt Disney's drollest movie in years, Julie Andrews works miracles as the rosy-cheeked young nanny who slides up bunnisters and whisks the kiddies off to the airier reaches of a fantasy that offers many more lifts than lapses.

**ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS.** Based on valid speculation, this science-fiction saga imagines what might happen to a U.S. astronaut marooned on the red planet.

**I'D RATHER BE RICH.** In one of the season's liveliest comedy sleepers, Sandra Dee gets hilarious support from two wide-awake oldtimers, Maurice Chevalier and Hermione Gingold, and a pair of newcomers, Robert Goulet and Andy Williams.

**RHINOC.** It is a brilliantly scenic safari that combines the usual African flora and fauna with highly entertaining melodrama and a sharp sense of fun.

**SEDUCED AND ABANDONED.** A maiden ventures down the primrose path and stumbles over the brutal Sicilian social code in Director Pietro Germi's savage tragic-comedy, which is more biting but perhaps a bit less bubbly than his memorable *Divorce—Italian Style*.

**GIRL WITH GREEN EYES.** Britain's Rita Tushingham is cute, earnest, cunning, brassy and just about everything else that a movie actress should be in this warmly witty account of an Irish colleen's romance with an aging author (Peter Finch).

**A HARD DAY'S NIGHT.** The Beatles hit their nimble stride in a smooth, fresh, surprisingly funny comedy that is the answer to a maiden's prayer, and then some.

**THAT MAN FROM RIO.** Jean-Paul Belmondo dodges poisoned darts and mad scientists in Broca's *(The Five-Day Lover)* wildly hilarious parody of Hollywood's next-earthquake-please epic.

**A SHOT IN THE DARK.** As a bumbling police inspector, Peter Sellers pursues a seductive murder suspect (Elke Sommer) from corpse to corpse.

**ZULU.** A heroic band of British redcoats fights off hordes of proud native warriors in this bloody, bristling adventure film based on a historic battle at Rorke's Drift, Natal, in 1879.

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**CORRIDORS OF POWER,** by C. P. Snow. Sir Charles stalks the British Establishment again. This time his quarry is a brilliant M.P. who hitches his considerable ambitions to an excellent cause but fails to reckon on the complex motivations of both friends and enemies.

**GIDEON'S TRUMPET,** by Anthony Lewis. A lively account of Clarence Earl Gideon, the jailhouse lawyer who changed the law

of the land, is used to animate a complex subject—the changing philosophy of the U.S. Supreme Court in the last quarter century.

**THE GOLDEN BEES,** by Theo Aronson. A busy book indeed: the gossip story of all the Bonapartes and their clamorous pursuit of instant aristocracy.

**BEGINNING AGAIN, 1911-1918,** by Leonard Woolf. In the third volume of his memoirs, the author writes of the early years of his marriage to the young esthete and writer, Virginia Stephen. In loving but painful detail, he recounts Virginia Woolf's first flights into insanity years before her great novels were published.

**THE ITALIAN GIRL,** by Iris Murdoch. British Novelist Murdoch's eighth book has a message that, for current writers, is almost universal: better to have botched up life than not to have lived at all. But she says it all her own way, which means with wit, understatement and plain old sedition.

**THE LOST CITY,** by John Gunther. To those who remember the days of beats and journalistic feats in the '30s and '40s, Gunther's novel has enormous nostalgic value. The lost city is Vienna, and among its dashing celebrities were Dorothy Thompson and Vincent Sheean.

**A START IN FREEDOM,** by Sir Hugh Foot. Sir Hugh has spent his adult years and his considerable talents on helping British colonies to independence; his book is interesting both as memoir and practical political science.

**GERMANS AGAINST HITLER,** by Terence Prittie. Historians have been curiously reticent about the Germans who fought Hitler from the pulpit, in pamphlets and by direct action—mostly at the cost of their lives. Prittie's book does belated justice to those who battled Nazi totalitarianism.

**A MOTHER'S KISSES,** by Bruce Jay Friedman. A very funny novel about a domineering mother and her miserable teenage son. Friedman balances bitter humor and driving obsession to create an inimitable comic style.

**MOZART THE DRAMATIST,** by Brigid Brophy. A brilliant interpretation written so gracefully as to disarm criticism of the author's heavily Freudian outlook.

### Best Sellers

#### FICTION

1. *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*, Le Carré (3 last week)
2. *Candy*, Southern and Hoffenberg (1)
3. *Armageddon*, Uris (2)
4. *The Rector of Justin*, Auchincloss (5)
5. *Julian*, Vidal (4)
6. *You Only Live Twice*, Fleming (8)
7. *This Rough Magic*, Stewart (6)
8. *The 480*, Burdick (9)
9. *Convention*, Knebel and Bailey (7)
10. *Boys and Girls Together*, Goldman

#### NONFICTION

1. *Harlow*, Shulman (1)
2. *A Moveable Feast*, Hemingway (3)
3. *The Invisible Government*, Wise and Ross (2)
4. *A Tribute to John F. Kennedy*, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. *The Kennedy Wit*, Adler (6)
6. *Four Days*, U.P.I. and American Heritage (5)
7. *The Italians*, Barzini (10)
8. *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, Silver (7)
9. *Diplomat Among Warriors*, Murphy (8)
10. *Crises in Black and White*, Silberman (9)



**“How do you keep the eyes  
of a white shoe from  
staining the laces and  
the white leather tongue?”\***



\* Coat them with colorless nail polish.

**Another romantic subject for  
Family Circle's 7,500,000 homemakers.**

Boy never meets girl in Family Circle. And do our readers care? Not a bit. Family Circle is strictly service. That's what homemakers love. No fiction? Hooray! No fooling? Three cheers! When a woman sits down to dream with Family Circle, you can bet she's got her feet on the ground. With 15,000,000 feet every month, who's kicking?

**Family Circle. A magazine only a homemaker could love.**

The romantic circulation numbers now guarantee: McCall's 8,250,000; Family Circle 7,500,000; Ladies' Home Journal 6,500,000; Good Housekeeping 5,000,000.

Soon we'll fly from New York to Cleveland. (5 flights, all non-stop).

And you'll always fly in a 727 Astrojet—the newest jet in the air.

Like all of our Astrojets, the 727 is a fan-jet. It has three engines, but it's so powerful it could take off on only two, fly on one, and land on one.

It's also one of the quietest jets you can fly—the engines are in the rear and the sound is left behind.

Service begins Monday, Oct. 5th.

Departures will be at 8:30 am, 11:15 am, 2:30 pm, 4:15 pm, and 7:15 pm. Every flight will offer a choice of First Class or Royal Coachman; the fares are \$32.90 and \$27.25, plus tax. (American is the only airline that will offer first class

and coach service on every flight.) For reservations, see your travel agent, or call American Airlines.



**American Airlines  
announces service to Cleveland,  
the only all-jet service there.  
(And every jet's a fan-jet.)**

"Emphasizing  
tv production  
and  
syndication..."

"Metromedia's a  
growing  
broadcasting  
complex."

"Expanding the  
nation's largest  
outdoor  
advertising  
company."

"...has been  
diversifying  
into pure  
entertainment."



"...building the  
Metromedia  
radio  
news team."

"Moving toward  
leadership  
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## How would you describe it?

Metromedia began as a broadcasting company. In 1956, we had two stations. Today there are 12. The first diversification was our entry into outdoor advertising. When we purchased Foster & Kleiser it was a West Coast Operation. Now, Foster & Kleiser covers New York and Chicago, in addition to the Pacific West.

Metromedia's influence in transit advertising is spreading. By injecting new talent and ideas into a

long-established travelling ice show, Metromedia has revitalized Ice Capades, Inc., and furthered its stature as the leading ice attraction in the country.

Metromedia grows through effective and efficient operations that are under constant development by management. A larger growth will result from the continuance of our planned diversification within the broad area of service activities.

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METRO TRANSIT ADVERTISING; SUPERSPACE ADVERTISING; ICE CAPADES, INC.

205 EAST 67TH STREET, NEW YORK 10021. OUR STOCK EXCHANGE SYMBOL IS MET.

# THE NEW YORK FAIR

With 200,000 people a day still pushing through the turnstiles at Flushing Meadow, the smart fairgoer will want to plan his time to avoid the crush. Since most of the crowd seems perfectly content to spend long hours waiting to get into G.M., G.E., and other popular industrial exhibits, it's best to leave these until after dinner when the lines are usually shorter. Meanwhile there are 646 acres to investigate, crammed with endless variety. Start with an itinerary in mind, take it slow and easy, cover the grounds section by section, and a day at the fair will be a pleasant memory instead of a whirling nightmare.

## PAVILIONS

**SPAIN** has the most satisfying pavilion of all: a well-wrought building where cool, shadowy interiors lead to bright, fountains, courtyards, an art gallery where Goya and Velázquez hang cheek by jowl with Miró and Picasso. With a stageful of vibrant flamenco gypsies and a choice of fine restaurants touting "ceels from the River Tagus" and "mushrooms from the caves of Segovia," Spain outclasses most other foreign and state pavilions, many of which offer nothing more remarkable than displays of consumer goods and models of jute mills.

**VATICAN.** The centerpiece is Michelangelo's *Pietà*, which draws reverent gasps in spite of its hoked-up blue stage setting. Modern religious arts and crafts are used to advantage throughout the pavilion, the best being a forest of vivid liturgical banners hanging like medieval flags in the main hall.

**JOHNSON'S WAX** is polishing its image with a 20-minute, exquisitely filmed pean to awareness called *To Be Alive!* that miraculously never once mentions the sponsor or his product.

**DU PONT**, on the other hand, presents a 45-minute commercial that succeeds because of its fast pace and good timing. Live actors are synchronized with film excerpts, song-and-dance routines with cartoon characters. The cast performs as though it were not all for a synthetic cause.

**GENERAL ELECTRIC** sends the audience around the show in a revolving auditorium. Disney-made dummies extol progress (appliances division) in vignettes showing American home life in 20-year intervals from the turn of the century. Somehow the coziness of icebox and coal-stove days seems more appealing than the cool splendors of the modern home filled with the latest conveniences.

**COCA-COLA** lets the fairgoer wander at will, sampling the sights and smells of a Hong Kong street, the Taj Mahal, an Alpine resort, a Cambodian rain forest, and a cruise ship off Rio.

**PEPSI-COLA'S UNICEF** exhibition warms the heart of every little girl at the fair with a boat ride through a fantasy of Disney dolls. Hundreds and hundreds of them, dressed in saris and kilts, *Lederhosen* and grass skirts, they wink and blink, nod and grimace, dance and sing to a joyful hymn in praise of world understanding called *It's a Small World*.

**PROTESTANT AND ORTHODOX CENTER** shows the controversial short, *Parable*, a heavily symbolic film that casts a clown as a latter-day Christ who is crucified under

the Big Top. The controversy seems to be between those who think it is art and those who believe it is sacrilege. Most people probably know which side they are likely to be on. If not, there's one way to find out.

**GENERAL MOTORS** presents a retreat of its successful Futurama from the 1939 New York Fair. Viewers get a trip to the moon without gossamer wings, a glimpse of vacation lands under the ocean and cities under the Antarctic snows. Best concept is the jungle-road-building behemoth that cuts trees with a flash of its laser beam, chews up the undergrowth and, quick as a wink, turns out a four-lane highway.

**FORD** lavishes its affections on a series of prehistoric vignettes. Immense monsters (bodies by Disney) clash in battle and sound like dueling trailer trucks. Presumably, Ford mechanics sneak out at night to hammer out the dents on the dinosaurs. Disney also created a family of cave people so upright and lovable that it is a foregone conclusion they will discover fire and invent the wheel.

**PARKER PEN** has mechanized the pen-pal business. An IBM machine, stuffed with 65,000 names gathered the world over, matches ages and hobbies in minutes. Those interested can correspond with French splunkers, Australian fur farmers or Arabian schoolboys.

**ILLINOIS** has as its star boarder a life-size mechanical facsimile of Abe Lincoln. This steel-boned, electronic-nerved creature stands up, adjusts its coattails, clears its throat, and delivers six excerpts from Lincoln speeches on liberty in a voice that sounds like the Midwestern twang of Doc in *Gunslinger*.

**IBM** has laid an egg—a 50-ton concrete one—and perched it high above ground in a nest of steel trees. Inside, where the yolk should be, is a nine-screen presentation on computers. Best action comes in front of the People Wall, where passers-by can watch 500 mildly apprehensive fairgoers as they leave the ground and slowly disappear into the underbelly of the egg.

**NEW YORK CITY** can be seen from a simulated helicopter trip around a complete scale model of the five boroughs (the Empire State Building is 15 in. tall). The model will be used by city planners after the fair; meanwhile the modelmakers frantically try to keep up with the real-life builders, tearing out tiny rows of brownstones to slap in new office blocks.

**THE BELGIAN VILLAGE** gets an A for architecture—a delightful replica of a Flemish town—but bad marks for allowing pizza parlors and egg-roll stands to compete with colorful shops selling crepes, suzette, Belgian cookies, lace and crystal.

**JAPAN** displays its ancient arts and modern crafts, consumer products and heavy industrial machines in an intricate maze of buildings. Its best attraction is an outdoor demonstration of samurai dueling. Kabuki players and judo experts, as well as the tea-ceremony performance, where the ancient disciplines are enacted by pretty Japanese hostesses in gorgeous, drippy kimonos.

West Virginia puts on a demonstration of glass blowing: Montana has a trainload of Western collector's items, including an invitation to a hanging. Calamity Jane's thundermug, and Buffalo Bill's silver-handled toothbrush. Alaska has brought

in Chilkat Indians to custom-carve totem poles (at \$100 a running foot). General Cigar offers a magic show. Indonesia demonstrates shadow puppets. Oregon runs a lumberjack carnival. Polynesia sells chunks of fresh sugar cane. Socony Mobil tests your reflexes in a simulated driving-hazard test. Sinclair Oil has a forest of dinosaurs, and the Scott pavilion boasts the best rest rooms of all, with a diaper-changing room for harried mothers.

## VEWS

**THE SWISS SKY RIDE** charges a big 75¢ for a four-minute cable-car trip but sends the traveler soaring 115 ft. above Samson fire dancers, Burundi drummers, Guatemalan marimba bands and Swiss yodelers.

**NEW YORK STATE.** For 50¢ the fairgoer is whisked 226 ft. up into the pavilion tower for a panoramic view of Mosesland surrounded by acres and acres of cars.

**PORT AUTHORITY HELIPORT** offers a \$6.50, four-minute whirlybird's-eye view. The flight is best taken at night when the fair becomes a fairland of colored lights and fireworks.

**THE MONORAIL** ride around the comparatively uncrowded Lake Amusement Area offers a suspended seven-minute fair survey for 80¢.

## RESTAURANTS

The fair does handsomely by those with fat pocketbooks and fickle palates. Herring lovers will drool at the wide selection offered on Denmark's \$6.50 cold board. The Spanish pavilion's Toledo and Granada restaurants dish up a numbing array of French and regional dishes. Africans (or at least Americans of African ancestry) in native robes serve groundnut soup and couscous (\$4.50) in Africa's tree house, while the diner lucky enough to have a table on the balcony finds himself eyeball-to-eyeball with an inquisitive giraffe. Indonesia's seven-course, \$7.75 dinner is spiced by whirling Balinese dancers. There are also many good, inexpensive restaurants. Café Hilton atop the Better Living Center offers cafeteria-style choices of regional dishes from five gaily decorated international kitchens with entrees priced from \$1.25 to \$3.25. The Maryland pavilion brings the tang of salt water with its Chesapeake Bay crab and oyster recipes (\$3.50). Greece's *taverna* has stuffed vine leaves and *mousaka* starting at \$2.50.

For those on a hamburger budget, most foreign pavilions have food stands selling specialties of their country at hamburger prices. The United Arab Republic serves *fataleh* (50¢), a bean feast that tastes like a spicy meat sandwich. Morocco serves mint tea and pastry (\$1) in carpeted tents. Try the Belgian Village's crepes-suzette shop, where a Grand Marniered pancake costs 75¢, or India's chicken *pakora* with clay oven-baked bread (45¢) served on the lawn by a turbaned chef. International Plaza, a noisy cluster of small shops and food stands, offers a culinary Cook's Tour that takes only a few steps. Colombian tacos (75¢) can be washed down with Philippine beer (70¢). Ecuadorian banana dogs (50¢) with Brazilian coffee (15¢), Tunisian nougatte (45¢) with Indian tea (free), North African *bricks* (65¢) with Norwegian loganberry punch (40¢). And the American-Israel pavilion caters to Jewish dietary laws with kosher frankfurters and Kosher Kola (55¢).

**This gentleman blends the world's finest Scotch—  
but doesn't always order it when dining out.**



*George Thomson sniffs out the competition at Scott's Restaurant, Piccadilly, London.*

George Thomson is more knowledgeable about the personalities of the 101 straight malt whiskies produced in Scotland than anyone we know. That's why he is the master blender of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

And whenever he wants to find out what the competition is doing, all he has to do is go out to dinner and put his meticulous, authoritarian nose into his competitor's business. He can sniff a straight malt that comes through a bit sharp or one that wasn't quite ready for blending.

He has yet to find a blend that comes close to the sumptuous flavor and smooth character of Black Label.

**Where the art of the master blender reaches its peak.** In blending Black Label, George Thomson uses more than 40 expensive "single malts." He chooses them for maturity and character.

To this blend of Highland malts, George Thomson adds just the exact amount of aged Scotch grain whisky necessary to complete the unique formula that's Johnnie Walker Black Label.

**Are you paying a premium for Scotch?** If you're paying for "the best," you ought to be getting all the smooth Scotch richness and Scotch character of Johnnie Walker Black Label.

Its superiority is recognized throughout the world by people who know Scotch whisky. It's in such demand in the United Kingdom that it's actually on ration there. But the current U.S. quota allows you to get a reasonable supply.

Why not ask for Black Label tonight? Its smooth, satisfying flavor could change your taste for fine Scotch.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 85.8 PROOF.  
(IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK)





**Mack was there all right, but our exhibit left an hour or so before the Fair opened.**

**Mack B-8H  
Heavy Diesel**



There are more than 300 exhibits at the 1964 New York World's Fair.

Unfortunately, Mack's exhibit was rolled out of sight (and right off the grounds) before the Fair was opened to the public.

An army of Mack dumpers, mixers, over-the-road tractors—about 95% of all the heavy-duty diesels used to build the Fair! That was

Mack's exhibit. But you had to be at the Fair before it opened to see it.

The busy Mack Trucks swarmed all over the Fair grounds, hauling concrete, hauling earth, hauling steel, cables, pipes, lumber, glass, bits of this and tons of that. Hauling the thousands of items which were necessary to help turn 646 acres of filled-in swamp into the spectacle it is today.

And here's an interesting point to note about the Mack trucks at the Fair: they were working for independent contractors. That

means no one told the contractor what trucks to use. The choice was his.

His choice was Mack.

Why? Simply because the Fair had to open April 22nd. Not April 23rd. April 22nd. So who could afford to get tied up with truck breakdowns? Who could afford time-consuming repairs? Who could afford to take a chance with any other heavy-duty diesel but a Mack?

That's why Mack trucks were used to help build

every single pavilion at the World's Fair. Mack was the one truck that was built to take all the punishment you could give it, and then come back for more. And save you money every mile of the way!

Now you know why we call Mack "The Money Truck." It works harder. It lasts longer. And it costs you less to run.

Isn't that the kind of truck you want working for your company?

Mack Trucks, Inc.,  
Montvale, N. J.





See the Street Market in Rome, the Flea Market  
in Paris and the Flower Market in Brussels.

But first, see SABENA, Europe's most helpful airline.

We'll show you just how helpful a big airline can be. Only Sabena jets daily non-stop to Brussels, where business and pleasure in the Common Market countries begin. Only Sabena has Mademoiselle Sabena hostesses and Lady Sabena Clubs throughout Europe to help you and your family with your personal needs. Every Sabena office has English-speaking personnel who know their cities well. They can help you with everything from shopping tips to business trips. Sabena, with 41 years' international airline experience, has more flights from Brussels to more cities than any other airline . . . 68 cities in Europe, Africa, the Middle East. See your Travel Agent or any of Sabena's 31 offices in North America. SABENA: Europe's most helpful airline.



BELGIAN World AIRLINER  
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**BALTIM**  
to  
**BRAIL**

**DAMASCU**  
to  
**EDUC**

**JEREZ**  
to  
**LIBE**

**VASE**  
to  
**ZYGO**

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## LETTERS

### Ambition in Illinois

Sir: Chuck Percy's critics in Illinois [Sept. 18] accuse him of being too far-sighted, with both eyes fixed on the White House; they say his vision of the Illinois gubernatorial seat is blurred. It seems clear to me that one good "term" deserves another. I'd be only too happy to give Chuck Percy to the nation after four (or perhaps eight) productive years as Governor of Illinois.

JANICE LADD

Elmhurst, Ill.

Sir: To many people in Illinois, Percy has become the leader of the "underdogs." He has neither supported nor abandoned Goldwaterism. He won the Illinois primary because he would not support Goldwater; yet when traditional Republicans were in need of a leader to defeat Goldwater prior to San Francisco, Chuck Percy wrote his own epitaph. Had Percy stood up and been counted, he would have lived long after his forthcoming November defeat.

MELVIN C. RICHARDS JR.

Riverside, Ill.

Sir: Your story on our Chuck Percy was excellent. To me, it really doesn't matter whether Senator Goldwater wins or loses in November, or whether Chuck supports him or not. I am confident Percy will win in November regardless of his feelings for Barry. I have a feeling I will be voting for him again in 1968, but for a different job.

GERALD J. MARCHESE

Elmhurst, Ill.

Sir: A rap on the masthead to you for editorializing the arrogant, unctuous Charles Percy into the virtuous hopeful of Republican politics. Knowledgeable Illinois voters have long noted Opportunist Percy's aggressive ambitions to be exceeded only by his unlimited ability to accommodate. Down with the "gentlemanly C"; for a man of proven principle and probity, I subscribe to Oxford Scholar Otto Kerner.

(MRS.) FRANCES M. BOST

Homewood, Ill.

Sir: That was a ---- of an interesting story about that wonderful ---- Charles Percy. I'm so ---- glad that one politician doesn't swear, but I'll be ---- if I think that he would appeal to people like me.

THOMAS ROSE

Durham, N.C.

Sir: I was present at a Bell & Howell foremen's meeting in the late 1950s at which Chuck Percy spelled out employee racial integration in vigorous terms (and over a few dead bodies). My family and I benefited substantially from the comprehensive employee medical coverage that this Christian Scientist fostered. His success in meeting low-cost foreign competition with quality amateur movie equipment—while paying factory help scale or better—was a milestone in U.S. business. His performance prior to and during this year's convention may well have seemed vacillating, but he has to win the Illinois governorship against big odds. His crushing of the West Side bloc took guts and know-how in very tough company.

This is an honest, knowledgeable guy. I don't think he's a St. George, since I know firsthand he's a human being with some

human weaknesses. But his political success in 1964 is needed urgently by Illinois, the party and the nation.

WHIT HILLERY

Evansville, Ill.

### Campaign Issues

Sir: I cannot agree with you that this campaign "may shape up not so much as a collision between sharply conflicting philosophies as between sharply conflicting personalities" [Sept. 11]. The personalities are conflicting, true. But never in all the campaigns I have witnessed, since my first vote for Teddy Roosevelt in 1904, have I seen such totally contrasting political philosophies as in this one. One is a retrogressive, 19th century philosophy of radical reaction, the other an enlightened, 20th century philosophy of progress, realism, and concern for human welfare. With such a choice before the electorate, I do not believe personalities will have much influence in the decision.

PERCY R. DAVIS

Fallbrook, Calif.

Sir: When our nation is afflicted with the most morally decadent Administration in its history, the weakest foreign policy, and the most socialistic measures at home, TIME makes an issue about missing issues. Ha!

PHILIP C. GEHLHAR

El Segundo, Calif.

### Lovable Accuracy

Sir: Please do not apply "cropper" when a poll was "proper" [Sept. 18]. After all, Opinion Research of California predicted my election, and I love that kind of accuracy.

PIERRE SALINGER

Los Angeles

U.S. Senator

### The Supreme Court

Sir: The court has done nothing to "promulgate degeneracy" or otherwise undermine civil morality [Sept. 11]. The decisions simply allow Americans the privilege of a difference in moral outlook. The phrase "under God" does not stand for religious-moral absolutism.

ALAN W. RICKHEIT

Worcester, Mass.

Sir: I am stunned—not by the decision of our Supreme Court but by the criticism by highly respected clergymen [The clergymen are so critical of the modern works used in *Tropic of Cancer*, then let them be courageous enough to explain some of

the words in the Old Testament. Like millions of Americans, I have full faith in the Supreme Court of the U.S.

JIT SINGH

Stockton, Calif.

Sir: The clergymen are right. So many good, honest, God-directed causes have been wrecked by that tribunal in recent years that there remains only one answer: a series of amendments to the Constitution that will stop this court from pampering known criminals and Communists, contributing to the moral decline of the West, and exposing us all to the wrath of God.

ROBERT W. COOPER

Leacock, Pa.

Sir: The Dirksen rider [Sept. 18] is a more arrogant attack on the right of the court to interpret the Constitution than Roosevelt's court-packing plan. It defies the separation of powers. It does not attempt to steal a few thousand votes but to dilute millions of votes forever.

SHERMAN S. HOLLANDER

Cleveland

### Reuther's Settlement

Sir: An increasing number of low- and medium-income families (who could never hope to retire so lavishly) are going to have second thoughts about buying a new car in which they contribute handsomely to auto workers' benefits [Sept. 18]. Such fantastic demands were not made on the auto manufacturers; they were aimed squarely at the car-buying public, and may well be the needle to prick the economic balloon L.B.J. is flying.

F. W. ANDERSON

Seattle

Sir: If I buy a car this year, it will be a Chrysler product. At least I will know that part of the profit made by the company will go to the man who earns and deserves it: the American worker.

EDMOND H. P. FILLIETTE

Thornwood, N.Y.

### Soul of Tokyo

Sir: Having been born in Japan and raised in America, I have never thought much about returning to Japan. But your colorful article about my native country [Sept. 11] convinced me that I should.

CHRIS K. FUJIMOTO

Oakland, Calif.

Sir: As a *gaijin* living in Tokyo for the past two years, I think your article and photos catch the sound and the fury of the world's largest city. But for all its ugliness in the day, the *hankagai*, such as the Ginza and Shinjuku, have a unique

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neon glitter and bustle at night that make Tokyo as beautiful and as exciting as any place in the world.

JAMES R. MALIAN

Tokyo

Sir: The first day my Scotch wife and I were in Tokyo, we queued up for a taxi during a rainstorm. When one finally did arrive, instead of the first Japanese in line stepping into the cab, everyone turned to us, stranger-guests, and insisted that we take the cab! During the middle of my assignment in Japan, I received a directive: "Please do not accept any more speaking invitations or factory-tour invitations; we are very much concerned about your health." This was the first time in 35 working years that any employer had ever told me to slow down because I was killing myself!

HAROLD NISSELY

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir: The charm, intelligence and serenity of Tokyo's people, their constant efforts to please visitors, and their appreciation of beautiful things are the real Tokyo. I saw those "orange-helmeted" streetworkers, after finishing their hard tasks, standing in front of store windows, enchanted by the beauty of a pearl, a piece of sculpture or a painting. I have seen the capitals of many a country on several continents—Tokyo alone has a soul in its cement body.

ALICE A. LEEDS, M.D.

Bethesda, Md.

#### Becoming Leavetaking

Sir: In the review of C. V. Wedgwood's *A Coffin for King Charles* [Sept. 4], you imply that Shakespeare's line, "Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," is said about Duncan. The reference is rather to the traitorous Thane of Cawdor, whose title Macbeth inherited, setting him off on his bloody path to the crown.

JOSEPH WILEY

Chicago

#### Bauer's Ballplayers

Sir: I don't know one damn thing about baseball, but your write-up on Manager Bauer of the Baltimore Orioles [Sept. 11] is a classic.

A. N. BAKER

Georgetown, British Guiana

Sir: You implied that the Yankees were responsible for discovering Babe Ruth. As a child record-book memorizer, I feel compelled to remind you that the Boston Red Sox purchased Ruth from the Baltimore club of the International League after the 1917 season. The Yankees purchased Ruth from the Red Sox in 1920 for the then fantastic price of \$125,000.

RONALD L. FUTTERMAN

Chicago

Sir: As a boy in my home town of Quincy, Ill., my friends and I used to duck by the gatekeepers at Q Stadium just for a chance to see Hank Bauer play. He always played like he was in a World Series even though the poor last-place Quincy Gems were usually losing by about 10 runs.

JAMES L. DAILING

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Sir: We longtime admirers of Hank Bauer were surprised to note that your artist, Boris Chaliapin, used a somewhat out-of-date glove in his illustration. The three-finger style glove was last used about 1959, when it gave way to what was

popularly called "the six-finger" glove. Oddly enough, our Hank Bauer model of the 1950s was a three-finger glove.

RALPH L. HORTON

Rawlings Sporting Goods Co.  
St. Louis

► Artist Chaliapin, a logical man, noted that the bird has only four claws (one thumblike) and outfitted him accordingly (see cut).—ED.



#### A Scientist for Liberal Arts

Sir: Your article on the late Robert E. Wilson [Sept. 11] was a perceptive, just accounting of a distinguished career. However, Dr. Wilson would have noted one omission: his devotion to the College of Wooster (Ohio), where he took his undergraduate work, and which he served enthusiastically as chairman of its board of trustees. We at M.I.T., who were proud of his staunch support of this institution, admired his devotion to Wooster and his belief in the importance of the small liberal arts college.

J. R. KILLIAN JR.

Chairman of the Corporation  
Massachusetts Institute of Technology  
Cambridge, Mass.

#### Love & Wonder

Sir: Whether or not it is protocol for a producer to write kind words to a reviewer, I find it impossible to refrain from what you had to say about *Rhino!* What most producers look for in a review is a critic's discovery of the one element that serves as the producer's *raison d'être*. You discovered it and commented. I refer to the line, "The animals themselves are examined with wonder and with love."

IVAN TORS

M.G.-M Studios  
Culver City, Calif.

#### Send a Male!

Sir: I think your readers might be interested to know that your story about me [Sept. 18] was researched by a woman. The next time you want to inquire into my sexuality, please send a male reporter. Ho-hum, your "Housewife in Houriland" must stop now, take off her transparent gown and diamonds, and get back to those dirty caravir dishes! Love and kisses.

CARROLL BAKER

Hollywood

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TIME, SEPTEMBER 25, 1964

# A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

HIS colleagues used to speak jokingly of a "C. D. Jackson Hello-and-Goodbye Society," for he seemed always to be leaving on outside assignments. His last position with Time Inc. was that of senior vice president, and in three decades he served in a dozen major functions, including publisher of LIFE and FORTUNE and managing director of TIME-LIFE International. But his interests were broad and tireless, and his death from cancer last week, at

enemy ship. I now recognize the effectiveness of your propaganda." During the cold war, when Jackson was active in a project to launch propaganda balloons over Czechoslovakia, he reported dreaming that he himself was floating over Czech territory with "svoboda" (freedom) lettered on his trousers.

He maintained a sweeping interest in world politics and a conviction that freedom would win out—but that his victory required idealism aided by salesmanship. Whatever his activities, Jackson's strongest loyalty remained to journalism, and from the travels that brought him close to the world's leaders he sent back confidential reports which delighted his editorial colleagues with their vividness and clarity. His most frequent function at Time Inc. was to shoulder the most difficult publishing problems and to soothe outside critics as a matchless corporate ambassador.

If in our day anyone can still be described as courtly, "C.D." could. A smiling charm seemed to descend from his tall figure in any setting. He had a reputation of being able to get into a white tie faster than anyone, and he was as relaxed at a reception as he was at the controls of a plane—he took up flying in his middle years. One of his great loves was music, and for close friends C. D. and his wife Gracie would play piano duos in their New York apartment. The Boston Symphony, on whose board he served, sent its string quartet to his memorial service this week to play the slow movement from Beethoven's *Opus 135*.

C.D. was boundlessly enthusiastic, ever optimistic. He was a rousing speaker, on and off the platform, and always willing to lend his talents to the causes that engaged him, culturally, politically, journalistically. He once described Time Inc. as "fascinated by the world around us, dedicated to getting that world down in print and sharing it with as many people as possible." In those words he also described himself.



62, brought sorrow not only to his journalistic colleagues but also to his friends in the worlds of government and culture. Condolences included those from a former President of the United States, the former chief of the CIA, the conductor of the Boston Symphony, and the manager of the Metropolitan Opera.

During World War II, C. D. Jackson was Deputy Chief of Psychological Warfare at SHAEF, later helped to launch Radio Free Europe, and served as special assistant to President Eisenhower. In public life, as in private, he was prized for his humor, and he liked to tell a story on himself and General Walter Bedell Smith, who derided the anti-Nazi propaganda that was being dropped from planes on Germany. One day Smith called in Jackson and said, "I take it all back. One of those planes dropped a bale of printed matter over the Rhine and sank an

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

September 25, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 13

## THE NATION

### ISSUES

#### The Itchy-Finger Image

Republican Barry Goldwater is far, far behind in his race for the presidency—and rather than gaining ground, he is losing it. A Gallup poll last week showed that since July's Republican Convention in San Francisco, Goldwater has dropped by two points, to 31% while Democratic President Lyndon Johnson has gained by six, to 64%. The Gallup survey is borne out by almost every other political indicator.

Why is Barry doing so badly? Certainly not out of any vast national veneration for Johnson. A great number of Americans feel that in voting for Johnson they will only be opting for the lesser of two evils. This feeling was most dramatically described in a Sunday sermon by the Very Rev. Francis B. Sayre Jr., dean of Washington's Episcopal Cathedral and a man who, as Woodrow Wilson's grandson, was born in the White House.

**Two Men.** "I suspect," said Sayre, "that thousands, even millions, of our countrymen this summer, viewing the extravaganzas that were produced at the Cow Palace in San Francisco and at Convention Hall in Atlantic City, felt something like the Israelites must have felt when finally they were thrust into exile . . . This summer we beheld a pair of gatherings at the summit of political power, each of which was completely dominated by a single man—the one, a man of dangerous ignorance and devastating uncertainty; the other, a man whose public house is splendid in its every appearance, but whose private lack of ethic must inevitably introduce termites at the very foundation.

"The electorate of this mighty nation is left homeless, then, by such a pair of nominees. It knows not where to turn. Our people are in a great dilemma, and there is no corner of the country which you may visit today where you do not feel this profoundly. We stare fascinated at the forces that have produced such a sterile choice for us: frustration and a federation of hostilities in one party; and in the other, behind a goody facade, only a cynical manipulation of power."

Although he was disputed by his own bishop, the Rt. Rev. William Creighton ("Perhaps I have more confidence in the American people's ability to make

wise political choices than the dean has"), Sayre was far from alone in his opinion, as shown in extensive interviews by TIME correspondents.

"I think Goldwater is just beyond belief," says Denver Playwright Robert Owens. "I just don't think he represents the Republican Party. Johnson leaves me very cold, but I am going to ring doorbells for him, and I'm going to vote for



DEAN SAYRE

*To many, the choice is sterile.*

him." Says Elizabeth Carey, a Burlington, Vt., secretary (and a Republican): "I don't think too much of President Johnson, but I guess I'm really afraid of Senator Goldwater." Says G. Kinnear Pash, a Los Angeles securities analyst: "In general, you don't find too many people who are very pro-Johnson in the sense that they say 'If I had to pick one man for the White House, I would pick Johnson.' Mostly people are neutral on him and are negative on Goldwater."

**Just Plain Scared.** But not even such generally expressed opinions answer the basic question. If Lyndon is less than beloved, then why is he running so far ahead of Goldwater? The answer is easy: Goldwater's public image is that of a man with an itchy finger on the nuclear trigger, while Johnson has man-

aged to portray himself as the responsible, restrained keeper of nuclear peace.

Interviews with people of all political persuasions, at all economic and educational levels, in all parts of the U.S., find this sentiment constantly repeated. "Goldwater and his nuclear stand," says Denver Auto Salesman Arnold Grand, "scare me to death." Says Nashville Trucker John A. Wilson: "You've got to think about all this nuclear stuff. I don't think it will ever be used, but with Goldwater in there and the way he talks and acts, I'm afraid we could get in a spot where we'd have to use it."

Atlanta Computer Programmer Dan Roberson says: "Almost everyone I know who's against Goldwater is afraid he'll lead the country into war. It's by far their biggest reason for being against him." Says a Republican physician from Vermont: "I don't like President Johnson's history of political dealings, but I just can't vote for Goldwater. The man is sincere, but he is dangerous in this day and age. I don't think he knows what he is going to say next, and you can't run a country that way in the nuclear age."

While Goldwater vehemently protests that he is not nuke-happy, it is this reputation that is ruining his chances for election (see following cover story). Unless and until he can rid himself of the image, he hasn't a hope of entering the White House.

#### The Fear & the Facts

(See Cover)

*A little girl, as pretty as anybody's image of his own daughter, appears on the television screen. She carries an ice cream cone. It certainly looks good enough to eat—but is it? A hoarse, anxious, motherlike voice is heard: "Know what people used to do? They used to explode bombs in the air. You know children should have lots of vitamin A and calcium. But they shouldn't have strontium 90 or cesium 137. These things come from atomic bombs, and they're radioactive. They make you die. Do you know what people finally did? They got together and signed a nuclear test ban treaty. And then the radioactive poison started to go away. But now there's a man who wants to be President of the United States, and he doesn't like this treaty. He fought against it. He even voted against it. He*



wants to go on testing more bombs. His name is Barry Goldwater. If he's elected, they might start testing all over again."

Another little girl appears on the screen. She is strolling through a pleasant field. She stoops, picks a daisy, starts plucking its petals while counting, in the fashion of children from time immemorial. "One, two, three . . ." A man's doom-laden voice comes in stronger and stronger, finally drowning out the child's words. The man is counting backward: "Ten, nine, eight . . ." The countdown ends, and the screen erupts in atomic explosion, followed by the voice of Lyndon Baines Johnson, who says somberly: "These are the stakes: to make a world in which all of God's children can live, or go into the dark. We must either love each other or we must die."

These political commercials have recently appeared on television under the

DAVID—NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAPH AND SUN



"OKAY . . . WHO'S THE WISE GUY THAT HUNG THIS ON ME?"

sponsorship of the Democratic National Committee. Their obvious implication: if Barry Goldwater is elected President, eating ice cream will be dangerous, and daisy plucking will be a thing of the past.

Vicious? Of course. But the very fact that such commercials are being used speaks mouthfuls about what now stands as the decisive issue of the 1964 presidential campaign—the argument over control of nuclear weaponry.

**An Educational Program.** That issue is killing Barry Goldwater. He knows it—and so far he has refused to retreat. He has been scalded by Democrats, pickled by pundits, depicted as a monster by cartoonists, scolded by fellow Republicans. But, insists Barry, "I want to educate the American people to lose some of their fear of the word 'nuclear.'"

When you say 'nuclear,' all the American people see is a mushroom cloud. Now a nuclear weapon in political terms may be a mushroom cloud. But for military purposes, it's just enough firepower to get the job done."

Lyndon Johnson also realizes the importance of the nuclear issue—and he has exploited it with consummate skill. In his speeches, he constantly uses the words "responsibility" and "restraint." He does not need to mention Goldwater's name: everybody knows who and what he is talking about.

In point of fact, the nuclear issue is one that should be pondered deeply by men everywhere. It certainly has a valid place in any presidential campaign. But so far this year, neither side has fully, accurately, or even honestly explained the basic conflicts involved. As a result there are more confusions and misconceptions about the nuclear issue than about almost any other in recent U.S. political history.

**Whose Trigger Finger?** What are the facts? Within the context of this year's politics, Goldwater first got himself into nuclear trouble in October of 1963 when, at a Hartford, Conn., press conference, and in his ordinary, offhand fashion, he suggested that NATO "field commanders" (plural) be given greater discretion about when to use tactical nuclear weapons in the event of attack.

Goldwater later insisted that he had been misquoted, that he was referring only to the supreme commander of NATO. No matter. By then the fat was in the fire. In the New Hampshire presidential primary, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, campaigning against Goldwater, cried: "How can there be sanity when he wants to give area commanders the authority to make decisions on the use of nuclear weapons?" Goldwater, not quite to the point, retorted that he had never proposed to "let every second lieutenant" make nuclear decisions.

Since then, under mounting criticism, Goldwater has constantly tried to clarify his stand, and has consistently succeeded in confusing it. As of now, the fair exposition of his position would be:

► He would give only NATO's Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, presently U.S. General Lyman Lemnitzer, any sort of option to use nuclear weapons without direct, specific authorization from the President of the U.S. He has said: "The NATO commander should not be required to wait until the White House calls a conference to decide whether these weapons should be used."

► The option to Lemnitzer would be to use "only tactical, not strategic" nuclear weapons. Goldwater has described these tactical "nukes" as "conventional—any weapon carried by an infantryman or a team of infantrymen." Speaking last month at a Veterans of Foreign Wars convention in Cleveland, he called them "these small, conventional nuclear weapons, which are no more powerful than the firepower you have faced on

the battlefield. They simply come in a smaller package."

**Dreaming or Leading?** Every time Goldwater has spoken on the nuclear issue, his political critics, both Democratic and Republican, have leaped into the argument. Before the Republican Convention in San Francisco, Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton, then running for the G.O.P. presidential nomination himself, asked: "What does it mean to be a conservative? Does it mean you must be a trigger-happy dreamer in a world that wants from America not slogans but sane leadership?" Again, Scranton said of Goldwater: "He says the decision to unleash nuclear war should be made not by the President but by the commanders in the field."

In Atlantic City, Democratic Convention Keynote John Pastore cried that "on the question of whose finger should be on the trigger of the atomic bomb, that power today rests solely with the President of the United States. That is exactly where it should remain, and we Democrats mean to keep it

DAVID—LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL



"MOMMY, WHY ARE THE OTHER KIDS 'FRAID T'PLAY WITH ME?"

there . . . I am disturbed when I hear anyone speak so glibly and loosely on the use of these weapons and who should make the decision to use them." The Democratic platform specifically declares: "Control of the use of nuclear weapons must remain solely with the highest elected official in the country—the President of the United States."

Democratic Vice-Presidential Nominee Hubert Humphrey is going around asking audiences: "The question before the electorate is simple, prophetic, profound—which of these men, Lyndon Johnson or Barry Goldwater, do you want to have his hand on the nuclear trigger?" (As against that, G.O.P. Veep Nominee William Miller says that by the time a NATO commander under attack got in touch with Johnson to see if he could use nuclear weapons, it "might be too late if he had to get Lyndon on the phone driving his car at 100 miles an hour in Texas.")

In *Ghastly Hues*, Johnson himself conjures up Dr. Strangelove-type images of the "madman" who unleashes nuclear war. He paints a picture of any such war in ghastly hues. Said he in his Detroit Labor Day speech: "In the first nuclear exchange, 100 million Americans and more than 100 million Russians would be dead. And when it was over, our great cities would be in ashes, and our fields would be barren, and our industry would be destroyed, and our American dreams would have vanished." Last week, in Seattle, Lyndon upped his casualty figures to 300 million, not including "unborn generations forever maimed." Without ever precisely saying so, he gives the strong impression that he will never let any such catastrophe happen by reason of having delegated an iota of his authority to anyone, including a NATO commander.

Does the President of the U.S. really believe that 100 million of his countrymen would be killed in "the first exchange"? If so, it would be only minimum prudence, not to say Christian charity and perhaps even good politics, for him to begin immediately the greatest shelter-building program imaginable, to save possibly 1%, or 1,000,000, of the doomed.

**Ignorance & Inaccuracy.** Between the opposing positions on control over the use of nuclear weapons, there is a vast area of ignorance—or, to use the kindest word, inaccuracy.

There is a general supposition that U.S. law requires that the signal for use of any sort of nuclear weaponry must come directly from the President. There is no such provision in the law. The Atomic Energy Act of 1946, as amended, in its most relevant clause provides only that the President may direct the Atomic Energy Commission "to deliver such quantities of special nuclear material or atomic weapons to the Department of Defense for such use as he deems necessary in the interest of national defense."

Of course, the President, in his constitutional role as Commander in Chief of the armed forces, has final responsibility for all matters pertaining to the national defense. But he can, must, and in countless ways does delegate his authority every day of his White House life. There is nothing whatever in the law to prevent him from delegating to, say, a NATO commander, authority to use nuclear weapons under certain circumstances.

**Never Any Doubt.** Goldwater insists that the President should delegate such authority. Johnson lets on that he can't and won't. The fact is that he already does, as did Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy before him. In 1957, the congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy received written notification that plans were being developed to give NATO's supreme commander in Europe the right to use nuclear weapons in certain contingencies—such as the incapacity of the President or the break-



GENERALS LEMNITZER & NORSTAD (1962)  
*Should there be a White House conference first?*

down of communications between Europe and the U.S.

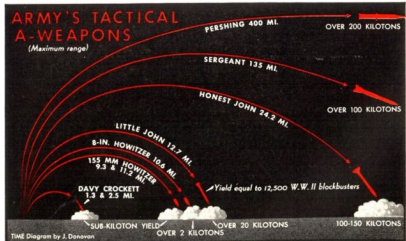
Those plans are now in operation. All are classified top secret, but they apply not only to NATO's commander, but to the commander of the North American Air Defense. Some are written, but word-of-mouth communication between the President and the NATO commander is also important. Former NATO Commander Lauris Norstad, for example, never had any doubt about his authority to act in the event of an attack on Western Europe during the Cuba missile crisis of 1962: he could use his tactical atomic weaponry.

Said Norstad in a recent conversation with a friend: "In every crisis that arose under President Eisenhower and President Kennedy, there never was a time when I felt that there was any possibility of lack of complete meeting of the minds between the President and the Supreme Commander as to what should be done in an emergency."

**"Dangerously Misleading."** Goldwater shows appalling ignorance when he intimates that there are atomic weapons

so small and well-packaged that they can be carried around by an infantryman, and that these weapons do not really have much more explosive power than some of the gunpowder arms of World War II. The fact is that the U.S.'s smallest operational nuclear weapon, the Davy Crockett, carries a minimum power package equivalent to 40 tons of TNT—as opposed to World War II's powerful "blockbuster" bomb, which packed an explosive load of about 1½ tons.

The Davy Crockett, a recoilless rifle, comes in two sizes, one weighing 116 lbs., the other 371 lbs., and can be fired from a tripod by a crew of three men. With a range of up to 2½ miles, the Davy Crockett can annihilate a dug-in infantry battalion, wipe out a massed formation of 45 to 50 tanks, or destroy a huge bridge. Two versions of the 155-mm. howitzer—one a towed weapon weighing 12,700 lbs., and the other a self-propelled weapon weighing 54,200 lbs.—fire an explosive load of 40 to 100 tons up to 11.2 miles. Beyond that, the punch of the Army's tactical nuclear



weaponry scales rapidly upward. The 12.7-mile-range Little John rocket carries a power package of over 20 kilotons; the 24.2-mile Honest John 100 to 150 kilotons; the 135-mile Sergeant over 100 kilotons; and the 400-mile Pershing, largest of the Army's "tactical" nuclear weapons, over 200 kilotons. Thus the Johnson Administration's Deputy Defense Secretary, Cyrus R. Vance, has a real point when he says of some of Goldwater's statements: "Small and 'conventional' are dangerously misleading and totally inappropriate when applied to any nuclear weapon."

Crossing the "Fire Break." The Administration's fear of firing any sort of nuclear weapon is based largely on the so-called "fire break" theory. That theory holds that the single step from use of the largest gunpowder weapon to

use of the smallest tactical nuclear weapon would mean crossing the "fire break" area between limited war and all-out, intercontinental, thermonuclear disaster. Says Vance: "Once you use any nuclear device, no matter how small, you move completely into another world."

Yet the fact is that since 1954, NATO itself has based its defense planning, even against conventional attack, on "using atomic weapons from the outset of a war." In a mere gunpowder war, NATO planners estimate that their forces could withstand a massive Soviet attack for a bare three days before being forced back to the banks of the Rhine; within 30 days the NATO troops would be swept from the Continent.

**Some Strange Blips.** Goldwater argues that such critical-area commanders as NATO's Lemnitzer should be

given atomic discretion because there is always the possibility that a communications breakdown might consume vital hours before word of a crisis got to Washington. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara's civilian Pentagon says that argument is nonsense, boasts of a worldwide U.S. communications setup that could put a commander in touch with the President within two minutes under any conceivable circumstances.

Last week Goldwater's point received new credibility. The Pentagon went into a headline-screaming flap over reports of another Tonkin Gulf incident. U.S. destroyers in the area reported seeing strange blips on their radar screens, assumed a new attack by North Vietnamese PT boats, started firing. But, it only because of the confusion existing on the destroyers, communication with the Pentagon failed to make clear what actually was happening.

It was a full 28 hours before a tight-lipped McNamara appeared before newsmen to read a 146-word communiqué and refused to entertain any questions. Gist of his statement: two unnamed U.S. destroyers "were menaced" by four "unidentified vessels" and opened fire, after which the "vessels" disappeared.

Between the original alarm and the dénouement, Goldwater seized upon the opportunity to deride the communications system. Snorted Barry: "With the great communications system which McNamara is always bragging about, they are waiting for an airmail letter to find out just what did happen."

**Planning to Share.** Another element of nuclear "control" has to do with the sharing of nuclear weapons by the U.S. and its NATO allies. Under present law, the U.S. cannot turn over any of its nukes to any ally to be fired at the ally's discretion. But the NATO allies feel strongly that they should have more than nominal influence over the use of the U.S. nuclear weapons that are, after all, their only real defense against Communist invasion.

The dilemma is one that Goldwater seeks to solve with some rather fuzzy talk about "sharing." Says he: "All NATO forces stationed in Europe, regardless of nationality, should be equipped and trained in the use of nuclear weapons, particularly of the so-called battlefield, or tactical, variety." Goldwater has been criticized for this stand, and last week in Seattle, President Johnson, even while admitting that "the dignity and interests of our allies demand that they share nuclear responsibility," warned against the fearful possibility of "nuclear spread."

Yet despite the fact that Goldwater is suffering political damage from his talk about "sharing," the possibility of doing just that has been discussed by NATO-nation leaders for years. The so-called Multilateral Force, first formally promulgated by President Kennedy, is one effort to solve the problem. Under the MLF plan, atom-armed sur-

## A PLAN TO SHARE THE WEAPONS

**R**EPUBLICAN GOLDWATER'S suggestion that the U.S. "share" know-how about and control over its nuclear weaponry with NATO allies is one that has been seriously considered by U.S. leaders during the Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson Administrations. Last week former NATO Commander Lauris Norstad, now president of Owens-Corning Fiberglas International, appeared before 2,500 people at the Mayo Centennial Symposium in Rochester, Minn., and came up with some "sharing" proposals that would, in his educated opinion, enable the U.S. to "get on with the business of developing a solution that would have some chance of being accepted on both sides of the Atlantic."

**Questions.** Said Norstad: "For too long we Americans have worked on the assumption that the nations of Europe would be satisfied, or would have to be satisfied, to leave the nuclear elements of the common defense to U.S. invention, control and direction. For a number of years, Europeans have been addressing two questions to Americans with increasing bluntness and urgency."

"First, since the Europeans depend upon the common defense, and since the NATO military forces in Europe themselves depend to a considerable extent on nuclear weapons, should there not be an absolute guarantee that some minimum stock of these weapons will be available in an emergency, even if the U.S. might be inclined to limit its own participation? Second, should not the Europeans be in a position to exercise some real measure of influence and control over weapons that are no less essential to their security than to our own?"

To Norstad, long a strong supporter of a NATO nuclear-strike force, the answer to both questions is yes. Under his plan, NATO's three nuclear producers—the U.S., Britain and France—would create a stockpile of weapons. "Whatever these countries agree to put in," he said, "should, in an emergency, be available in the common interest, unimpaired by the possibility of a last-minute veto by one or another of the nuclear powers." At the heart of Norstad's plan is the creation of an executive committee whose nucleus would be the Big Three. In this respect, the plan is reminiscent of Charles de Gaulle's longstanding—and long-rebuffed—demand for a U.S.-British-French triumvirate to direct NATO. But Norstad adds that the committee he envisions would be "open to all powers whenever their interests may be directly or critically involved."

**Majority Rule.** How would the committee decide whether to squeeze the nuclear trigger—the key question of all? Said Norstad: "In the interest of prompt decision, the committee, and through it the alliance, should be ruled by the decision of the majority. The majority decision would not bind, at least initially, a nation positively dissenting."

Norstad was the first to admit his plan is "imperfect" as it stands. But he insisted on its merit as a measure toward "putting at least one of the rooms of our house in some order. It would bring the NATO nuclear capability under the collective authority of the alliance, while still respecting the sovereign rights and responsibilities of the separate nuclear powers." As such, he said, "it is worth considering."



face ships and submarines would be manned by mixed crews from all the NATO nations, and any one of those nations would have a veto power over a decision to fire a nuclear weapon.

As of now, the structure of MLF is still being negotiated, and the plan does not seem likely to go much farther. Last week a new and far more sophisticated "sharing" plan was proposed by NATO's onetime Commander Norstad (see box).

**Deterrent by Declaration.** The most obvious proposition in the debate over the use and control of nuclear weapons is that no one wants a nuclear war. Despite all the hot words, this is as true of Goldwater as of Johnson.

Goldwater believes that the best deterrent to such a war is a clear and well-understood declaration that the U.S. will, if necessary, defend its vital international interests with nuclear weaponry. In urging this point, he has indulged in some imprecise language.

He has helped create for himself the political image of a man who would consider using atomic weapons to "defoliate" trees in South Viet Nam so as to deprive Communist guerrillas of their protective jungle cover. He has been mistaken in saying that the smallest nuclear weapon is no more powerful than World War II artillery charges. He has, in many ways, given the impression of a man who does not really know what he is talking about, and should not, therefore, be permitted to put his atomic ignorance into effect as national policy.

Johnson, superb politician that he is, has taken advantage of almost everything Goldwater has said. Campaigning for re-election as the great peace keeper, he keeps invoking "national security" as a brake on what he can say. But he has not said all he could, and he has indulged in some imprecision himself. He gets across the notion, for instance, that Goldwater is irresponsible and reckless because he has suggested that NATO's supreme commander ought to be given some sort of contingency authority for using tactical nuclear weapons—*at a time when General Lemnitzer, under a delegation of power from Johnson, has just such authority.*

**One Billion Tons.** Will the nuclear issue be clarified, and cooled off, before election day? Perhaps too much has already been said, and badly said at that, by the two candidates, for them ever to engage in meaningful debate.

Just last week Russia's Nikita Khrushchev told some visiting Japanese that the Soviet Union has perfected a sensational new weapon "that is a means of the destruction and extermination of humanity."

What was the weapon? Was it what famed U.S. Physicist Ralph Lapp calls a "gigaton" bomb—a nuclear weapon packing the power of a billion tons of TNT that could be detonated 100 miles off the U.S.'s coastline and still set off a 50-ft. tidal wave that would sweep across much of the entire North Ameri-



SECRETARY McNAMARA ON TV  
*Getting the word can be tough.*

can continent? Was it a cobalt bomb that would send a deadly cloud sweeping forever about the earth? A "death ray" or a germ bomb? Or even an empty boast? Two days later Nikita Khrushchev said it wasn't nuclear, and, besides, he had been misinterpreted. For public consumption, his weapon had been cooled off.

It was quite a performance, and one that only a dictator could bring off. But, as one U.S. journalist warned, it would be "struthious" to ignore the implications of what Khrushchev said. In the same sense, it would be struthious for the U.S. electorate to base its November judgment on the notion that either presidential candidate has discussed the nuclear control issue accurately or fully.

## THE CAMPAIGN

### The Old Nonpoliticker

Sacramento's shrieking, surging mob of some 100,000 sent Lyndon Johnson into transports of delight. After reluctantly escaping from his admirers, Johnson winked at aides, chortled and asked: "Now how was that for a crowd?" "Oh," replied a staffer, "pretty good." For a moment, Lyndon looked as though he had been smacked in the face with a wet mop. Then he realized that he was being joshed, and grinned more broadly than ever.

The Sacramento ovation was a highlight of a Johnson week that was billed as "nonpolitical." But if Lyndon gets any more nonpolitical than he was last week, heaven help the Republicans.

**Nonexistent Speechwriter.** Johnson did, of course, make a few bows to political nonpartisanship. On a flight to Miami Beach to deliver a speech to the International Association of Machinists,

© Ostrichlike.

he took a look at the text that had been prepared for him, crossed out 19 paragraphs that he considered too controversial. Deleted, for example, was a section pointing out that the Communist takeover of Cuba occurred in 1959 (during a Republican Administration) and that the island has since become a "showcase of failure."

Trouble was, reporters had already been given advance texts of the speech, and were starting to write their stories when White House Press Aide Malcolm Kilduff, traveling on the newsmen's plane, ordered that no mention of the deleted paragraphs should be made. Intimating that the objectionable sections had been put in by White House speechwriters unbeknownst to Lyndon, Kilduff ordered: "No reference—repeat, no reference—will be made to that part which has been deleted."

As it happened, every newsmen present knew that L.B.J. likes to give the impression that he is the original author of all of his speeches. A reporter coyly asked how a speechwriter (nonexistent) could possibly put anything into a speech that the President himself had written. Kilduff, painted into a corner by L.B.J.'s little fiction, could only smile ruefully and say to the reporter: "You son of a bitch."

**Peep Through the Periscope.** And so, on to Miami Beach, where Lyndon delivered a sterilized, above-the-battle, President-of-all-the-people speech to the Machinists, then whisked on up to Cape Kennedy for an unscheduled inspection tour. There he donned a surgical-looking white nylon cap and gown, went through a pre-satellite-shoot "clean room," peered through a periscope at a Saturn rocket being groomed for flight, gave missile workers a few little keeper-of-the-peace pep talks.

But all this was prelude to his biggest nonpolitical trip of the week—a two-day sortie to the Far West to meet Canada's Prime Minister Lester Pearson and sign a Columbia River treaty between the two nations. Maybe the presidential jet just kept running out of gas—but in any event there were five stops before and after, from which Tammany's old bosses could take lessons in the fine old art of nonpoliticizing.

The President flew first to Malmstrom Air Force Base in Great Falls, Mont., plunged into a crowd of 7,000 for some handshaking, accepted a pair of beaded moccasins (size 10—but he's size 12) from a group of Indians, was so caught up in it all that he nearly missed the arrival of Canada's Pearson.

Pearson steered Lyndon aboard his Canadian government JetStar, and the two settled down for a two-hour flying inspection of three dam sites designed to harness the waters of the Columbia River system for huge hydroelectric and irrigation projects.

When Johnson stepped off the JetStar in Vancouver, British Columbia, he was outside the U.S. for the first time since



JOHNSON AT CAPE KENNEDY  
Later, a couple of geniuses to uncork.

he became President. He and Pearson drove to Blaine, Wash., to sign the treaty at the base of the 67-ft. Peace Arch, astride the westernmost point of the U.S.-Canadian border. It was pouring rain, so Pearson cut his scheduled speech to a few perfunctory words. But not Lyndon: with 10,000 people, many of them U.S. voters, clustered around the arch, Lyndon talked for ten minutes.

**Curving Radar.** Airborne again in his own plane, Lyndon headed for Seattle, nonpoliticked his way through a rush-hour crowd of more than 30,000 before delivering his address on nuclear-arms control. Though Lyndon's original itinerary ended with Seattle, he flew on to Portland, Ore., then to the wild reception in Sacramento.

There, he uncorked a couple of geniuses from the bottle of U.S. military science. "We have now developed and tested two systems with the ability to intercept and destroy armed satellites circling the earth in space," Lyndon told the crowd. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara later said that both systems have intercepted orbiting satellites "hundreds of miles" in space during test shots. Neither system is as much a breakthrough as a solid advance in technology. One is derived from the Army's Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile, the other from the Air Force's Thor—both of which were initiated during the Eisenhower Administration.

Lyndon's other genie was an "over-the-horizon" radar system that "will literally look around the curve of the earth, alerting us to aircraft, and especially missiles, within seconds after they are launched." The system, which works by bouncing signals off the ionosphere to detect missiles and aircraft far beyond the horizon, could give the U.S. almost twice as much warning time against surprise attack as the 15-minute period now provided by



GOLDWATER IN MACON, GA.  
Elsewhere, better than the Beatles.

U.S. ground and airborne radar stations.

As long as he was in the neighborhood, Lyndon decided to drop in at Salt Lake City after his Sacramento speech for a motorcade through the central district and a half-hour visit with the ailing head of the Mormons, 91-year-old David O. McKay. Only then was President Johnson, his hands swollen and bruised from all that hand-shaking, ready to call it quits. "We're going back to Washington," he said, "and go to work."

### Marching Through Dixie

Barry Goldwater marched through Dixie last week, hitting 14 cities during a four-day, eight-state tour of the Old Confederacy. In Memphis, he drew 30,000 people to the grassy slopes of River Bluff, not far from the Mississippi. In Montgomery, a near-capacity crowd of 24,000 turned out at Cramton Bowl, including 700 white-gowned local belles who lined the field from goalpost to goalpost waving American flags. In New Orleans, the 82,000-seat Sugar Bowl was only one-third filled, but Barry still outdrew the Beatles, who had lured only 12,000 the night before.

"Orville Wrong." In his speeches Barry did not make a single specific reference to civil rights, even though his vote against this year's Civil Rights bill is responsible for much of his widespread Southern support. Rather, he concentrated on attacks against Lyndon Johnson and his Cabinet. He labeled Lyndon "the wildest spender of them all," despite claims of frugality. He called Johnson a "scheming wirepuller" who ought to rename the White House the "Whitewash House." Lyndon, he cracked, "has asked for so much power that the Democrats don't know whether to vote for him or plug him in." Turning to the Cabinet, he promised that his "first job as President" would be to fire Defense Secretary Robert McNamara, then got

in a dig at Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman by telling a North Carolina audience, "We've gone from Orville Wright to Orville Wrong."

Despite his generally warm reception, Goldwater persisted in his penchant for saying the right thing in the wrong place. Items:

► In St. Petersburg, Fla., Barry banged away at "the failure of public officials to keep the streets safe from bullies and marauders." This was hardly a matter of burning concern in peaceful St. Pete. At the same time, Goldwater failed to mention his attitudes about Social Security, even though his audience consisted mostly of elderly pensioners.

► In Knoxville, Tenn., where folks display bumper stickers reading KEEP TVA—I'D RATHER SELL ARIZONA, Barry said he would "stand by" his recent statement that TVA's steam-generating plants should be sold to private interests. Anyhow, he said, his views make little difference, since even if he were President, he undoubtedly would be overruled by Congress.

► In Atlanta, Barry issued a scathing denunciation of the Supreme Court's one-man-one-vote reapportionment ruling. Of all the cities in the South, Atlanta, which has long chafed under state malapportionment's giving rural districts too-heavy power in the state legislature, is the one place where the Supreme Court ruling is reasonably popular.

► In Charleston, W.Va., Barry blasted Lyndon Johnson's war on poverty as a "phony, vote-getting gimmick" and "a raid on your pocketbooks." West Virginia, of course, is practically a casebook study of the depressed area.

As Barry traveled through the South, two breaks went his way. South Carolina's Senator J. Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat candidate for President in 1948, formally severed his ties to the Democratic Party, announced that he was joining the Republican Party and



would campaign for Goldwater. When Barry arrived at Greenville, S.C., in his chartered jet, Strom was waiting at the ramp to embrace him, a gold elephant in one lapel and a Goldwater button in the other. Barry was delighted. "If a man like Thurmond can do it," he said, "I see no reason why Democrats by the tens of thousands in the South can't do the same."

Barry's other break—and it might well prove a short-term gain—came in the form of a decision by three federal judges in Birmingham striking down Title II of the Civil Rights Act, the crucial Public Accommodations section, as it applied to a local restaurant called Ollie's Barbecue. The judges ruled that Title II violated the "due process" clause of the Fifth Amendment. Said the judges: "If Congress has the naked power to do what it has attempted in Title II of this act, there is no facet of human behavior which it may not control."

The decision was 180° counter to last July's ruling by a three-judge panel in Atlanta whose effect was to uphold the Public Accommodations section. The Supreme Court has already agreed to hear an appeal from the Atlanta decision. For the time being, however, the Birmingham ruling is a plus for Barry, since it tends to confirm his doubts about the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Act.

**Fertile Ground.** At week's end Barry strayed far from Dixie to attend the 22nd annual National Plowing Contest on a farm 32 miles from Fargo, N.Dak. With 50,000 farmers and their families on hand, the contest was fertile ground for a presidential contender, and Barry promptly sought to plow it. "You know," he told his huge audience, "the nation would be a lot better off if our interim President would quit trying to run your farms and instead clean out his own stables."

Johnson was not on hand to answer Barry, having sent Hubert Humphrey to handle the chore for him. In fact, Lyndon was the first presidential candidate to pass up the event since 1948. That was the year that Tom Dewey decided to send his regrets.

## A Dubious Deed

Republican Vice-Presidential Nominee Bill Miller campaigned through eleven states, 14 cities and towns, and 15 speeches last week, snapping constantly at the heels of and around Lyndon Johnson and hinting frequently at dark and untrustworthy goings-on.

In Denver, Miller cried that the Democrats "have given us Bobby Baker and Billie Sol Estes. And Lyndon Johnson had the colossal nerve at Atlantic City to go before the American people and say, 'Let us continue.'" In Lincoln, Neb., he told an airport crowd about what might happen if Johnson wins the election: "I suppose we will have George Meany as head of the Small Business Administration and Bobby Ba-

ker as Secretary of the Treasury." In Columbus, he struck out at possible Democratic dirty work at the polls: "Maybe we're being optimistic, but we hope that when votes are cast in Chicago, they'll be counted. And maybe we're being too optimistic—but maybe they'll be counted in Texas too."

**A New Clause.** Before 4,000 delegates to the Texas Republican Convention in Austin, Miller waved a 1938 deed for 20 parcels of land outside Austin bought by Lady Bird and Lyndon Johnson with no restrictions of any sort. The Johnsons still own much of the land—now a valuable tract on Lake Austin surrounded by prosperous-looking homes. But in 1945, said Miller, the Johnsons sold seven lots of that property, and at that time a new clause was inserted in the deed—prohibiting "any person or persons of African descent" from occupying the property except as domestic servants.

Said Miller about Johnson's current

## Trying to Feel at Home

"I feel at home," Hubert Humphrey told a crowd of 1,200 in Wichita Falls, Texas, but it was perfectly obvious that he did not. As a notorious Northern liberal making his first campaign venture into the Deep South—a two-day tour of Texas and Arkansas—the Democratic vice-presidential candidate at first was as nervous as a spinster at a stag party. He stumbled over his words, mentioned President Kennedy when he meant Lyndon Johnson, seemed thoroughly ill at ease.

Not until he reached San Antonio did Humphrey begin to warm up. There he attracted 5,000 people, including many Mexican-Americans, to the Alamo, led them through his now familiar litany. "Most Americans," he said, "thought we should pass a civil rights bill. Most Americans, most Senators, most Congressmen thought that all citizenship should be first-class citizenship."



FORMER JOHNSON PROPERTY OUTSIDE AUSTIN  
Prohibited to persons of African descent.

championship of civil rights: "This shows the hypocrisy of Lyndon Johnson on this whole issue." Miller charged that Johnson inserted the restrictive clause "either because he wanted to be certain that no Negro could ever own property adjacent to the lush and lovely land remaining in his possession, or because he did not want Negro neighbors, or because he was afraid of lowering his own property values."

**"A Matter of Record."** The White House responded with disdain, said the President couldn't be expected to recall the contents of a deed 19 years old and that, anyway, he "is flatly opposed to any such restrictions—and this is a matter of record." Actually, there was no doubt about the authenticity of the document displayed by Miller. But that should not have surprised anyone who has studied Johnson's record and knows that his championship of civil rights is of relatively recent vintage. During his first ten years in Congress, he voted four times against doing away with the poll tax, a weapon long used to keep Southern Negroes from voting.

But . . . "The crowd quickly responded . . . not Senator Goldwater."

**Pork Talk.** Hubert spent much of his time talking pork. "You folks have been doing all right," he said in Waco. "You've got the Twelfth Air Force tactical unit and the Veterans Administration office right here." In Wichita Falls, he claimed that Texas got \$873 million from the Agriculture Department last year. In Little Rock, he paid tribute to Democratic Congressman Jim Trimble's pork-barreling skills by marveling, "The way it looks, he's been backing up his truck to the Treasury."

Hubert refused to be drawn into arguments that might underscore his "foreign" background. In Houston, a reporter asked what he would do as Vice President if he had to break a tie vote in the Senate on a bill to slash the oil-and-gas depletion allowance. Said Hubert, who has regularly voted to cut the allowance: "I would vote as the President established the policy." It so happens that Lyndon is an old defender of the depletion allowance. In Arkansas, Humphrey brushed aside

questions about Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus' segregationist stands. "I didn't come down here to get into a squabble with the Governor," he said. "I think Governor Faubus has done some very good things in your state." He really had no chance to get into a squabble with the Governor, for Faubus was bedridden with a cold, never did get to see Hubert.

**Death Sentence.** Like Goldwater, Humphrey wound up his week with an appearance at North Dakota's National Plowing Contest. Like Barry, too, he avoided coming to grips with the farm problem, regaled his huge audience with slaps at the opposition instead of specific programs.

Hubert quoted an old—and since modified—Goldwater statement calling for "prompt and final termination of the farm-subsidy programs." This, he told the farmers in his best approximation of cathedral tones, "is the death sentence for agriculture. It would impoverish farm people, wipe out billions in rural land values, ruin business on rural America's main streets, and solve absolutely nothing." And how would Hubert solve things? "You had better make sure that Lyndon Johnson remains as President of the U.S."

## THE CONGRESS

### Double Defeat

Lyndon Johnson, that old wizard of Capitol Hill, seemed to have misplaced his wand last week. Twice the Congress refused to perform on cue, inflicting on Johnson his first major legislative defeats since taking office.

In the House, Johnson's legislative aides found no way to get around Democratic Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills's adamant opposition to the Administration's medicare plan. They had pressured it through the Senate as an amendment to a social security bill. But when they sized up sentiment in the House, they discovered that they could not rally enough Democrats to get medicare past Mills in a direct test on the House floor. So they quietly consigned it to certain death in a House-Senate conference committee.

In the Senate, up for a vote came a toothless, Johnson-backed compromise designed to end a five-week filibuster, mainly by Democratic liberals, against Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen's attempt to delay enforcement of a Supreme Court ruling that both branches of every state legislature must be apportioned on a one-man, one-vote basis. Johnson does not really care how that matter is resolved—just so long as it goes away and frees Democratic Congressmen to get out and campaign for the national ticket. But the compromise, sponsored by Minnesota Democrats Hubert Humphrey and Eugene McCarthy and New York Republican Jacob Javits, was defeated 42 to 40. That left Ev Dirksen's proposal once again the pending business of the Senate.

## MICHIGAN

### Trying to Drape the Albatross

Michigan Democrats would like nothing better than to hang what they call "the Goldwater albatross" around the neck of G.O.P. Governor George Romney. Although Romney, up for re-election this year, has pointedly failed to endorse Barry, neither has he disavowed him.

Last week Romney faced his gubernatorial opponent, scholarly Congressman-at-large Neil Staebler, in debate before mostly Democratic delegates to a state A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in Grand Rapids. In his opening remarks, Staebler set about trying to drape that albatross. Said he, in his high-pitched voice: "Romney is having a difficult time defending the Republican record while he attempts to carry Goldwater on both shoulders. Make no mistake about it. The Republican candidate for Governor is Goldwater's candidate for Governor." In his own statement, Romney mentioned neither Barry in particular



ROMNEY & STAEBLER

Answer the question, George.

nor the national Republican record in general. Instead, he pointed with pride to his own record as Governor.

Then came questions from the floor, and the debate went something like this: **Question** (to Romney): Do you or don't you support the national Goldwater-Miller ticket?

**Romney:** My position is quite clear. The Republican Party has made its decision on the platform and the candidates. I accept these decisions. I accept them, but I don't endorse them.

**Shout from the floor:** Answer the question, George!

**Staebler:** His problem is one of carrying Goldwater on both shoulders. It is a problem of being extremely moderate or moderately extreme.

**Romney** (to Staebler): Are you for George Wallace and Strom Thurmond?

**Staebler:** My position is very clear. No.

**Romney:** You compromised in At-

lantic City. You retreated on the seating of the Mississippi delegation.

**Staebler:** That was a good play, George.

**Romney:** And in 1960, what was your attitude toward the Democratic vice-presidential candidate?

**Staebler:** I worked hard for John F. Kennedy against Lyndon Johnson. I was shocked when Johnson was picked for Vice President. But after several days, I then saw the wisdom of it.

**Question** (to Romney): Will you support and vote for the Republican national presidential and vice-presidential candidates?

**Romney:** I will not vote for candidates other than the candidates in my party.

**Shout from the floor:** Answer the question, George, you bum!

**Romney:** That's my personal privilege, and I don't expect to answer that here. Mr. Staebler would like to run for Governor against a man from Arizona. I think the people of Michigan want someone who will stand on his own two feet.

## REPUBLICANS

### What Are the Moderates Doing?

Michigan's Romney is not the only moderate Republican leader who is wrestling with the problem of what to do about Barry. Among others, several have decided to vote actively for Goldwater, quite a few have chosen to pretend that Barry doesn't exist, and hardly anybody so far has actually come out against him.

Dwight Eisenhower, notably silent in recent weeks, has not yet firmed up plans to hit the stump for Goldwater. But he already is taping nationwide telecasts with Barry at Gettysburg, the first of which, on national defense and foreign policy, will be shown this week. Richard Nixon spoke out for Goldwater last week at the Michigan Republican Convention, will open a five-week 30-state national speaking tour for him early in October. Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton will plug the ticket in eight states besides his own in 31 days of speechmaking. Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton is swinging through at least a dozen states to proclaim his "wholehearted support of Goldwater and Miller."

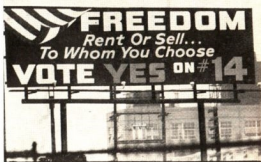
**"Top to Bottom."** New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who gave 268 speeches for Nixon in 1960, has no plans as yet to speak outside New York. In New York, he avoids mentioning Goldwater whenever possible. Last week he was interrupted in the midst of a speech for Senator Keating by a woman who demanded: "Say something about Goldwater." Replied Rocky coolly: "We're here to elect Republicans from top to bottom." Rockefeller will introduce Goldwater for a speech in Albany this week, but Goldwater aides in New York have pretty much abandoned any hope of



CON



RUMFORD



PRO

### A problem of the imponderables.

pressuring either Ken Keating or his liberal Republican colleague, Senator Jacob Javits, into endorsing Barry.

Henry Cabot Lodge, still busy explaining U.S. policies in Viet Nam to allies in Europe and Canada, plans to campaign for his brother John, who is trying to unseat Connecticut's Democratic Senator Tom Dodd, and for John Volpe, who is trying to win back the Massachusetts governorship he lost in 1962. But Lodge says he will not speak for Goldwater; for that matter, no one has asked him to.

**Significant Silence.** Oregon's Governor Mark Hatfield, who keynoted the G.O.P. National Convention, has made no speeches for Goldwater, recently warned Republican candidates for state offices that they "could lose the whole state of Oregon" if they put too much emphasis on the presidential ticket. Ohio's Governor James Rhodes, who threw his delegation's support to Goldwater at San Francisco when it was clear that he could not otherwise control it, failed to mention Barry at all in a speech last week to the Ohio G.O.P. convention, is waiting to assess Goldwater's strength in the state before he decides whether to go to work for him.

New Jersey's Senator Clifford Case refuses to endorse Goldwater, this week accused him of "attempting to get victory through appeal to the white backlash." Pennsylvania's Senator Hugh Scott has endorsed Barry, but never mentions him by name in a campaign speech. Other Senators who have thus far remained significantly silent about Goldwater include Kentucky's Senator John Sherman Cooper and California's Tom Kuchel.

## CALIFORNIA

### Proposition 14

Who is W. Byron Rumford?

For the record, he is a 56-year-old resident of Berkeley, a Negro, and a veteran Democratic member of the California state legislature.

But all that is beside the point. What really makes Rumford important is that his surname has come to serve as the one-word identification of the most bitterly fought issue in the nation's most

populous state. In California, the intensity of interest in the "Rumford" issue overshadows that of such relatively piddling contests as the one between Johnson and Goldwater, or between recently appointed Democratic Senator Pierre Salinger and Republican Challenger George Murphy.

**Shock Waves.** Last year, in his capacity as a state legislator, W. Byron Rumford introduced a bill prohibiting discrimination for reasons of race or creed in the sale or rental of nearly all California real estate properties. The Democratic-controlled legislature was most reluctant to take any such action. But Democratic Governor Pat Brown put on all sorts of pressures; civil rights demonstrators staged sit-ins and hunger strikes, and just a few minutes before the 1963 session of the legislature ended, the Rumford bill was passed.

That set off the real shock waves. The 40,000-member California Real Estate Association, long opposed to "open housing" laws of any kind, swiftly launched a movement to draft a state constitutional amendment and circulate petitions, which won a place on the 1964 ballot for what is innocuously labeled "Proposition 14."

Proposition 14 would not only repeal the Rumford Act. It would also repeal sections of a couple of previously existing state laws against discrimination in housing matters. It would, moreover, in effect put into the California constitution a prohibition against all attempts—whether by state, city or county authorities—to act against any sort of housing discrimination.

The key section of Proposition 14 states: "Neither the state nor any subdivision or agency thereof shall deny, limit or abridge, directly or indirectly, the right of any person who is willing or desires to sell, lease or rent any part or all of his real property, to decline to sell, lease or rent such property to such person or persons as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses."

**What's It Mean?** That's quite a sentence, with a sort of anti-officialdom, let-freedom-ring sound to it. When pollsters from California's Opinion Research Inc. asked Negroes whether they approved the amendment, 59.3% said

that that was just what they had been wanting all along. But when the same pollsters told the same Negroes what the practical effects of the amendment would be, 89% were against it.

Opponents of Proposition 14—those in favor of open housing—are planning a mammoth campaign aimed at raising at least \$750,000 to further their cause. On their side are such disparate forces as the League of Women Voters, the Teamsters Union, church groups and, of course, Frank Sinatra. Democratic Senator Salinger stopped talking about the foreign-policy experience he gained while serving as President Kennedy's press secretary long enough to come out forthrightly against Proposition 14. So has Governor Brown, who is not up for re-election this year.

**"The Essence of Freedom."** On the other side, as it presently appears, stand a majority of Californians. For the most part, these include laboring-class people who fear, rightly or wrongly, that their property would be devaluated by the presence of Negroes in the neighborhood. Also supporting Proposition 14 are most Goldwater Republicans, certainly including those of the radical right. In one of the least felicitous pronouncements of the year, Nolan Frizzelle, president of the 20,000-member far-right California Republican Assembly, recently explained his outfit's stand in favor of Proposition 14: "The essence of freedom is the right to discriminate. Discrimination means free choice. In socialist countries, they always take away this right in order to complete their takeover." Goldwater himself would recognize this as an impetuous political statement, and indeed the word has gone out from his headquarters to his California followers to downplay Proposition 14. As one result, Republican George Murphy refuses to discuss the issue. Says he: "It is an emotional issue and should not be settled on a partisan basis."

By most present indications, Californians this November will vote to repeal the Rumford Act and place into their state constitution Proposition 14. The great imponderable is how much the issue will affect national and state Republican candidates.



# THE WORLD

ILLUSTRATION BY GORDON DIXON



THE OPENING BARRAGE  
The one-man band v. the team.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### They're Off!

Roused by the skirling reveille of the Queen's Own Piper, overnight guest Sir Alec Douglas-Home breakfasted alone in his Balmoral Castle suite overlooking Scotland's swift-running River Dee, then went downstairs to wait upon his sovereign. Promptly at 10, Queen Elizabeth, trailed by two Welsh Corgis, entered the salon. The Tory Prime Minister bowed and presented the commissioner that Britain has been awaiting these many months: that the present Parliament be dissolved by proclamation and a new Parliament be elected on Thursday, Oct. 15.

For some, the wait has been longer than for others. Labor began clamoring for elections nearly a year ago, when the Tories were reeling from the Profumo scandal and the inelegantly managed succession of Lord Home to Harold Macmillan's premiership. Sir Alec held off, gambling that with the passage of time the splashes on the Tory escutcheon would fade. Sure enough, the commanding popular lead that Labor held in the opinion polls has now all but evaporated; two of Britain's three national surveys in fact gave the Conservatives a slight edge last week. Snapped Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson: "Neither Monty nor Rommel asked the public-opinion polls what was going to happen at Alamein." Privately the professionals of both parties agree it is now anybody's election—an election more typically American than British in that the course of the campaign itself will likely be the decisive factor.

**A Matter of Style.** The opening salvoes were hardly inspiring—or definitive. Wilson had long ago determined to launch Labor's campaign with a U.S.-style convention demonstration in Wembley Stadium. It turned out to be a long (5½ hours), amateurish pastiche of everything from African drums and Indian dancers to slides (which repeatedly jammed) of unemployed miners in the '30s. Deputy Labor Leader George Brown got a far bigger ovation than Wilson,

who is a donnishly precise but uninspired orator.

The Prime Minister did little better at the Conservative kickoff: speaking by closed-circuit television to twelve provincial Tory rallies across the country, he managed to get off one telling line in an otherwise notably dull speech. Arguing that Labor's promises—expand nationalization of industry, increase export incentives and educational opportunity, create four new ministries—would cost too much, Sir Alec scoffingly dubbed the Labor Party manifesto "a menu without a price list."

**Dead Center.** The opening round served to spotlight one significant difference in style between the two parties. The Wembley format was all Wilson's doing: taking his cue from Lyndon Johnson, the Labor leader has made it plain that Labor's campaign will be essentially a one-man show. The Tories in contrast intend to run as a team, giving Sir Alec's Cabinet ministers as much exposure as possible to emphasize the quality and depth of the Tory front bench against what they already are calling Labor's "one-man band."

Off the hustings, both sides had their problems. The Tory government had to own up last week to the fact that the trade gap had widened still further in August (see WORLD BUSINESS). Labor, whose promise to deliver growth without inflation hangs upon keeping Britain's petulant trade unions in line, was suddenly confronted with a scattered rash of unofficial strikes. And Labor got some bad news in the form of a forecast for good weather through Election Day. Analysts are convinced that part of the turn in Tory fortunes is the result of England's golden summer. This, plus the fact that individual Britons are basking in unparalleled prosperity, is undercutting the Labor call for a change after 13 years of Tory rule.

**Out of Business.** The issues that divide the campaigners are remarkably few. Though Labor proposes the extension of nationalization in the steel industry and a state takeover of urban building land, road transport and water

supplies, the substance of both major party manifestos agrees on the bread-and-butter issues that decide British elections. Both are for modernization, a 4% growth rate, 400,000 new housing starts a year, new anti-monopoly legislation, and an overhaul of taxation and social security systems. The difference is one of philosophy and emphasis, with Labor predictably arguing for a stronger state hand in things, the Tories countering that "the question is: How is the planning to be done? By consent or by compulsion?"

The Conservatives' main line of attack focuses on Labor's pledge to do away with Britain's independent nuclear force, and concentrate spending on conventional weapons. Wilson says nuclear defense can better be left to the U.S., where in fact it rests anyway. Sir Alec insists that "unilateral disarmament by Britain would simply put us out of business in the highest council in the world." Thus far there have been few signs that the electorate is very excited about this issue. But in a nation with so strong a tradition of tenacious independence, the question of some control over the ultimate weapon could just make the difference on Election Day.

## FRANCE

### Le Grand Voyageur

All was in readiness. French embassy staffs in ten South American capitals busied themselves with last-minute details, while hard-eyed agents of the Sûreté kept all anti-Gaullists in Latin America under close scrutiny. The French cruiser *Colbert*, on which *le grand voyageur* would reside during six of his 25 days abroad, had been refitted with special communications equipment, furniture from the French National Museums, and paintings by Rouault and Utrillo. In Buenos Aires a French-born cabinetmaker put the finishing touches on a 7-ft. 2-in. bed, while in Rio de Janeiro carpenters readied a pair of chairs that would hopefully diminish the undiplomatic disparity in height between Brazilian President Humberto Castello Branco (5 ft. 5 in.) and his 6-ft. 4-in. visitor.

**The Language of Bolívar.** As Charles de Gaulle set out this week on his strenuous, 18,000-mile South American tour, little had been left to chance. With him went more than 50 prepared speeches, dozens of signed, framed photographs, a handful of oil paintings for especially honored hosts, scores of Sèvres porcelain souvenirs, two physicians, six security men, a planeload of eager newspaper and television reporters, and his shy, self-effacing wife Yvonne, who was bringing along a special wardrobe by Jacques Heim.

Weeks of language lessons at his country home in Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises had equipped De Gaulle with enough Spanish and Portuguese phrases to sprinkle through his speeches, though they did little to correct his heavy French accent. Tucked away in De Gaulle's prodigious memory were the key facts of South American history, geography, economics and politics contained in ten hefty dossiers prepared last winter by France's Latin American embassies.

But there was one thing that De Gaulle most emphatically was not bringing with him: francs. There would be no offers of cash aid or loans. The basic purpose of the trip was not to buy Latin affection. Gaullist sources insisted, but rather to "reactivate and reinvigorate" French relations in South America, which withered with France's decline as an international power during and after World War II. De Gaulle was clearly avoiding direct conflict with U.S. influence in Latin America, but he was not forgoing the chance to preach his favorite sermon of renewed nationalism. "I will simply employ the language of Bolívar," he explained, meaning that his main theme would be national independence and "self-liberation."

**The Vertigo of Legend.** It all sounded vaguely grand, or perhaps grandly vague, but many of De Gaulle's closest supporters were worried. For all its prestige value, the trip will keep the French President, at 73 and just five months after his prostate operation, on a dead run for more than three weeks. Gaullist newspapers worried in print about the "alarming trip" that would take their hero to "the land of revolutions, of assassination attempts one after another." Novelist François Mauriac, a most emotional Gaullist, wrote in *Figaro Littéraire*: "I fear this trip, I detest it; it seems to me a provocation of destiny. I ask myself if the *personnage*, already legendary, is not giving in for the first time to the vertigo of his own legend."

But De Gaulle no doubt has his own good reasons for making the trip, and rumors in Paris last week had it that if the South American journey proves immensely successful, he just might call a snap presidential election this fall rather than a year from now. In any event, as De Gaulle himself said to a worried aide who urged him to cut back on his schedule: "One can only die once: one cannot pass one's life, sleep, eat in an armored car."

## A Sincere Budget

A year ago, when inflationary tides threatened the booming French economy, up stepped French Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing to put his finger in the dike. "Every hole where inflation could infiltrate will be plugged," he promised. Shopwindows blossomed with yellow signs promising to hold the price line. Giscard cut back credit, let in a flood of foreign goods to boost competition. When both business and labor howled at the pinch, Giscard donned a V-neck sweater to make a soft-sell pitch on television direct to the thrifty French housewife.

Last week Giscard took to TV again to unveil the newest addition to his anti-inflation arsenal: for the first time in 34 years, France will have a balanced budget in 1965. Moreover, he reported, the stabilization plan had cut the consumer-price-index increase in one year to 2.9% v. the 4.9% rise the year before without any appreciable



GISCARD D'ESTAING  
Fastest brain in town.

brake on the economy's overall growth. In the new budget, government credits for badly needed superhighways will increase by 26%, investment in France's antiquated telephone system will go up 11.5% and minimum old-age pensions will be boosted by 12.5%.

Gaullist critics were quick to complain about the manner of the budget's presentation (to the public rather than to Parliament first), but few dared to challenge the facts and figures of what Giscard calls "a sincere balanced budget, without any tricks or guile." In the land of Descartes, where the class prize begins in kindergarten and the race is to the swiftest synopsis, the elegant, aristocratic Giscard has been winning prizes all his life as the fastest brain in town. Born to wealth and name, Giscard zipped through France's best schools, became a member of the elite *inspecteurs des finances*, was only 35

when De Gaulle named him Finance Minister in 1962.

Hardly the stuffy image of a traditional French Cabinet minister, Giscard skis, swims, pilots a plane, has even been known to ride the Paris subway to work. Hardly even a Gaullist for that matter, Giscard heads his own 35-man Republican Independent Party in Parliament. Today it provides the Gaullist coalition its effective majority. When De Gaulle is gone, it could become the base upon which Giscard might mount his own campaign for the last big prize left: the presidency of France.

## RUSSIA

### Fumigating the Fumigator

In the shadowy world of espionage, grim duels are forever under way but rarely surface except in spy fiction. Last week the world was treated to a real-life drama worthy of any thriller.

The hero was Electronics Expert Horst Schwirkmann, 36, who, as West Germany's leading fumigator of mechanical bugs, had for ten years been a roving sleuth seeking out such pests as illicit wiretaps on telephones of Bonn's missions behind the Iron Curtain. Schwirkmann's work load was understandably heavy in Moscow, where this year the U.S. embassy alone discovered 40 hidden Russian microphones. Schwirkmann ferreted out a covey of bugs in the West German embassy. He also designed the mission's bugproof "tank," a compartment big enough for a handful of embassy officials to sit down in and discuss business without fear of Soviet prying. Most infuriating of all to his faceless opponents, Schwirkmann devised a technique for discouraging would-be wiretappers with a smart electric shock.

**Mustard in the Monastery.** This month, in Moscow on an inspection visit and accredited as usual as a diplomat, "third secretary," Schwirkmann with four embassy friends decided to attend Sunday services at Zagorsk, the medieval Russian Orthodox monastery 42 miles from the capital. During the service Schwirkmann felt a blow on his left thigh, thought he had merely brushed against someone in the temple gloom, but then discovered a soaked spot on his left trouser leg. Afterward a bearded "guide," who introduced himself as an Orthodox seminarian, offered insistently to escort the party on a thorough tour of Zagorsk. The Germans declined.

Motoring back to Moscow, Schwirkmann complained of fatigue and piercing pains in his left leg. In the capital, a U.S. embassy doctor called on to treat Schwirkmann diagnosed severe acid burns and recommended that the victim be rushed to West Germany for hospital care. But the Intourist travel bureau reported falsely that all flights were booked up, and it took two days to fly Schwirkmann out to Bonn, where it was discovered that he had been sprayed with a liquid form of mustard gas. Last



week he was in serious condition but recovering.

**Losing a Rival.** Why did the Russians do it? One guess: unable to endure Schwirkmann's electronic guile any longer, Russia's secret police hoped, by delaying his departure from Moscow, to force the West German's removal to a Russian hospital, where perhaps with truth serum he could be induced to spill his technical secrets. Or perhaps Moscow agents simply wanted Schwirkmann out of Russia for good. If so, they probably succeeded, for the word from Bonn last week was that from now on West Germany's ace bug expert would probably do his fumigating elsewhere.

## GREECE

### A Wedding for All

Six kings, five queens and more than 100 princes and princesses came to Athens last week to celebrate the marriage of King Constantine to Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, and the royal flush virtually undid the ancient birthplace of democracy. Ordinary counts, barons and prime ministers languished unnoticed in hotel lobbies; telephones and traffic alike broke down; and the bridegroom daily confronted a protocol officer's nightmare. The King and Queen of Belgium, the King of Norway, and the Grand Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, for example, arrived on the same aircraft, requiring Constantine to march out to the plane and back three separate times for the ritual of greetings and national anthems.

**Champagne & Fireflies.** But for all the raining royalty, Constantine, at 24 the world's youngest king, on a throne by no means esteemed by all his people, his nation gnawed by economic problems and the Cyprus crisis, worked hard to make it a wedding week for all

Greece to enjoy. Some 6,000 Greeks from all walks of life, many flown in from the Greek islands in chartered planes, were invited to receptions in the Tatoi Palace. Nearly 40,000 Athenians joined the royal couple one night for folk dances and music in Olympic Stadium. The honored guests—both titled and untitled—were mostly European, but some came from far-away lands.

Thailand's King Bhumibol and his beautiful Queen Sirikit, Jordan's plucky King Hussein and Lynda Bird Johnson, all mingled merrily in the throng at the royal ball in the Athens palace gardens. Searchlights blazed a cross in the sky under a three-quarter moon, and tiaras winked thick as fireflies as 1,600 guests danced under the giant cypress trees, sipped champagne, and ate lobster and chicken off plain white plates with stainless steel cutlery.

Leaning from balconies and rooftops and jamming the streets, nearly a million Greeks cheered wildly on the morning of the wedding as the royal procession made its way to Athens' honey-colored Metropolis Cathedral in a storm of red and blue strips of paper, dominant colors in the flags of Greece and Denmark. To the slow roll of drums, first came Constantine, resplendent in his beribboned white field marshal's uniform, and Queen Mother Frederika, their black, red and gold coach drawn by six white horses.

Alighting at the church, the Queen gave a motherly jerk at the bridegroom's tunic to smooth a remaining wrinkle. Looking slightly dazzled as any 18-year-old bride might, Anne-Marie followed in a coach with her father, Denmark's King Frederik, nearly tripped on the 18-ft. train of her white duchesse satin gown as she stepped down from the carriage. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, which

later she sent to be laid at the grave of her husband's late father, King Paul.

**Guns & Bells.** While 1,200 guests watched the ceremony in scorching 90° heat in the cathedral, millions more watched it live on Eurovision and special closed-circuit TV in Athens (Greece has no regular television service). Before a velvet-covered table and flanked by the royal families of Greece and Denmark, the King and his princess exchanged rings, hers made from the meltings of coins minted in the time of Alexander the Great. Golden crowns were held symbolically over their heads as Archbishop Chrysostomos intoned the 32-minute Greek Orthodox ritual (Anne-Marie, a Lutheran, will join the Greek Orthodox Church later).

To Constantine, the archbishop, his white head bobbing, said: "Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine upon the walls of thy house, thy children like the olive branches around thy table." The couple then drank three times from an enameled cup of wine, circled the altar in the traditional Dance of Isaiah as rose petals cascaded from the ceiling. As they marched down the aisle, a 101-gun salute began reverberating across the blue hills of Hellas, and all the bells of Athens began to peal.

## BULGARIA

### The Life of a Lap Dog

If fawning fidelity still counts for anything among Communists, Bulgaria must be Nikita Khrushchev's favorite satellite. Even East Germany, which usually can toady just as well as Bulgaria, has caused Khrushchev some embarrassment with its insistence on the ugly Berlin Wall. Yet this month, when Bulgaria celebrated the 20th anniversary of Communist rule, Nikita did not bother to attend. Last week East Germany's Walter Ulbricht was in Bulgaria commiserating with Premier Todor Zhivkov, 53, who certainly deserved better than a cold Khrushchevian snub.

But there are other compensations in the life of a Communist lap dog. Since 1947, Russia has pumped \$1,920,000,000 in aid and loans into Bulgaria's predominantly agricultural economy. As a result, Bulgarians have moved off the farms (where 70% of the 8,000,000 population lived just 20 years ago v. 50% today) and into a boomlet of industrialization. To the \$838.3 million worth of vegetables, shiny apples, bursting grapes, jams, jellies, butter and milk that Bulgaria exported in 1963 was added a growing stream of batteries, machine tools, pumps, electric hoists, pharmaceuticals and steel products. One of Bulgaria's biggest hard-currency earners is the booming Black Sea resort area at Varna known as "Golden Sands," where Bulgars and bikini-clad outlanders this season completely booked the growing hotel complex.

**Top-Recorder Youth.** In Sofia, nearly 6,000 colorful, balconied high-rise apartments stand in bright contrast to the peeling Soviet barracks of the past.

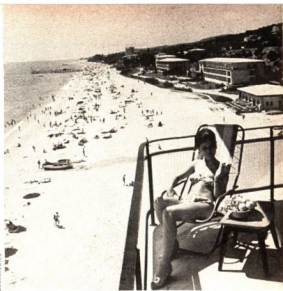


ATHENS NEWLYWEDS IN ROYAL COACH  
A minted ring and tiaras thick as fireflies.



SOPIA'S GEORGI DIMITROV AVENUE

Bursting grapes and nightmare suits from ZUM.



BLACK SEA RESORT

And the crowds that throng the Boulevard Russki, though dressed for the most part in shoddy, overexpensive suits from the nightmarish ZUM department store, are clearly well fed on their beloved *dobrudza*—the white bread that provides 60% of the average Bulgarian's caloric intake.

There are even a few "tape-recorder youth," so named because they secretly tape Western jazz and popular music unavailable in Bulgaria. They affect trim Ivy League suits, drink "worker's brandy" (cheap, sweet vermouth), read such Western authors as Hemingway and J. D. Salinger, and furtively swap anti-regime jokes—despite the fact that Bulgaria alone among the European satellites still jails such jokers.

**Pilot Experiment.** Indeed Bulgaria has been among the slowest of the satellites to "liberalize" in the vital area of personal and artistic freedom. Premier Zhivkov prides himself on the "social realism" of his painters and writers—party hacks in the main. Unlike Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the Bulgarians remain vigilant and hard-handed in controlling public expression. But in one critical area, the economy, Bulgaria has proved as "liberal" as her neighbors.

Arguments in favor of increased reliance on the profit motive appear regularly in the party theoretical journal, *Novo Vreme*, and although the economy is still predominantly controlled by central authorities, a pilot experiment in decentralization proved outstandingly successful last year. The Lilianna Dimitrova textile plant in Sofia was permitted to work out its own production plan, obtain its own materials and dispose of its own goods with a minimum of higher direction. Not only did the plant exceed its planned requirements, but by the year's end it had enough of a profit margin to permit a 10% wage increase. This year 50 plants have adopted the new setup. Nonetheless, Bulgaria still has a long way to go before reaching self-sufficiency. This month Sofia

authorities advised a knitwear firm in Northern Ireland that they would be interested in the immediate purchase of 240,000 pairs of socks—suggesting that there are still holes in the economy.

## CYPRUS

### Greeks Bearing Gifts

The dire appeals from the blockaded Turkish Cypriots in the coastal village of Kokkina insisted that they were near starvation. As women and children huddled in caves, their gaunt menfolk stood guard in the trenches. Then last week, down the road from Nicosia came trucks loaded with nine tons of food donated by the very man who had ordered the blockade, Archbishop Makarios, President of Cyprus.

Instead of cheering, the Turkish Cypriots cursed. One shouted, "We are Turks, and we will die before we accept food from Makarios!" Another grumbled that the food was probably poisoned. The convoy commander, a young Finnish lieutenant of the U.N. peace-keeping force, was appalled. "Your attitude is inhuman," he said. "There are starving babies in Kokkina." A Turk replied, "The whole blockade is inhuman. We don't want Makarios to make propaganda by giving us food. We will leave it on the road or throw it into the sea."

**Sunshine & Smiles.** What Makarios was really trying to feed the Turkish Cypriots last week was a carrot, in hopeful contrast to the stick he had been applying to them for weeks. His bullying efforts to force the Turkish minority to lay down its arms and accept Greek Cypriot rule had failed, even boomeranged against him in the form of Turkey's threat to invade. Now, suddenly, the wily prelate was all sunshine and smiles. He got along famously with the new U.N. mediator, Ecuador's ex-President Galo Plaza, replacing the late Sakari Tuomioja of Finland, who died this month of a stroke. An athletic,

handsome man of 58 who fights bulls for fun and is a constitutional optimist, Galo Plaza is proud of his Spanish ancestry. He said to Makarios, "I have Mediterranean blood in my veins and Mediterranean caution about believing all I am told." Smiled Makarios, "Ah, then we will understand each other."

With a wave of his hand, Makarios ended the food blockade of all Turkish Cypriot communities and benignly agreed not to charge excise duties on a food ship due in from the Red Crescent—Turkey's Red Cross. He went even farther, promising 1) to tear down all Greek Cypriot fortifications if the Turkish Cypriots would do the same, 2) financial aid and personal security to any refugees who wish to return to their native villages, and 3) general amnesty.

**Priestly Poker.** His peace offensive met much the same reaction as his food. In Turkey a government spokesman said, "This poker-playing priest just can't be believed." On Cyprus the Turkish community thought it was all a maneuver to impress the U.N. Security Council, currently meeting on the Cyprus question. With only 12,000 lightly armed fighting men opposing 35,000 Greek Cypriots armed with tanks and artillery, the Turkish Cypriots are reluctant to give up their sandbagged entrenchments or scatter to their bombed and burned-out villages.

But Galo Plaza said jubilantly, "Things are going in the right direction." He was also heartened by the imminent U.N. decision to continue the peacekeeping mission on Cyprus for another three months, and he cheerfully outlined his own strategy to newsmen. Unlike Tuomioja and U.S. Special Envoy Dean Acheson, Galo Plaza intends to do his mediating on Cyprus instead of in Geneva, and to concentrate on Makarios instead of on the governments of Turkey and Greece.

**Spooling Food.** At week's end Makarios flew to Athens bearing yet another gift—a silver dish as a wedding

present for Greece's King Constantine and his new Queen, Anne-Marie of Denmark. Declaring that "my aim has always been and always will be *enosis*," that is, union of Cyprus with Greece, Makarios met with Premier George Papandreu, and both announced "complete accord" on Makarios' peace offering, though the Greek government was obviously concerned about the official Cypriot delegation currently in Moscow seeking aid from Nikita Khrushchev.

Peace was indeed wonderful, but at week's end it had not much reduced suspicion and racial hatred on Cyprus. Now food was pouring in from the Red Crescent and the U.N., and there was enough to eat even at Kokkina. But the nine tons of food sent by Makarios lay untouched beside the road, slowly spoiling in the hot sun. On one crate, an infuriated Turkish Cypriot had scrawled, "Don't play politics with our stomachs."

## SOUTH VIET NAM

### Remaking a Revolution

Premier Nguyen Khanh is like a kid's bell-bottom punch toy. No sooner is he knocked flat than he's up and grinning, ready for another foul blow. Last week the swat of a rebellious fist seemed to knock Khanh cockeyed, but within moments he was back on his feet—ready to be knocked down again.

For the third time since last November, when General Duong Van ("Big") Minh ousted President Ngo Dinh Diem, tanks and troops swept into Saigon with the intent of remaking a revolution. And indeed the rebels had a cause: Khanh had ad-libbed his role as leader of a war-torn nation for too long. His only ideological offerings were weary anti-Communism and vague nationalism. Meanwhile, the war went poorly, and in defeat Buddhists and Catholics found their historical hatreds coming to a boil. When Khanh dismissed Roman Catholic Interior Minister Lam Van Phat, a dour, desiccated brigadier general who felt the Premier had given in too easily to Buddhist reform demands, the situation reached flash point.

**To the Rescue.** The revolt was short-lived, and what put Phat in the fire was simply bad organization. His was one of two groups that had been plotting a coup and, of the pair, the least likely to succeed. Composed largely of Roman Catholic "outs," Phat's men were strong in their denunciation of Khanh as a "traitor" but weak on rallying tactical military support. Phat's only triumph lay in convincing Major General Duong Van Duc to send elements of his Mekong Delta-based IV Corps north to Saigon. Ironically, Duc thought he was joining another coup—that of a group of younger officers headed by Air Commodore Nguyen Cao Ky—and when Duc found out he had been duped, he quickly defected.

That left Ky in a strong position. A hot-shot, American-trained aviator of 34, Ky affects orange coveralls, pearl-handled revolvers and political dash.



AIR COMMODORE CAO KY

MOULDER—CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



"FOR A MINUTE THERE  
I THOUGHT WE'D LOST YOU!"  
Duc was duped.

When he realized that Phat's "coupette" had failed, he quickly sent his U.S.-built jets circling low over the capital to threaten the rebels. Meanwhile, a pair of C-47s (lent to him by the U.S. Air Force) whipped down to Cap St. Jacques, where two companies of South Vietnamese marines loyal to Khanh were waiting. Several battalions of loyal army troops were also ferried into Saigon, and the coup quickly dissolved.

**Heads on a Pole.** Khanh found himself suddenly in the debt of another aspirant to his thankless job. Ky's group demands that Khanh clean house on all "corrupt, dishonest and counter-revolutionary" army officers, civil servants and profiteers—and threatens Khanh's ouster if those rather sweeping conditions are not met. But who is to say who, in all of South Viet Nam, is "corrupt, dishonest and counter-revolutionary"? Now, in addition to the steady pressures exerted on him by Catholics and Buddhists, Punch Toy Premier Khanh faces the even more random fists of self-seeking Young Turks.

Though his position remains precarious, Khanh was apparently standing sturdily enough to permit the Viet Cong to resume fighting. The Communists had held off during the days following the coup attempt for fear that renewed combat might push popular support back to Khanh. But last week Radio

Hanoi urged an immediate "rise against the Americans and their lackeys." Hanoi's hyperbole reached a crescendo over the latest incident involving U.S. destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf (see THE NATION).

In the Mekong Delta, the Viet Cong went just as quickly on the offensive, and by week's end the war was as grim and bloody as ever before. In one fire fight near Canduco, a popular South Vietnamese corporal was killed by a bullet through the head. His buddies retaliated by decapitating three of the Viet Cong. The grisly trophies, mounted on a pole, were marched back into town.

## PAKISTAN

### Challenge from Fatima

Pakistan's President Ayub Khan once frankly declared that his country wasn't ready for parliamentary democracy because it requires a "cool and phlegmatic temperament that only people living in cold climates seem to have." Accordingly, only 80,000 "basic democrats"—out of a total population of 100 million—are allowed to vote for the President and legislature, and Ayub has jailed his most outspoken critics.

But with new elections due early next year, five weak opposition parties last week summoned up their nerve and nominated a candidate to challenge Ayub. The nod went to Fatima Jinnah, sister and collaborator of Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the late father of Pakistan independence. Razor-tongued and prickly (she once snubbed visiting Eleanor Roosevelt after a fanciful slight), "Miss Jinnah" enjoys such personal prestige that probably no government could silence her—and she has been increasingly critical of Ayub. But she probably represents no great threat to Pakistan's soldier-chief: a political novice and around 70 years old. "Miss Jinnah" can hardly match the stature of Ayub who, for all his stern ways, is probably the most popular figure in the nation.


## YEMEN

### The Alexandria Duet

In Egypt last week, the Arab summit was over, but one important guest lingered on. He was Saudi Arabia's lean, eagle-beaked Premier Feisal, who during the week-long conference of Middle East leaders had huddled privately with Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser with a view to finding a solution in the bitter, two-year war in Yemen.

Both Feisal and Nasser now knew that military victory was probably impossible in the bleak, strife-torn land where some 40,000 Egyptian troops have been propping up a wobbly republican regime against the Saudi-backed royalist tribesmen who are trying to restore the Imam Mohamed el Badr to his throne. The civil war has cost scores of thousands of Yemeni lives as well as an estimated 10,000 Egyptian casualties. It has also put off the day all Arabs



A man in a brown suit stands on a ship's deck, leaning on a railing. In the background, the Golden Gate Bridge is visible. A seagull is in the foreground, slightly out of focus. The man is smiling and holding a briefcase. The ship's structure and a megaphone are also visible.

PURE WOOL "SHARK FIRE" SUIT BY HAMMONTON PARK  
WITH PERMANENTLY CREASED TROUSERS

**Wool will always  
have a way of making  
life more livable.**

*Man and wool.  
Together we left the valley.  
We asked for warmth. Wool.  
We asked for protection against the  
skies. Wool. We asked for comfort  
in the fields. Wool.  
And when we asked for the adventure  
of vanity, wool gave excitement to color,  
luxury to the hand, resilience  
and discipline to tailoring.*

*Today we ask for practicality . . .  
and discover how easily the  
trousers of a fine wool suit can be  
permanently creased.  
Wool. Born with a  
seemingly endless power to satisfy man.*

*Think a minute. Which is the greater  
marvel . . . the simple shelter of that  
first wool cloak or the convenience  
of this new permanent crease? Which?  
The marvel is the gift.  
In the year nothing, when man  
appeared, the flock was waiting.*

**Wool was not invented,  
it was created...just for you**



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We started fresh with a bold new Pontiac look, as you can see, and plush new interiors, which you can just imagine for now. It's a quick car, even for a Pontiac, because our Trophy V-8s come on stronger than ever. You want Pontiac performance and economy, too? You want new Turbo Hydra-Matic and our exclusive low-ratio rear axle to wring extra mileage from gasoline and save and save and save. The '65

Pontiac is other ways new, too, with self-adjusting steering gear and bigger, better brakes. It's smoother riding (if you can fancy *that*) since we redesigned the suspension system around our curve-uncurving Wide-Track. (The inch-longer-than-last-year wheelbase also helps.) Now if you're wondering how you could become even more enthusiastic about Pontiac for 1965, just try driving one at your Pontiac dealer's.

**How could Tempest become even more of a Pontiac?**



Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation



## **Here's your answer: The '65 Pontiac Tempest.**

It could look even more like a Pontiac and it does: stacked headlights and split grille and big, bright wraparound tail lamps. It could be longer and it is, by a handspan. Tempest certainly rides like a Pontiac on Wide-Track and its all-coil suspension. And Tempest surely goes like a Pontiac, whether you take the gas-saving 140-hp six, or order up a quick V-8: 250 hp on regular fuel, 285 hp on premium. We spoil you

with interiors restyled in cloth and Morrokide, or all Morrokide. And tempt you with 12 handsome models, including a new Custom Hardtop Coupe. With Tempest looking and acting so Pontiac for 1965, you mustn't forget it's still priced down there with the other low-priced cars.

***1965: The year of the Quick Wide-Tracks***

# It was born on the wrong side of the ocean.

But it makes a smashing good dry martini.

We know a few martini-lovers who wouldn't touch American Gin with a ten-foot flag pole.

Calvert Gin was born to change all that. We battled the British for choice botanicals, on their own ground: the rich fields of Spain, Italy, Turkey, Germany. We used fresh, hand-cut lime peel to give our gin a crisp, subtle flavor all its own.

We put our gin through extra distilling steps to take every last drop of sweetness and perfuminess out.

When the first bottle popped out of our distillery, we had a gin so dry we stamped "100% Dry" right on the label. (Who said Americans aren't as dry as the British?) Try Calvert Gin in your next martini. You'll like it. You may even salute it.



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dream of when they can turn their united forces against Israel.

**Brimming Heart.** For Nasser, the very talks with Feisal were tacit admission that his forces were not really scoring ringing victory after ringing victory, a startling retreat from the extravagant claims he had been making in the past. Nasser also backed down from his pretense that the Yemen war was caused solely by infiltrators from Saudi Arabia and the British colony of Aden. In their official communiqué the two leaders promised to 1) cooperate fully to solve the existing differences between the various factions in Yemen, 2) work together in preventing armed clashes in Yemen, and 3) reach a solution by peaceful agreement.

Though there was no mention of removal of Egyptian troops from Yemen, the communiqué was widely hailed in the Arab world, and Washington called it a "statesmanlike action" and a "major step toward eventual peaceful settlement of the long civil war." To show the world their new fraternal affection, Nasser and Feisal warmly embraced at Alexandria's airport and called each other "brother." Feisal, who once muttered curses at Cairo's boss, said he was leaving Egypt "with my heart brimming with love for President Nasser."

**Paper & Promises.** Unfortunately, the people most concerned, the Yemenis themselves, have yet to be heard from. A hardy and hard-fighting race, with long memories for feuds and vendettas, it may take some talking before they will lay down their arms. Nasser can perhaps make the republicans do his bidding, even to dumping their ailing President, Abdullah Sallal, if necessary. But only the royalist princes, not Feisal alone, can dispose of Imam Badr. A



WHITE CONGO MERCENARIES  
Back in business.

possible compromise might lie in recognizing the Imam as a religious potentate without civil powers. But until the contending parties in Yemen reach agreement, the accord between Nasser and Feisal remains only a piece of paper and a lot of promises.

## THE CONGO

### How to Appear Évolué

It was a week of triumph for the Congo's professionals. In a freelance foray, a band of 14 white mercenaries blithely recaptured the strategic Congo River port of Lisala, despite orders from the timorous Congolese army high command not to overextend their supply lines. The mercenaries—mostly Southern Rhodesians—cut down 160 of the 3,000 well-armed rebel defenders, had to drive their Jeeps over mounds of rebel dead to enter the Moyon Congo provincial capital. Another mercenary band took back the North Katanga town of Kongolo, found that, as usual, the rebels had slaughtered the whole "intellectual" population of the town—anyone who could read and write.

For all their success, the mercenaries remained in bad odor with the rest of black Africa. But Premier Moïse Tshombe, in Nairobi for talks with the Congo Reconciliation Committee headed by Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, made it clear that though he wants black African help in quelling the rebellion, he would brook no "interference in the internal affairs" of his country. That seemed to mean the mercenaries would stay—for the time being at least.

**Assemblage of Aphrodites.** In the Katangese capital of Elisabethville, professionals of a different sort were performing. They wore such names as Alphonsine la Turbulente and Mathilde la Coquette, and they were competing for the title of Miss Katanga 1964. No ordinary beauty contest, this year's assemblage of African Aphrodites was hallmarked by the narcissistic story the girls planted in a local newspaper praising their own good looks. "My mirror says

I can enter the competition without fearing the outcome," wrote Marie Françoise la Sentimentale. "My fans say I am very seductive and I agree."

More seductive to the judges, though, was Marie Chantal la Charmante, 17, who paraded across the stage in a black dress and a rakishly cocked, daffodil-yellow boater while a 22-man band, consisting largely of electric guitars and tom-toms, shrilled maniacally. La Charmante won handily, thus enhancing a future few American beauty queens could or would hope to have. For she, like the rest of the contestants, is a *femme libre* (literally "free woman")—one of a select crowd of Congolese hostesses who play a key role in official life as semi-wives.

**Back to the Manioc.** The men of Katanga, particularly those in government, have no greater desire than to appear *évolués* (progressive) in the eyes of visiting African and European dignitaries. But they learned long ago that their wives would be no help. Usually married by 15 and quickly saddled with the burdens of multiple motherhood, the Katangese wife has no time to acquire social graces. At a formal affair, she usually sits immobile, responding to conversational gambits with an agonized *oui* or *non*, counting the minutes until she can return to her manioc market.

The *femmes libres*, on the other hand, dress with style, rarely drink too much, and often come equipped with a handful of French phrases which they drop as delicately as perfumed handkerchiefs. Tightly organized by a formidable, forthright *femme* who sees to it that they mind their manners, Elisabethville's 2,000 free women now dominate the distaff side of diplomatic life. And if now and then they go beyond the call of diplomatic duty, the wives don't mind and neither do the husbands. In any case, the *femmes* feel they have considerable social utility. "If someone distinguished like a minister takes a liking to me," said Marie Chantal la Charmante, "I am naturally very pleased. I am more *évoluée* than the wives."



MISS KATANGA OF 1964  
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# THE HEMISPHERE

## CUBA

### Phantom Raiders

The Cuban exiles are quick to cheer any small foray in their lopsided fight against Fidel Castro. But last week there was one blazing action in the waters off Cuba for which no one wanted to claim responsibility. It involved the 1,600-ton Spanish freighter *Sierra Aranzazu*, some 40 miles northwest of Great Inagua Island in the Bahamas, bound for Havana with a cargo of garlic, cognac, chicken coops and plows.

As the *Sierra Aranzazu* approached Cuba in the late evening hours, two small, fast boats swooped down on the vessel and raked it with repeated machine-gun bursts at a range of 20 to 30 yards. The captain and two crewmen were mortally wounded. The rest of the crew abandoned ship, which was now on fire. Fourteen hours after the attack, the lifeboat carrying all 20 crew members, eight of them wounded, two dead and one soon to die, was spotted by a U.S. Coast Guard plane, and a Dutch freighter sped to their rescue, carrying them to Great Inagua.

In Havana, Castro angrily blamed the attack on Cuban exiles, "equipped, paid and directed by the CIA," in retaliation against Spain for trading with Cuba. The Spaniards were just as angry. The Spanish ambassador in Washington, the Marquis de Merry del Val, acidly wondered how such an incident "could happen in an area practically controlled by the U.S." And at week's end 1,000 Spaniards demonstrated noisily outside the U.S. embassy in Madrid, chanting: "Assassins. Cuba sí, Yankees no."

The State Department hastily assured Spain that there was no evidence that the attackers came from U.S. territory—though it was not certain where they did come from. The strongest and most active exile group is Manuel Artime's Revolutionary Recovery Movement, which blew up a sugar mill on Cuba's southern coast last May and shot up a Russian radar station in the same area two weeks ago. Artime, a leader in the abortive Bay of Pigs invasion, now operates out of Central America, is believed to have some dozen torpedo boats armed with 57-mm. recoilless rifles and other weapons. Two other exile possibilities: the smaller November 30 Organization, which says it shelled a Cuban freighter homeward-bound from Canada two weeks ago; and the *Comandos Mambises*, which claims to have attacked a Russian vessel in the Cuban port of Cabañas early this month.

Although all three vehemently deny it, chances are that one of the groups staged the attack on the *Sierra Aran-*

*zazu*, either as a warning to nations trading with Castro, or in a case of mistaken identity, thinking it was the Cuban freighter *Sierra Maestra*, which had sailed through the same area the week before.

## BRAZIL

### The Law of the Favelas

Rio de Janeiro's *favelas* are the dregs of a city, teeming slums where the crime rate makes Harlem tame by comparison. The pastel-painted shantytowns with their deceptive names—"Pleasure Hill," "Peacock," "Heaven"—breed hoods with monikers like "Tidal Wave," "Uncle Horrible" and "Dried Meat." The cops are helpless, always patrol in groups and only during daylight. Except one. For the past 25 years, *favela* law, or what there was of it, largely rested

out of jail, shot a close colleague of Perpétuo's. Enraged by the bureaucratic sloppiness that released Horseface in the first place, Perpétuo dropped everything and went after the killer. Though the rest of the force was stymied, he had a good lead within two days. But while he was waiting in a bar for Horseface to show up, two cops from another district wandered in. Jealous of Perpétuo's fame, they argued over who had jurisdiction, started fighting. Suddenly one of them pulled a gun, while the other pinned Perpétuo's arms. Then, as he stood helpless, Bulletproof Perpétuo, 51, was shot dead by one of his fellow policemen.

His funeral drew the high and mighty. But Perpétuo belonged to the *favelados*, and 5,000 of them turned out to march in the procession, and crowd around his coffin for a last look, or

MARQUETTE



PERPÉTUO FENDING OFF ADMIRE



THE FUNERAL

One bullet learned the way.


on City Detective Perpétuo de Freitas da Silva.

To win authority in the slums, Perpétuo had to be good, clever—and lucky. He never bothered to arrest small-timers, passed out candy to the kids, found jobs for dozens of ex-cons, personally sent food and clothing to mothers widowed by killers he had not caught up with in time. He could draw his .45 faster than any thug, could shoot so straight that crooks often surrendered when they heard he was after them. Bullets missed him so often that it seemed they would never learn the way. He once climbed unscathed up a hill through a hail of slugs to collar two pistol-happy punks, another time managed to arrest a gunman who emptied his revolver at him from point-blank range.

By Mistake. Three weeks ago, "Bulletproof" Perpétuo's luck finally failed. His downfall began when a convicted murderer, "Horseface" Manuel Moreira, got a parole "by mistake" and, once

touch, or tear. After the burial, leaders of the "Skeleton" *favela* solemnly met to discuss changing the name to "Perpétuo" *favela*. "He would have liked that," was the explanation.


By the Mob. If *favelados* were saddened by the loss of the only policeman they ever liked, the cops were left completely at loose ends. Though Perpétuo's killer was quickly captured at the scene, Horseface was still at large, and a milling, uncoordinated hunt for him was mounted. In the last two weeks police have pulled in 500 smalltime hoods for their own brand of "questioning," have descended en masse on dozens of *favelas*. Brandishing machine guns, they burst in on one surprised family and so frightened the father that he died of a heart attack. Last week the police said they were still searching. But the word around the *favelas* was that the cops had found Horseface all right, had killed him and hidden the body rather than risk judgment in Brazil's notoriously lenient courts.




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Channel Tuning System—with 125  gold contacts for longer TV life—pulls in sharp, clear color pictures, even in far-out suburban and difficult TV reception areas. Tunes all channels, VHF or UHF.

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You can *even* tune VHF channels from your easy chair—without cords, wires or batteries—with Zenith Space Command® remote control. Remote tuning for up to 12 UHF channels can be added at slight additional cost. 

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best year yet  
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Now two luxury cars—Galaxie 500/LTD 2-door and 4-door hardtops—join the sporty XL's. You *have* to see them. Never before has there been so much to see. New elegance. New luxury. New engineering features.

These are the smoothest, quietest-riding Fords ever. The body is completely new—and far stronger. Frame and suspension has been completely

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A new fastback 2+2 has joined the Hardtop and Convertible in the Mustang stable. Like all Mustangs, 2+2 is low in price and includes such features as bucket seats, full carpeting and vinyl interiors.

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Bigger, distinctively beautiful—a far

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With a 170 cu. in. Six and automatic transmission, Falcon now delivers up to 15% greater fuel economy. Other savings include: low, low Falcon prices, twice-a-year or 6,000-mile service schedule, and a battery-saving alternator. Take a test drive.



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**Announcing a second great Vat 69 Scotch—Vat 69 GOLD, the Classic Light Scotch.**

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MISS AMERICA & HER COURT  
A queen to be seen.

Beauty contestants should be seen and not heard. But not the new Miss America, who is a ventriloquist and thus has two voices. The night she reached the finals, **Vonda Kay Van Dyke**, 21, of Phoenix, chirruped: "Barry Goldwater, here I come!" But once the crown was in place, she became a benign queen, and said: "I think the President is our greatest man." Then she was off for a series of nationwide appearances that will earn her \$75,000, in addition to the \$11,000 in scholarships she will use next fall at the State University. The other girls were already on their way back to school. But from their pictures with Her Loveliness, it was clear that even a loser in Atlantic City is a winner on any campus.

From France to the U.N. Secretariat in Manhattan came a stained-glass memorial on the themes of peace and love: a 12-ft. by 15-ft. panel designed without fee by Painter **Marc Chagall**, 77, as his remembrance of U.N. Secretary-General **Dag Hammarskjöld**. "A poet always uses the same vocabulary," says Chagall, and his translucent sonnet displays his familiar metaphors of thin-tipped cow, floating patriarch and spiritual chicken. In Pocantico Hills, N.Y., the preserve of the Rockefellers, the Union Church received a stained-glass Chagall window depicting the good Samaritan, to be dedicated by the family to the memory of Philanthropist **John D. Rockefeller Jr.**

His life has been as bitter as his father's darkest tragedies, and **Shane O'Neill**, 45, Eugene's disinherited son,

believes he suffers from a tribal curse. His brother, **Eugene Jr.**, committed suicide: his first child, **Eugene III**, smothered at the age of three months. And, like his father's mother, the model for Mrs. Tyrone in *Long Day's Journey into Night*, Shane has been for 20 years a drug addict. Last spring in Manhattan, he was arrested for trying to steal prescription blanks to obtain narcotics. Last week, calling him "the most bedraggled, woebegone man ever to come before this bench," the judge gave Shane a suspended sentence. Perhaps his luck is changing: with some \$200,000 his wife recently inherited, he has promised to settle with her in Ireland to start life anew.

"Float like a butterfly!" could be a tall order for **Cassius Clay**, 22, who at a portly 230 lbs. is surely the world's heavyweight something, but not, apparently, its boxing champion anymore. Scoring the TKO it has threatened ever since it started investigating the rank finances of February's fight, the World Boxing Association stripped Cassius of his title when he signed in Boston for a Nov. 16 rematch with **Sonny Liston**. Unfazed, the Lip zipped to Manhattan to bedizen his ample middle with a \$500 gold-plated championship belt from Ring Magazine. Verbally, he still stings like a bee. Gazing at the solid silver waistband **Charley Mitchell** won for going a bare-knuckle 39 rounds against **John L. Sullivan** in 1888, Muhammad Ali bumbled: "They got cheap with the belts. They used to make them better." Maybe they did the fighters too.

Three large yellow and white vans from Washington pulled up at the 85th Street entrance of a Fifth Avenue apartment, and unloaded the toys, clothes and furniture of **Jacqueline Kennedy**,

35, Caroline, 6, and **John Jr.**, 3. Meanwhile Jackie, staying at the nearby Carlyle Hotel, went through the autumn whirligig of a Manhattan mother, supervising the redecoration of her 15-room duplex, which will be ready in a month or so, enrolling Caroline at the 91st Street Academy of the Sacred Heart, taking John for a ride on the Central Park carousel. And then one day, she was out with her children rowing on the Central Park Serpentine, where an alert amateur in the next dinghy took an incredulous look, rapidly unshuttered his Rollei-flex to capture a metropolitan Manet.

The Wall Street banker's daughter astonished the Russians this summer by asking for an iron so she could press her own dresses. And **Neva Rockefeller**, 20, who was visiting **Nikita Khrushchev** with her father David, is independent in other ways. A Radcliffe junior and aspiring playwright, she made known her engagement last week to **Gerald Michael Medearis**, 24, a St. Louis public-school graduate, who interrupted his Harvard education for four years to "find himself" by working in a Hollywood sound studio.

Ill lay: Los Angeles' **James Francis Cardinal McIntyre**, 78, in a Rome hospital following his collapse from heat and fatigue during the Mass officially reopening the Vatican Council; New York's **Francis Cardinal Spellman**, 75, recuperating on Cape Cod following a prostate operation; Japan's Premier **Hayato Ikeda**, 64, undergoing treatment at the National Cancer Institute in Tokyo for a nonmalignant throat infection; Massachusetts' Senator **Leverett Saltonstall**, 72, recovering at his home in Dover from a torn tendon suffered in a fall at Boston's Logan Airport.

PETER ROSENBERG—N.Y. DAILY NEWS



JACQUELINE KENNEDY, CAROLINE & JOHN  
A pause in the whirligig.

\* Left to right: Miss Texas, Sharon McCauley; Miss Arkansas, Karen Carlson; Miss West Virginia, Ella Kessel; Miss Minnesota, Barbara Hasselberg.



## THE PRESS

### COLUMNISTS

#### Appointment on Long Island

*I want to get it all down on paper while I can. The United States in this century is what I know, and it is my business to write about it to the best of my ability, with the sometimes special knowledge I have. I want to record the way people talked and thought and felt, and to do it with complete honesty and variety.*

John O'Hara, who wrote those lines in a prologue to *Sermons and Soda-Water*, a trio of novellas published in 1960, likes to think of himself as a social historian whose principal medium happens to be fiction. When Historian Allan Nevins said that no one could really understand the U.S. of the 1930s without reading O'Hara's novel *Butterfield 8*, the author took it as the handsome compliment it was intended to be. The journalist in O'Hara ever lurks just beneath the surface of the novelist; *Butterfield 8*, in fact, was a piece of reportorial fiction based on a playgirl's mysterious death. Last week, the journalist in Novelist O'Hara was assured a proper hearing.

**No Change.** Beginning next month, his byline will appear in the weekend edition of Newsday, the highly successful Long Island tabloid founded in 1940 by the late Alicia Patterson. The new partnership delights both sides. Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, who took charge of Newsday after his wife's death in 1963, has maintained the paper's high rank as one of the largest

suburban dailies in the U.S. (present circ. 400,000). Last spring, in an effort to attract new advertisers and readership, he attached a Weekly Review to the Saturday paper and began a search for distinguished bylines. O'Hara is the captain's most significant catch.\*

At 59, O'Hara is looking forward to his return to active journalism, a profession that he left in 1933, after stints on the Herald Tribune, Hearst's New York Daily Mirror and TIME, to write *Appointment in Samarra*, his first novel, an immediate popular and critical success. O'Hara's contract at Newsday was drawn precisely to the O'Hara taste. "They agreed to print everything I said, and not change a word," he said, "and the dough was extremely attractive. I could live comfortably on it alone." Newsday plans to syndicate the O'Hara column, which will be titled "My Turn."

**Grand Design.** But for a man whose fiction has already put him in the 87% income tax bracket, there are more compelling rewards. "I do like to unload," O'Hara said. "I am a man of many interests. Every day when I read the papers I want to comment on something. If there's any grand design to my work, it has been to put down my time to the best of my ability, so that I will be as indispensable to historians of the future as Dickens is to the historians of the 19th century."

"In my novels I don't say very much about the day-to-day picture and about my own intensely personal feelings. For whatever they're worth, they're going to be in this column, as long as it lasts, and as long as I last."

#### Vacation from Dreariness

"I'm afraid that I have made the not uncommon mistake of trying to act as though I was still as young as I used to be." With that reluctant admission, Syndicated Columnist Joseph Alsop took off for Europe last week on an indeterminate leave of absence. His abrupt departure seemed surprising in a man who has always relished the partisan enthusiasms of a presidential campaign, the chance to expound for his readers on every facet of American politics. But this year, said Joe in his final column, "the campaign has been a dreary business." And in a letter to his syndicate, he explained that the dreariness was as much in him as it was on the hustings:

"Last year, supposing I could work nonstop as I once could, I devoted my whole holiday from the column to my book on the Greek Bronze Age. Consequently, I went back to my regular work about as stale as one of those pieces of



COLUMNIST ALSOP  
"I'm like the One Hoss Shay."

3,000-year-old bread that they sometimes find in Egyptian tombs. Then last spring I made an extremely taxing round-the-world reporting trip. After getting back from Saigon in mid-May, I was never really well, and this general misery crystallized into an interminable bout of summer flu and bronchitis that made this year's holiday from the column the opposite of restorative.

"I shall not bother you with symptoms, except to say that I am now having recurrent liver trouble, plus pretty nearly all the other afflictions normal for a 53-year-old man in a tired, run-down condition. My doctor says, in effect, that I am like the One Hoss Shay just prior to its famous last journey—still able to take the road, but unless immediately repaired, quite likely to come apart for good and all."

### NEWSPAPERS

#### The Word from Moses

By the exquisite standards of Robert Moses, 75, father and president of the New York World's Fair, the 646-acre monument to Mosaic vision is falling somewhat short of the mark. The fair's first season ends Oct. 18, and only 28 million fairgoers have materialized, despite Moses' estimate of 40 million. And then there are all those amusement concessions that have folded for want of customers. But, as usual, Moses knows just who is at fault. Last week, addressing a luncheon crowd of 250 newspaper publishers from upstate New York, he pinned the blame squarely in his usual Old Testament style. The trouble, pronounced Robert Moses, was a hostile New York press:

"I am told by some publishers that we should gladly suffer all faultfinders, including those whose eyes, too irritated by motes and beams no longer remov-



COLUMNIST O'HARA  
"I do like to unload."

\* Others: Marguerite Higgins, the New York Herald Tribune's erstwhile foreign correspondent, and Ruby Hart Phillips, who was the New York Times's woman in Havana until Fidel Castro kicked her out.

able in drugstores, see little that is good in a sad world. When it comes to the fair, I know what disturbs the chemistry of the critics. Their sour stomachs distend and churn when they hear that we have discovered gold nuggets on the banks of Flushing Creek. The truth is that they hate like hell to see the fair moving to success. I don't overrate these people, but one drunk can interrupt a Mass; a rotten egg can silence Hamlet, and a stink bomb can empty a theater.

"It's an old story. You can't please everyone. There will always be commentators who find it simpler and easier to get someone to call someone else an s.o.b. or a bastard than to write something intelligent that requires real work, accuracy and fairness. On the other hand, we must not lose our capacity for indignation. We have been listening too much to the raving hyenas, scavengers, jackals, parrots and vultures who should be kept behind moats in the Bronx Zoo. It is too bad that the rest of America does not realize how few and unrepresentative these discordant voices are. The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb."

## The Six-to-One Party Press

Out to the ten Hearst newspapers went a wire from the boss. "Following signed editorial is a must go for Page One in all editions," read the instructions to editors. "Please use signature cut of W.R.H. [Editor-in-Chief William Randolph Hearst Jr.] at end." And so, last week, the Hearst papers made their first Democratic presidential endorsement since W.R.H. Sr. put his chain in Franklin Roosevelt's pocket in 1932.\*

If there is any surprise factor at all in the U.S. press's editorial posture this presidential year, it lies in the eagerness with which publishers who are normally Republican have tossed bouquets at Lyndon Johnson.

Last week Johnson also harvested the surprise support of the *Saturday Evening Post*, which has been Republican ever since the party was founded in 1854. "Barry Goldwater's tongue is like quicksilver," said the *Post* in a back-page editorial explaining why LYNDON JOHNSON MUST BE ELECTED. "His mind is like quicksand . . . changes 'convictions' almost as often as his shirt . . . a grotesque burlesque of the conservative he pretends to be."

The New York Herald Tribune, which has not yet publicly made up its mind about the candidates, took a census of those papers that have, and reported that the President's newspaper endorsements outnumbered Goldwater's by more than six to one. Among Barry's most recent backers: the Boise, Idaho, *Daily Statesman*, which is traditionally Republican, and the Arizona Tribune of Phoenix—the only Negro newspaper in the state.

\* An historic deal in which F.D.R.'s part of the bargain was to pick John Nance Garner for Vice President.

## New Sun, Small Hello

The London Daily Express ignored the birth entirely. The Daily Mail gave it five cool lines, the Daily Telegraph 20. The London Times was the only neighbor to show any cordiality at all. "The Sun has burst forth with tremendous energy," said the Times in an editorial welcoming Britain's first new national daily newspaper in 55 years.\*

For an event that had been heralded as the most audacious gamble in Fleet Street's history, it seemed like a very small hello. Against it, the Sun's own birth notice sounded almost shrill. YES, IT'S TIME FOR A NEW NEWSPAPER, it headlined on Page One, as if the fact lay beyond argument. "Look how life has changed. Steaks, cars, houses, refrigerators, washing machines are no



DEBUT COPY OF THE SUN



HUGH CUDLIPP

Different, if not exactly new.

longer the prerogative of the 'upper crust,' but the right of all. People believe, and the Sun believes with them, that the division of Britain into social classes is happily out of date."

**Coppering a Bad Bargain.** The fact was that neither this thesis nor the paper born to support it can lay any serious claim to originality. The Sun is not really a new paper, but a derivative hybrid started by Fleet Street's most ambitious press lord, Cecil Harmsworth King. It borrowed its jaunty makeup and style from King's successful Daily Mirror (5,000,000 copies a day) and owes its very existence to the demise of King's unsuccessful Daily Herald, which ceased publication.

In one sense, the venture was merely King's way of coppering a bad bargain. Three years ago, when he took over Odhams Press Ltd., a magazine-publishing house (TIME, March 10, 1961), he also acquired the Herald, a moribund paper heavily barnacled with Labor Party doctrine. King had no use for it, but the Trades Union Congress, which held a 49% interest in the Herald, exacted from the new proprietor a promise to

keep it going for seven years. After sinking upwards of \$7,000,000 living up to this pledge, King began looking for a gentleman's way out.

A solution was found for him by Hugh Cudlipp, 51, editorial director of International Publishing Corp., King's parent company. Cudlipp proposed erecting, on the Herald's grave, a paper that would be geared to the Labor Party's future rather than its past. "There's no question whom the Sun will be for," said Cudlipp.

To explore the market potential of a paper addressed to a young, aspiring and pragmatic crowd, King assigned Dr. Mark Abrams, a London sociologist with Fleet Street experience (he once did a survey for the Observer on "the ideal car"). Abrams' findings encouraged King to act. For \$200,000, he re-

tired the Trades Union interest in the Herald. It took another \$6,000,000 to put the Sun on the street.

**Mirror Reflections.** Sustained by curiosity value, the paper sold out its debut issue of 3,500,000. Its look was different, if not exactly new, although some of the headlines might have been mirror reflections of the Mirror (I'M NOT PUSHED FOR MONEY SAID THE PRINCESS BUT I'M SIMPLY TIRED OF STAGNATING). In that traditional pasture for British editorials, the center fold, the Sun spread a two-page promotion for *Goldfinger*, the U.S. film that will have its premiere in London sponsored by Cecil King. Readers curious about the Sun's assessment of the coming British elections had to wait until page 9, where a story by the Sun's political correspondent added up to the uninformative statement: LIBERALS HOPE TO HOLD THE BALANCE.

Whether this sort of fare could guarantee King a place for his Sun was a question for which only time—and King's millions—could find the answer. But the odds are against it. Fleet Street is contracting rather than growing. Six popular papers have vanished in the last five years, and daily readership is down 600,000 since 1954.

\* The Daily Sketch was first published in 1909.

## EDUCATION

### PUBLIC SCHOOLS

#### Carpets & Clusters

In the view of the imaginative school authorities at Greeley, Colo., conventional schoolhouses are square. So Greeley, in what is perhaps the most recent radical transformation of a school district's plant, has built four new schoolhouses that are circular or hexagonal. Moreover, they have no windows, and one of them has carpets on all the floors. "We know that a good teacher and a good blackboard are the fundamentals of teaching," says Leslie K. Grimes, school superintendent in Greeley. "But we also think that the good teacher can do better in a comfortable, air-conditioned room without noise and glare."

**The Sherwood Hilton.** Schoolmen from all over the U.S., visiting Greeley this fall to learn and imitate, see two schools that are round, with wedge-shaped classrooms surrounding cores of service rooms; another that is a cluster of three hexagons with cable-hung, sprayed concrete roofs; and a fourth—Sherwood school—that consists of four adjoining circular structures all containing V-shaped classrooms, plus an equal-size domed play area with infrared heating for cold days. Sherwood school is thickly carpeted in a beige, all-wool "acoustical floor covering." Parents call it the Sherwood Hilton, but Grimes is quick to tell them that the \$21,000 cost of the carpeting is worth it.\* Pupils relax informally on the floor. Teachers kick off their shoes. A music class proceeds without the distractions of noisily scraping chairs.

\* Carpeting is one of the cushiest innovations in new school design. Since Peter Pan elementary school in Andrews, Texas, was carpeted in 1956, some 500 schools have joined the growing trend.

Inside, as in Greeley's other easily expandable new elementary schools, walls move to allow team teaching, small or large classes, special groupings within the classroom. The absence of windows prevents glare and helps preserve constant temperatures, and no one has yet complained of claustrophobia. Kathryn Moss, a teacher for 24 years, is enthusiastic. "I have the children to myself without window distractions," she says. "I'm convinced I'm going to teach better here because I can do so much more."

**Nondimensional Space.** That was precisely the idea when Greeley set about building schools that look like wheels and circus tents. With help from Colorado State College planners and experts at the Ford Foundation's venturesome Educational Facilities Laboratory, Architect John Shaver designed buildings "that stay out of the way of teachers and students."

Shaver, who is also busily at work on other new schools in nine states, says, "We want to make space nondimensional." In the process, he has given Greeley a new dimension of its own.

#### Standing P.A.T.

"I don't care," said eleven-year-old Ann Marie Dark. "My parents do." Ann was one of 148 students transferred, for reasons of racial balance, from a New York City junior high that has been 95% white to a school whose pupils have been 71% Negro and Puerto Rican. Her parents are members of P.A.T. (Parents and Taxpayers), a group of New York City citizens, almost all of them white, who are determined to block the Board of Education's experimental program for breaking down *de facto* segregation. Getting the school year off to an angry start, they stunned the nation's largest

system with its third massive boycott in eight months.

New York City's public schools have 1,000,000 students, 43% of them Negro and Puerto Rican and the rest white. More than 275,000 students stayed home on the first day of last week's boycott, as 2,000 sign-waving pickets ("We'd rather fight than switch") massed at 125 schools; on the second day the number slipped to 233,000. During Negro-led boycotts last February and March, aimed at pressuring the school board into desegregation, 464,000 and 268,000\* students stayed out.

School Board President James Donovan, who had angrily opposed the Negro-staged boycotts and suffered much criticism from civil-rights as a result, announced that he would ask district attorneys to investigate whether all three boycotts were criminal conspiracies to violate the state's compulsory education law. Yet some Negro leaders were talking of new counter-boycotts, and whites were planning a march on city hall.

Superintendent of Schools Calvin Gross denounced it all as a "perfectly preposterous game in which everyone plays to see who can damage education most by saying they are attempting to improve it." But the P.A.T. protest proved that Negro militants no longer hold an exclusive franchise on pressuring school officials through destructive boycotts, and the argument over school desegregation has thereby reached the hottest point yet. Moreover, with both Senate candidates, Republican Kenneth Keating and Democrat Bobby Kennedy, cautiously lining up with the whites, the embattled Board of Education has lost political support.

Still, after the boycott, most of the newly transferred white and Negro students went peaceably to school. Pledged Superintendent Gross: "We are going ahead with our plans without the slightest change."

\* All New York City boycott totals include a presumed 100,000 legitimately absent.



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CIRCULAR CLASSROOM





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possible good for your skin. (Helps heal nicks, prevent infection. Keeps skin lubricated, moist, comfortable after shaving.)

If you'd like to try it, buy a bottle, (\$1 plus tax.) Use it for a couple of weeks. If you don't like it—send it back and we'll return your money.

We won't be mad. Just surprised. **Yardley**

## SCIENCE

### ENTOMOLOGY

#### The Beetle with Go Power

Insects have a long list of ingenious means for fending off predators. They go in for camouflage coloring and offensive odors; in some cases they even mimic other insects that their enemy has no taste for. But few match the imaginative arsenal of the little (quarter-inch long) *Stenodus* beetle, which has a defense mechanism as sophisticated as tomorrow's anti-missile missile. Attacked by a water strider, a fast, long-legged bug that is its customary nemesis, the *Stenodus* simply squirts out a charge of fluid detergent from a pair of abdominal glands. The detergent destroys the thin elastic layer of water that marks the boundary between fluid and air. With that surface tension gone, a small water wave rises and propels the *Stenodus* out of danger. When the attacking water strider, which is normally supported by the film of surface tension, tries to follow, it sinks and drowns.

**45 Feet at Top Speed.** This novel means of protection was discovered almost accidentally by German Entomologists Karl Linsenmair and Dr. Rudolf Jander of Freiburg Zoological Institute. In flooded gravel pits alongside the Karlsruhe-Basle autobahn, the two men were studying the orientation mechanism by which the *Stenodus* does its navigation.

The more Linsenmair and Jander watched, however, the more they were struck by another phenomenon. The *Stenodus* beetles normally move across

water by slow paddling. But whenever they were attacked, they spurted out of danger at much greater speed. They can travel 23 ft. a second and can continue at that pace as far as 45 ft. This rapid motion had been noted by entomologists since the turn of the century, but no one had explained it. Linsenmair and Jander discovered that the *Stenodus'* getaway power came from its internally manufactured detergent.

**Kills Every Time.** If a *Stenodus* exhausts all of its detergent in one 45-ft. dash, it needs a week or more to replenish its supply. But the canny beetle seems to know this and uses its emergency throttle sparingly. Linsenmair and Jander watched *Stenodus* beetles turning and weaving like PT boats, as if to catch their enemies squarely in their wakes. Like most weapons, though, the *Stenodus'* go power can be out-manuevered: the detergent works only astern, and water striders on frontal-attack patterns made kills every time.

### ELECTRONICS

#### Making Resistors with Math

Brief, high-power pulses of electrical energy throbbing through intricate circuitry are the heartbeats of modern radar. But they are the bane of many an electronics engineer. Sometimes the high-frequency currents that are crammed into a pulse swirl through a simple resistance as if it were also a small coil (inductance); sometimes the pulses treat the resistance as if it were a capacitor. Either way, coil or capacitor, those unwanted effects introduce annoying problems.

In an effort to reduce such side effects, electronics experts have resorted to all sorts of tricks. But in most cases the best they could do was follow advice as old as Scottish Physicist James Clerk Maxwell, the father of electrical theory, who died in 1879. It was Maxwell who pointed out that resistors could be bent into hairpin turns so that their current flowed in two directions, canceling out capacitance or inductance. Later, Physicist Georges Chaperon wound resistances into intertwined coils with the same result.

**Wandering Mind.** Those solutions work well, but not quite well enough for today's high-power equipment. At Sandia Corp. in Albuquerque, Physicist Richard L. Davis was busy trying to devise improvements. One day he let his mind wander and remembered an old mathematical parlor trick, the Möbius loop.\* Math suddenly merged with electronics, and Davis had what he was searching for: the design of a noninductive Möbius resistor.

A Möbius loop can be made by cutting a narrow strip of paper and gluing



PHYSICIST DAVIS & MÖBIUS LOOP

To pamper pulses, an old parlor trick.

its ends together after giving the strip a half-turn. The loop that results has peculiar qualities. Most important, though the paper it is made of has two sides, the loop itself has only one surface. This can be proved by drawing a pencil line down the middle of the strip. The pencil line covers both sides of the paper and returns to the starting point without the strip's being turned over. When cut along the pencil line, the paper forms not two loops but one long, narrow loop. Cut once more in the same manner, the narrow loop becomes two interlocked loops.

**Double Passage.** Davis made a Möbius loop out of a strip of nonconducting plastic that had metal foil bonded to both sides to serve as an electrical resistance. He attached wires to the foil on opposite sides of the strip. When he sent electrical pulses through those wires, the current divided, flowed in both directions through the foil, and passed itself twice. Because of the double passage, the inductance was as low as Davis had hoped. He is delighted but still puzzled. The pulses apparently pass right through themselves, and he cannot be sure how or why his device works. "Maybe Maxwell could tell us," he says, "but he's dead."

### ASTRONOMY

#### The Prevalence of Planets And the Probability of Life

Science fiction crawls with intelligent BEMs (bug-eyed monsters) and humanoids (manlike creatures) that live on planets revolving about distant stars. Most fact-fancying scientists are far more skeptical. Somewhere in the universe, they say, there may indeed be a scattering of planets with salubrious atmospheres and temperatures, and something like earthly life. But the planets are probably few, and the odds against finding or communicating with their far-out creatures, say the skeptics, are exceedingly high.

Caltech Geochemist Harrison Brown



WATER STRIDER



DEFENDER STENODUS

For the attacker, death by detergent.

\* Named for German Mathematician August Möbius, 1790-1868.





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**A.** It's also the only credit card honored by 125 of the world's airlines.

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demurs. It is a good bet that populated planets are spotted throughout the universe, says he, and their civilized inhabitants may well be trying to talk to earth.

**Invisible Bodies.** In *Science*, Dr. Brown spells out his reasons for believing in the prevalence of populated planets. The stars that man sees in the sky, he says, are masses of matter big enough to support thermonuclear reactions that give off a great deal of light. Objects with less than 7% of the mass of the sun do not shine.

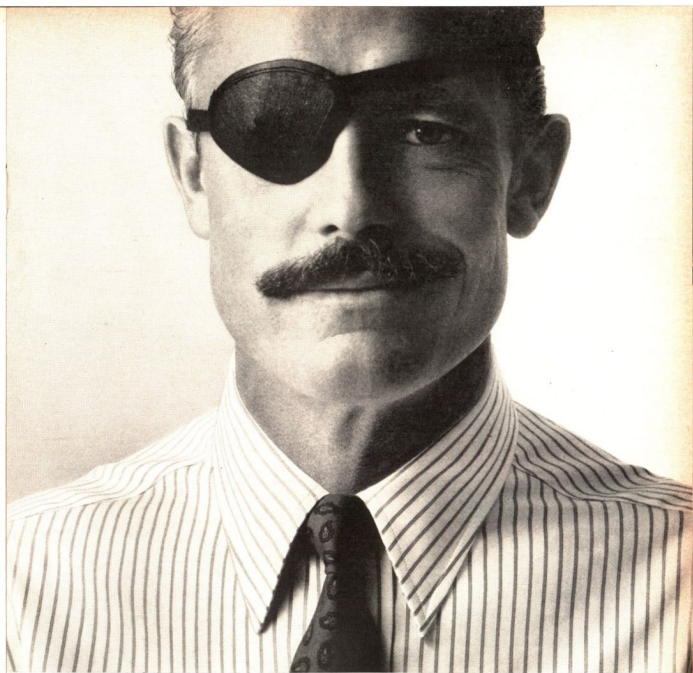
According to Brown's estimate, the 10,000 cubic parsecs<sup>9</sup> of space around the sun contain about 1,000 visible stars. Most of them are comparatively small; the smaller and dimmer being the most numerous. But stars that are too small and dim cannot be seen unless they are very near the earth, so their apparent number is low. If they are slightly smaller still, they give no light and cannot be seen at all.

This does not mean that they do not exist. There is good evidence, says Brown, that when such visible stars condensed out of primitive gas and dust, many smaller bodies were also formed at the same time. Seven invisible objects somewhat bigger than Jupiter have already been detected by the wobbling motion that they cause in the stars around which they revolve. Dr. Brown estimates that 10,000 cubic parsecs of space contain 12,730 invisible bodies with sizes ranging from one-sixth the mass of the sun down to "earth equivalent"—the mass that the earth would have if its original hydrogen and other gases had not been driven off by the heat of the nearby sun. Small bodies down to "Mars equivalent" number 60-330, which makes them 60 times as common as luminous, visible stars.

**Life Zones.** Of this enormous heavenly host only the sun's planets are near enough to be seen by reflected light, but most of the rest are probably organized in planetary systems too. Dr. Brown believes that nearly half of these groups contain no central body large enough to be self-luminous. The other systems contain an average of about 50 members each, but nearly all of them are too cold or too hot to support life. Perhaps two planets per luminous star have conditions suitable for life as it is known on earth.

This adds up to a vast number of "life-zone" planets—at least 200 billion in the Milky Way galaxy alone—and if planets smaller than Mars are included, the number is greater still. "If planetary systems are indeed extremely abundant," says Dr. Brown, "one might conclude with equal conviction that man is not alone—that his equivalents may occupy hundreds or even thousands of bodies within our galaxy. Listening for evidence of the existence of such forms may indeed prove a profitable and exciting pursuit."

<sup>9</sup> A parsec is equal to 3.26 light-years or 19 trillion miles.



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"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway.

# CINEMA

## Festival in New York

In a year starved for screen greatness, the second New York Film Festival, currently pulling near-capacity crowds into the blue fastness of Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, is a creditable success. What Lincoln Center offers in effect is a festival of festivals "dedicated to the exhibition of the year's outstanding films," a list that includes the cream of films shown at Europe's major festivals.

A film festival is an esthetic booby trap fraught with perils. It can be little more than a lure for cinephiles who like to see important movies before the public does. It can be the cause of ulcers and chronic hangover among bleary international delegates who traipse the circuit year after year, vying for palms, cups, lions and laurels at more than 100 festivals from Valladolid to Venice, from Karlovy Vary to Knokke-Le-Zoute. But it can also be the crackling excitement of the new cinema giving birth to authentic genius.

Because the conservative sponsors of the New York festival offer no prizes, horse trading and razzmatazz are minimal. Opening night was a sober, even stately occasion, geared to the Slavic measures of *Hamlet*, Soviet Director Kozintsev's 2½-hour epic in collaboration with Pasternak, Shostakovich and Shakespeare. Some viewers were enthralled, some appalled by the brooding, glacial, quasi-operatic doings at Elsinore, which at times seemed haunted by the ghost of *Boris Godunov*.

If some of this year's 26 festival choices fall short, others give glowing evidence that cinema, for all its vicissitudes, remains an astonishingly diversified international art. Moviemakers of eleven nations sent films. At least two of the five Japanese entries introduced gifted young directors whose achievements may well challenge the supremacy of Japan's great Akira Kurosawa. Four U.S. films flail at the nerve ends with everything from nuclear war (Fail Safe)

to nymphomania (*Lilith*). Passionate cinemans may also scrutinize works by established masters (Satyajit Ray, Kenji Mizoguchi, Joseph Losey), and some flashy *Wunderkinder* from Argentina, Sweden, Italy, France and Canada.\* Among the better entries:

### PROTEST

**The Brig** is a raw slice of new American cinema filmed on an off-Broadway stage by Jonas and Adolffas Mekas (*Hallelujah the Hills*) with such brutish authenticity that it won a Venice festival grand prize as best documentary. Part drama, part polemic, with shock-wave sound and a nightmare air that suggests Kafka with a Kodak, the movie does exactly what it sets out to do—seizes an audience by the shirtfront and slams it around from wall to wall for one grueling day in a Marine Corps lockup.

**She and He**, directed by Susumu Hani, 35, is an exquisitely ironical tragedy of progress. The hero (Eiji Okada), a rising young executive who lives in a handsome Tokyo housing development, discovers to his dismay that one of his old college chums is living in the ragman's row he can see from his back window. Tactfully he offers to get the fellow a better job; tactfully the ragman refuses. Why? Perhaps, Hani suggests, it is difficult to have a house full of things and a heart full of joy. Perhaps, in building a terrestrial paradise, modern man is actually building a spiritual slum.

**Passenger**. Two worldly matrons meet aboard a luxury liner, and flashbacks recall their relationship in Auschwitz concentration camp, one as a strong-willed prisoner, the other as a vindictive German guard. There, in an unexpected reversal of the usual atrocity tale, the guard is revealed to be not the master but the victim of the evil power she owns. Polish Director Andrzej Munk died in an auto accident in 1961 before the film was finished, but admiring associates fleshed it out with narration and eloquent still photographs to shape a classic, poignant memorial.

### PARABLE

**Woman in the Dunes**, the second picture directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, 37, is a cinema masterpiece. Deep, original, strange, it propounds the parable of a young teacher (Eiji Okada again) who takes a field trip to an isolated duneland, misses the last train, accepts an invitation from the village elders to sleep in a shack at the bottom of a sand pit. In the morning he finds the ladder drawn up and no way out of the pit. "I'm sorry," says the young woman

\* Missing from the Lincoln Center bill, however, were Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, winner of the 1964 Cannes Festival's Grand Prix, and Michelangelo Antonioni's *Red Desert*, recent top choice of the judges at Venice.

WALTER DARRIN



MOREAU IN "CHAMBERMAID"



KISHADA IN "WOMAN IN THE DUNES"

DAVID GARY



"THE BRIG"

GEN MARTIN



KARINA IN "WOMAN"



ANDERSSON IN "TO LOVE"

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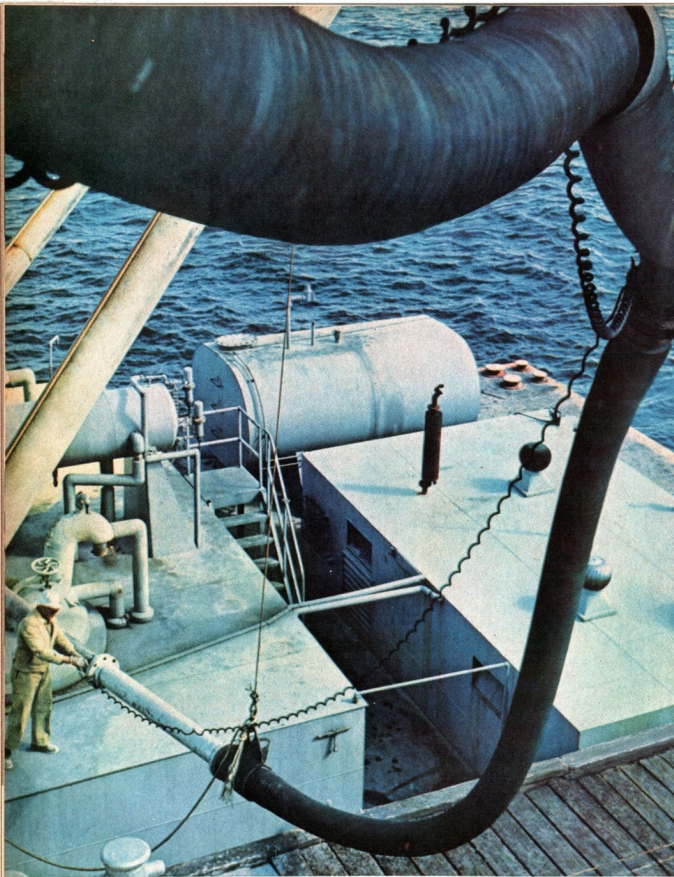
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(Kyoko Kishada), who lives alone in the sand pit. "You cannot leave." Again and again he tries, again and again he fails. Slowly, through long years of suffering, he learns to relinquish his will, to accept his fate. In the end, serene as a sage, he fathoms a great mystery of life: a man is not free unless his will is free, but if his will is free it does not matter if his body is bound.

#### SEX

To Love announces an exciting new talent from Scandinavia: Jörn Donner, 31, a prolific writer and critic turned moviemaker and a Finnish protégé of Ingmar Bergman. In his second full-length movie Donner has produced a satyr play, the story of an orgiastic courtship of a merry widow (Harriet Andersson) by a lecherous travel agent (Zbigniew Cybulski) that some will consider too sexplicit, but almost all will find continually and wildly hilarious.

A Woman Is a Woman is a 35-mm. salute to life, liberty and off-beat movies by Director Jean-Luc Godard (*Breathless*), whose joy in his work has never been more apparent. In this fresh and giddy free-form improvisation, Godard weaves all the bright idiocy of a Hollywood musical into some very *je m'en fiche* French rounds involving an ec-dysiast (Anna Karina) who sheds her last flimsy inhibition and decides to have a baby with her lover, or—if it happens to work out that way—with her lover's best friend (Jean-Paul Belmondo).

#### SATIRE

The Inheritance, the work of Argentina's Ricardo Alventosa, 33, is a wicked little misanthropic comedy that develops as a spectacular succession of sight gags. The plot is taken from Maupassant's tale of a legacy and the absurd or appalling things three people do to get it; the wit is dry, fast, subtle. When an impotent man looks at an obelisk, he winces. When a sour old spinster finally drops dead, her happy-go-lucky brother sidles up to the death bed, leans forward with a glitter of maniacal triumph in his eyes and deftly distorts her customary sneer into a pretty little smile. At his best, Alventosa is a master mechanic of comedy, an intellectual Keaton.

Diary of a Chambermaid, like the Gallic classic on which it is based, begins as a gay little gibe at the manners and morals of a French provincial town. Like most movies made by Mexico's Luis Buñuel (*Los Olvidados*, *The Exterminating Angel*), it ends as a harrowing vision of hell on earth. In the early reels Buñuel respectfully inspects the comfortable surfaces of life in a "good family." In the rest of the film, with the help of his cunning heroine (Jeanne Moreau), he cruelly forces the family's closets and drags out its skeletons: avarice, impotence, sadism, frigidity, fetishism, rape, murder. The film is not Buñuel's best, but it demonstrates anew that he is the most powerful and profound of cinema satirists.

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# SPORT

## TRACK & FIELD

### All Aboard for Tokyo

Sometimes even the most sensible athlete seems to go a wee bit nutty. Take Ralph Boston: he figures the way to break the world's record in the broad jump is to hit himself on the head with a sponge.

All summer, Boston practiced with a sponge dangling from a crossbar, 9 ft. above the broad-jump pit. The idea was to aim for it with his head—on the theory that the higher he jumped the farther he would go—and last week he nearly jumped out of sight. In the final U.S. Olympic trials at Los Angeles, Boston bounded 27 ft. 10 1/2 in. on his very first try—a full 7 in. past the world mark held by Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan. But the wind gauge registered 5 m.p.h. (maximum allowable: 4.4 m.p.h.), and the new record did not count. So back went Boston for another try with the wind 1 m.p.h. Legs flailing, one arm flung dramatically above his head, he sailed 27 ft. 4 1/2 in. Ralph was satisfied. "Now the pressure's on the other fellow," he said. "I can be the bystander."

Easy & Enterprising. Not everybody took the trials that seriously. Meet-weary, afraid of overtraining or getting injured, Shotputter Dallas Long easily tossed the 16-lb. ball 64 ft. 9 in.—far enough to win, but 3 ft. short of his own pending world record (see box). The high jumpers quit at 6 ft. 10 in., blaming the runway; the pole vaulters called it a day at 16 ft. 6 in., complaining about the wind. Henry Carr, the world record holder in the 200-meter dash, ran fourth in his specialty.

But there were plenty of others at least as enterprising as Boston. For Sprinter Bob Hayes, the "world's fastest human," the Los Angeles Coliseum was Last Chance Gulch; sidelined for three months with a torn hamstring muscle in his thigh, he had to finish at least third in one of the dashes to earn a trip to Tokyo. Hayes did even better: he tied the American record (10.1 sec.) for the 100-meter dash. Like Broad Jumper Boston, Ohio's Rex Cawley had an intriguing theory about breaking world records: don't train. Cawley's worked too: he ran the 400-meter hurdles in 49.1 sec. And then there was California



BOSTON PRACTICING WITH SPONGE  
He hits his head.

Schoolteacher Mike Larrabee, who really should have stayed in bed. Chronic gastritis, ruptured pancreas and all, Larrabee tied the world mark by sprinting 400 meters in 44.9 sec.

Three Out of Three. For sheer exuberance, though, nobody quite matched Spokane's Gerry Lindgren, 18, who hardly looks old enough to carry the water bucket for the best track and field team ever assembled in the U.S. A frail (120 lbs.), squeaky-voiced high school graduate who can't make up his mind whether he wants to be a biologist or a politician, Lindgren runs at least 200 miles a week—"in the sand like Herb Elliott, up hills like Peter Snell." But until last June, Lindgren had never run a 10,000-meter race in his life. By last week he had run a grand total of three—and won them all.

The first was at Corvallis, Ore.; Lindgren's time was a so-so 29 min. 37.6 sec. One month later, at the U.S.-Russia track meet, he shaved 20 sec. off that time. Last week he ran the fastest 10,000 meters run by an American all year: 29 min. 2 sec.—winning by 70 yds. and waving happily to the wildly cheering crowd. No one, least of all Lindgren, has the foggiest idea how fast he can really run. "I'm not sure I can do any better than 29.2," Lindgren says. "But I sure hope so, sir."

## BASEBALL

### Who Needs to See?

Lunching in a Chinese restaurant last week, New York Yankee President Dan Topping broke a cookie in half, pulled out his fortune, and winced. "Chance," it said, "governs everything."

As Wilmer Dean Chance himself would say: "You better believe it." Five months and 150-odd games ago, the American League set forth to find a champion. Last week it was still look-

## U.S. MEN'S OLYMPIC TRACK TEAM

	Best Mark	World Record		Best Mark	World Record
<b>100-METER DASH</b>			<b>POLE VAULT</b>		
1) Bob Hayes .....	10.1	10.0	1) Fred Hansen .....	17-4*	16-10
2) Trenton Jackson .....	10.3		2) John Pennel .....	17-0 3/4	
3) Mel Pender .....	10.3		3) Bill Pemetton .....	16-2	
<b>200-METER DASH</b>			<b>BROAD JUMP</b>		
1) Henry Carr .....	20.2*	20.3	1) Ralph Boston .....	27-4 1/4*	27-3 1/4
2) Paul Drayton .....	20.4		2) Gayle Hopkins .....	26-9 1/4	
3) Dick Stebbins .....	20.5		3) Phil Shinnick .....	26-3 1/2	
<b>400-METER DASH</b>			<b>TRIPLE JUMP</b>		
1) Mike Larrabee .....	44.9*	44.9	1) Ira Davis .....	53-11	55-10 1/2
2) Ullis Williams .....	45.0		2) Bill Sharpe .....	53-1	
3) Ollan Cassell .....	45.6		3) Kent Floerke .....	52-10	
<b>800-METER RUN</b>			<b>SHOTPUT</b>		
1) Morgan Groth .....	1:45.7	1:44.3	1) Dallas Long .....	67-10*	65-10 1/2
2) Jerry Siebert .....	1:46.8		2) Andy Mason .....	64-11	
3) Tom Farrell .....	1:47.5		3) Parry O'Brien .....	63-10	
<b>1,500-METER RUN</b>			<b>DISCUS THROW</b>		
1) Tom O'Hara .....	3:38.1	3:35.6	1) Al Oerter .....	206-6*	205-5 1/2
2) Dyrrol Burleson .....	3:38.8		2) Jay Silvester .....	204-7 1/2	
3) Jim Ryan .....	3:39.0		3) Dave Weill .....	200-2	
<b>5,000-METER RUN</b>			<b>JAVELIN THROW</b>		
1) Bob Schul .....	13:38.0	13:35.0	1) Frank Corbitt .....	264-9 1/2	284-7
2) Bill Dellinger .....	13:55.6		2) Ed Red .....	263-4	
3) Oscar Moore .....	13:58.8		3) Les Tipton .....	263-1 1/2	
<b>10,000-METER RUN</b>			<b>HAMMER THROW</b>		
1) Gerry Lindgren .....	29:02.0	28:18.8	1) Hal Connolly .....	231-10	231-10
2) Bill Mills .....	29:10.4		2) Ed Burke .....	215-10 1/2	
3) Ron Larrieu .....	29:20.4		3) Al Hall .....	214-11	
<b>110-METER HIGH HURDLES</b>			<b>DECATHLON</b>		
1) Hayes Jones .....	13.4	13.2	1) Paul Herman .....	8,061 pts	9,121 pts
2) Blaine Lindgren .....	13.5		2) Don Jeisy .....	7,768	
3) Willie Davenport .....	13.6		3) Dick Emberger .....	7,728	
<b>400-METER HURDLES</b>			<b>400-METER RELAY</b>		
1) Rex Cawley .....	49.1*	49.2	1) Bob Hayes .....	39.1—U.S. team—1961	
2) Jay Luck .....	49.4		2) Trenton Jackson .....		
3) Bill Hardin .....	49.8		3) Mel Pender .....		
			4) Gerry Asworth .....		
<b>STEEPLECHASE</b>			<b>1,600-METER RELAY</b>		
1) George Young .....	8:38.0	8:29.6	1) Mike Larrabee .....	3:2.2—U.S. team—1960	
2) Jeff Fishback .....	8:40.4		2) Ullis Williams .....		
3) Vic Zvolak .....	8:42.0		3) Ollan Cassell .....		
			4) Theron Lewis .....		
<b>HIGH JUMP</b>					
1) John Thomas .....	7-3 3/4	7-5 3/4			
2) John Rambo .....	7-1 1/4				
3) Ed Caruthers .....	7-1				

\* New world record, or tie, pending official approval.

ing. In three days the lead changed hands three times, with the three top teams—the Yankees, the Baltimore Orioles and the Chicago White Sox—separated by only a half-game. Very unnerving—but great fun for the also-rans. And nobody was getting a bigger chuckle out of all that chaos than Dean Chance, 23, a righthanded pitcher for the sixth-place Los Angeles Angels. Last week Chance made life miserable for the red-hot (12 victories in 16 games) Yankees with a fifty-two-hitter, 7-0.

**Don't Look.** This week it will be Baltimore's turn and then Chicago's. Poor Orioles and White Sox. So far this season, Chance has won 19 games, including five two-hitters, a three-hitter and four four-hitters. He has lost only seven, four of them 1-0 heartbreakers. His ten shutouts put him within striking distance of the 54-year-old American League record of 13, and his earned-run average is an astonishing 1.49. The last big-league pitcher to go through a season with an ERA that low was Walter Johnson in 1919. To top it off, Chance seems best under pressure. His record against the Yankees: one run in 50 innings.

A rangy six-footer, Chance has a sinking fastball, a roundhouse curve ball, and a curious quirk in his pitching motion: he turns his back on the batter during his windup. "Never take your eyes off home plate" is a cardinal rule of pitching, but Chance shrugs: "I don't make too much difference if I look at the plate or not, 'cause I don't see too well out my left eye anyhow." Maybe not, but it makes a big difference to the hitters. "They don't know whether he's going to hit the plate or them," explains a rival pitcher. Actually, Chance's control is excellent: in 254 innings this year, he has walked just 73 men.

**Please Pay.** A farm boy sensation in Wooster, Ohio, Chance won 51 high school games, lost only one, signed a minor-league contract with—irony of

ironies—the Baltimore Orioles. "It's a good thing the Orioles let him get away," sighed a Yankee player last week, "or there wouldn't be any pennant race at all." Drafted by the Angels in 1961, Chance won 27 games and lost 28 over the next two seasons, picked up a reputation as a slicker at snooker and gin, hit the gossip columns regularly by palling around with Playboy Pitcher Bo Belinsky. Last spring Chance announced that he was "a settled-down fellow," told the Angels he wanted a raise to \$18,000. There was some small argument, but he won; the Angels even sweetened the pie by another \$7,000 last June. All that did was whet Chance's appetite.

By last week he was demanding \$400 to let sportswriters interview him ("There's this poor little church back home, see . . ."), laying plans for an off-season tour of poolrooms in the U.S. and Japan ("Two shows and \$600 a day"), and threatening to quit baseball if the Angels don't pay him \$50,000 next year. "The kind of year I've had, I'm gonna get paid for," he said. "You better believe it."

## SAILING

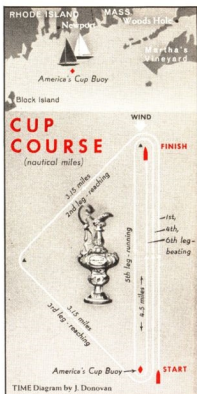
### The Knife & the Scow

Still wearing his racing dungarees, Peter Scott, helmsman of Britain's *Sovereign*, sat in Newport's Ann Street Armory answering reporters' questions. Why was *Sovereign's* mainsail flapping like a sheet on a clothesline? "I'm afraid," smiled Scott, "that's its normal behavior." Well, what was the most encouraging thing about *Sovereign's* initial performance? Scott sighed. "The most encouraging thing was that *Constellation* didn't beat us by more."

If ever a stiff upper lip was called for, this was it. In the first test of the best-of-seven series, *Constellation* had trounced *Sovereign* by 5 min. 34 sec., leading every foot of the way around the 24.3-mile triangular course. It could hardly get any worse—but it did. In the second race, with crashing seas and a stiff, 20-knot breeze, *Connie* went out and humiliated *Sovereign*, winning by the widest margin in modern America's Cup history.

Seamanship was never an issue; the battle had been won and lost long months before the designers' drawing boards. *Sovereign's* Scott actually put his boat across the starting line five lengths ahead. But Rival Helmsman Bob Bavier simply sailed *Constellation* through *Sovereign's* lee, within 15 minutes had a ten-length lead as Designer Olin Stephens' powerful hull knifed smoothly through the buffeting swells, while *Sovereign* pounded like a flat-bottomed scow. When *Constellation* swept across the finish line, *Sovereign* was 21 miles and more than 20 minutes behind. Aboard the British tender, *Sovereign's* designer, David Boyd, hid his face in his hands.

The third race was more of the same:



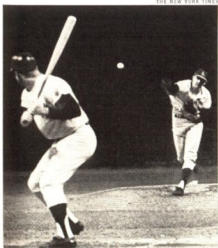
*Constellation* winning by 6 min. 33 sec. Only a miracle could help *Sovereign* now—and Scott was a realist. "What do I think of *Sovereign's* chances?" he answered reporters. "I expect pretty much the same as you."

## SCOREBOARD

### Who Won

► Tony Lema, 30: the World Series of Golf, shooting a two-under-par 138 at the Firestone Country Club in Akron. "Champagne Tony," the British Open winner, fired a last-round 68, coasted to a five-stroke victory and the biggest paycheck in golf: \$50,000. It was all "unofficial" as far as the Professional Golfers' Association was concerned, but the victory boosted Lema's 1964 winnings to \$122,555—ranking him ahead of the two top "official" moneywinners, Arnold Palmer (\$110,743) and Jack Nicklaus (\$101,917).

► Boston College: a stunning 21-14 victory over Syracuse, the East's No. 1-ranked team in preseason college-football polls, in Newton, Mass. With the score tied 14-14 and seconds left, Quarterback Larry Marzetti uncorked a 53-yd. pass to End Bill Cronin for the winning touchdown. Penn State's fired-up Nittany Lions held Navy's All-Everything Roger Staubach to five pass completions and —14 yds. rushing, but the Middle defense intercepted two Penn State passes, and Navy won 21-8. Other scores: Oklahoma 13, Maryland 3; Southern California 21, Colorado 0; Northwestern 7, Oregon State 3.



CHANCE PITCHING TO MANTLE  
He turns his back.

# MUSIC

## TRENDS

### That Happy Feeling

Though the red-checked tablecloths and steins of beer might as easily be found in Heidelberg or Hanover, the audiences are more akin to Hackensack. Some, of course, are college kids, but a surprising number are middle-aged couples, flushed of face and strong of voice, swinging down memory lane, with a stop now and then for a swig and some peanuts. The band is properly twangy, the repertoire—*On, Wisconsin!*, "Hold That Tiger," "Roll Out the Barrel"—the sort that only a trombone, a tuba, a washboard and a couple of banjos can get away with.

Beer-and-banjo fun was started six years ago in San Francisco at the Red Garter on North Broadway Street, and from Frisco the fad has rippled across the land. There's the Blue Banjo in Seattle, the Levee in Dallas, the Silk and Satin in Portland, the Red Garter in Chicago.

Typical is Your Father's Mustache in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. There, for \$3, the nostalgiaophile can sit back with a pitcher of Schlitz and have a look under the mellow light of Tiffany lamps at gilt-framed pictures of Civil War officers. Fellows feeling particularly risqué can peep at pictures of Gay Nineties showgirls; those feeling like a change of face can purchase a mustache for 50¢. Young people feel a sense of release from the rapt silence that is *de rigueur* at cool-jazz joints. Stag girls like the clubs because the wholesome entertainment reassures them that the boy singing *Bye Bye Blackbird* across the stein is not likely to turn out to

be a mugger (and even if he is, at least he's a happy one).

Mustache is owned by Joel Schiavone, 27, a barefoot boy from Harvard who sports a stubble of raggedy beard. A banjo strummer himself, Joel opened a club in Boston two years ago shortly after graduating from business school. Happily riding the banjo tide, he has opened another in Cape Cod and is planning a new one on New Orleans' Bourbon Street. But Joel views the future with the cold eye of a trained economist. "Novelty wears off and the crowds drop off," he says. "The life expectancy of these places is ten to 15 years at most."

## BALLET

### Dancing That Counts

"I could never follow the story of *Raymonda*," complained Prince Peter Lieven, after seeing the Marius Petipa-Alexander Glazunov ballet, which was premiered at St. Petersburg's Maryinsky Theater in 1898.

*Raymonda*, as revised and presented last week by Leningrad's Kirov Ballet at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House, makes no more sense. There's still the wicked Saracen and the noble Hungarian knight named Jean de Brienne, a duel, an attempted abduction, a wedding, Spanish and Moorish dances, and of course the maiden Raymonda herself.

But the absence of a plot is no disaster. *Raymonda* becomes a series of exquisitely varied, buoyantly assertive dances that cascade at staccato pace across the stage, and after all it is the dancing that counts.

Impressionistic sets convey the mood



SEMENOV & KOLPAKOVA IN "RAYMONDA"  
Detour around water-skiing.

of weightlessness and airiness suggested by Glazunov's pastel-colored music. *Raymonda*'s feather-light leaps and soaring turns keep the heroine airborne for the better part of the performance. *Raymonda* is among the most difficult roles in Russian ballet, and it was rendered with elegance, grace and precision in two successive New York performances by Irina Kolpakova and Kaleria Fedicheva. Jean de Brienne, portrayed in both performances by Vladimir Semenov, Kolpakova's real-life husband, spends most of the time as *Raymonda*'s elevator man.

The Kirov, launching a three-month tour of U.S. and Canadian cities, also offers a gay version of *Cinderella*, which is tricked out with international dances by the simple device of making the prince search for his ashly love all over the world. The Kirov versions of *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty* are impeccable, if cold. All the principal dancers are technically irreproachable. If they lack the idiosyncrasies that make great stars out of merely superb dancers, at least there is the consoling virtue that it does not matter much, except to close students of the dance, which ballerina is seen in any particular performance. And no U.S. company, lacking the Government subsidy that makes Russian ballet the most pampered of proletarian arts, can provide the costuming and scenery that creates the magical illusion of that not-now-and-never-was world, where the lovely princess does not spend her honeymoon water-skiing but soars to the sky on seemingly gossamer wings—with no political complications whatever.



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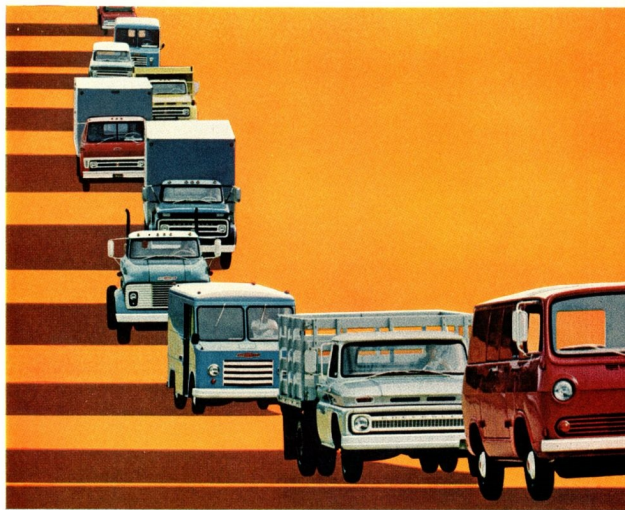
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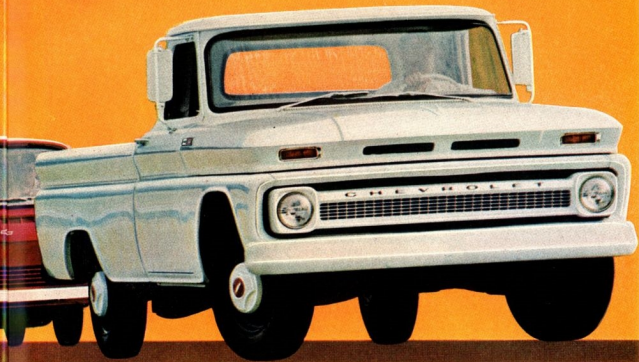


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# RELIGION

## WORLD COUNCIL

### Who'll Be Head Man?

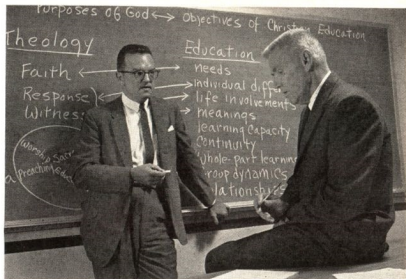
A great ecclesiastical manhunt has been under way for a successor to the Rev. Willem Visser 't Hooft, the first and only General Secretary of the World Council of Churches. Tempers have become slightly frayed during the search—as was demonstrated last week when the *Christian Century* published a letter from 16 ecumenists protesting the way that the Rev. Patrick C. Rodger, 43, was nominated for the job by the World Council's 14-man executive committee.

**Tempest in a Chalice.** On the surface, the demure public battle over the nomination appeared to be a tempest in a chalice. The *Century* letter charged that the executive committee had made its choice public before consulting the council's 209 member churches, and that news releases made it seem as if there were to be no rival nominations to Rodger's, who will probably be accepted for the job by the 100-member central committee at its annual meeting next January in Enugu, Nigeria.

World Council officials argued that other nominations can still be made at the central committee meeting, but that Rodger, a scholarly priest of Scotland's Episcopal Church who has been the executive secretary of the council's Faith and Order Department since 1961, was a plausible choice. A theologically minded German would have been anathema to the Orthodox churches. A representative of the "younger churches," such as Bishop Lesslie Newbigin of the Church of South India, might be too identified with mission problems to please more established denominations. Many veteran ecumenists—U.S. Lutheran Franklin Clark Fry, for example—have reached the age when they could serve only as interim secretary, are busy running their own churches, or have made too many enemies as well as friends in the course of building the council.

**Theological Issue.** The search for Visser 't Hooft's successor involves large theological questions as well as personalities. Within the ranks of professional ecumenists, there is considerable argument about whether the World Council is to be simply an administrative servant of the member churches or has "ecclesiological significance" as a budding superchurch. Within recent years, council membership has been expanded to include churches, such as the Orthodox and Pentecostals, that are jealous of their independence and theological traditions, and some are wary of seeing another forceful secretary replace Visser 't Hooft when he retires.

The opposing argument is that ecumenism will dissipate its spiritual energies unless the council adopts a strong permanent executive. So far, there is no clear-cut alternative to Rodger. But Rodger's opponents feel that the execu-



"LONG RANGE PROGRAM" EDITORS  
For teen-agers, Love, Sex, and Life.

tive committee's selection of a man relatively new to the council, whose main merit seems to be a lack of potential opposition, commits the council to a weakened secretariat—and to a theological position that has not yet been resolved by the member churches.

## LUTHERANS

### Life-Involvement Learning

Just as secular schools have discovered the need for "new math" and "new reading," churches have had to devise new ways of teaching religion. No U.S. denomination has spent more time and money (\$5,000,000) solving the problem than the 3,227,157-member Lutheran Church in America, which last week introduced the most modern and most comprehensive Christian education program in the nation's history.

Nine years in the making, the Lutheran Long Range Program combines sound scholarship, modern educational theory and a correlated curriculum for every teaching agency of the church. The aim is to provide a cradle-to-the-grave "life involvement" with religion, and the more than 400 texts range from colorfully illustrated kindergarten paperbacks to bibliography-laden study books for adult courses. The lessons have been carefully geared to the learning capacities and interests of the students. Thus for eight-year-olds, who are learning how to play and live equably with classmates, the title of the Sunday church school book is *Fellow Workers for God*. If they attend a vacation church school, they will learn about *Exploring God's World*.

**Modern in Tone.** For some Lutheran conservatives, the curriculum is almost painfully modern in tone. There is a candid text for teen-age students on *Love, Sex, and Life*, and a seventh-grade Sunday school course on the Gos-

pels admits that there is a considerable discrepancy among the Evangelists' accounts of the Resurrection. Another seventh grade text explains the grandeur of God by making this comparison: "When you stand before a 6-ft. 10-in. basketball player, you feel like a runt."

At all levels, teaching material has been carefully vetted in the interests of interfaith good will. Biweekly newspapers for children will describe Jewish feasts of the season, and explain what the Vatican Council means to Roman Catholics. Says Dr. W. Kent Gilbert, executive secretary of the Board of Parish Education and director of the project: "It is an attempt to understand what the beliefs of others are, rather than try to render judgments about people."

**Church-Tested.** Gilbert says that the ultimate success or failure of the program will not be known until the year 2000, when three-year-olds now learning about God will have become church leaders. But the Lutherans have painstakingly tested it. For four years draft texts were tried out in 62 congregations, and rewritten in the light of weekly critical reports submitted by the churches. The pilot parishes reported that their teen-age group classes went up in attendance as the program unfolded.

## ROMAN CATHOLICS

### Not to Herself, but to God

Martin Luther has been spoken of before in St. Peter's Basilica: last week, for the first time, he was mentioned favorably. At the Vatican Council, bolstering his argument to give the Virgin Mary a new title of honor, Polish Archbishop Josef Gawlina cited Luther's devotion to her and quoted him as saying,

© The Rev. Frank Klos, editor of confirmation materials, and Dr. Martin Heineken, a theological consultant.





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CONCELEBRATED MASS AT ST. PETER'S  
For Martin Luther, a favorable mention.

in his exposition of St. John's Gospel, that "she does not want to lead us to herself but, through herself, to God."

Discussion of Mary's relationship to the church was the session's first controversial order of business, after an impressive solemn pontifical Mass concelebrated by Pope Paul VI and 24 other bishops, and a demand for speed by council officials. To help nudge matters along, the popular coffee bars on each side of the aula were not opened until 11, two hours after the morning sessions begin. But the Marian question may not be easily resolved, since the council fathers are closely divided between "maximalists" and "minimalists."

Bishops from Spain, Poland and Italy argued that the draft of the chapter on Mary was too timid and should include a new title of praise for the Virgin, such as "Mediatrice" between man and God. Some Latin American prelates warned that current excesses of devotion to Mary were a scandal to those outside the church and tended to obscure Christ's unique mediation with God. Mexican Bishop Sergio Méndez Arceo dryly pointed out that if Mary were to be titled "Mother of the Church," which is the mother of men, she becomes everybody's grandmother. And Augustin Cardinal Bea, of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, argued that any title implying a new Marian doctrine would do grave harm to the cause of ecumenism.

## Breathing Room in Hungary

In Pope Paul's Vatican diplomacy, *realpolitik* blends with visionary hope: a so-so deal is better than none if it gives promise of some day leading to attainment of the church's goals. Last week, at the Foreign Ministry in Budapest, Monsignor Agostino Casaroli of the Vatican's Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs signed an

agreement with Hungarian Bureaucrat Jozsef Prantner that will provide a small but significant bit of breathing room for the country's 6,000,000 Roman Catholics.

Casaroli, who recently negotiated the disposition of Roman Catholic property with Moslem Tunisia, took over the job of dealing with Hungary from Vienna's Franziskus Cardinal König. Originally, the Vatican tried to arrange the departure of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty from asylum in the U.S. legation in Budapest, hoping that an agreement about the status of the church in Hungary would follow. When that approach failed, Casaroli started dickering for some freedom for the church, on the theory that sooner or later a solution to Mindszenty's problem might be found.

The first concrete result was the Pope's appointment of six Hungarian bishops; the Communists dropped their insistence that any appointments to the hierarchy be chosen from the Red-lining "peace priests." The church agreed to let priests take an oath of loyalty to the government and gave jurisdiction over Rome's Pontifical Ecclesiastical Hungarian Institute—run by exiled priests who specialize in anti-Communist propaganda—to the country's bishops.

The agreement noted that several other questions of church-state relations remain to be negotiated. Among them are how much freedom the bishops will have to rule their dioceses and communicate with Rome, and the right of the church to carry on religious education. As for Mindszenty, he has always insisted that he could not leave Hungary until freedom for his church has been guaranteed. Now that the Vatican and the Hungarian Communists are ready and willing to negotiate, most observers think that his leverage is gone and the proud, heroic prelate will soon leave for Rome.



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tertainment. In fact, with so much going on, you might like to slip off for a quiet moment in one of the peaceful libraries on board.

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# MODERN LIVING

## YOUTH

### Four-Way Birthday

In 35 of the United States, a boy's 16th birthday is a mighty milestone: he becomes eligible for a driver's license. But for the boy of the future, age 16 may be a quadruple milestone—as it was last week for Gregory Potter, who celebrated his birthday by qualifying to drive not only cars, but also single-engined planes, twin-engined planes and helicopters.

A slight and bespectacled young man, Gregory arrived at Seattle's Boeing Field Airport last Sunday with his car license already in hand. The FAA inspectors had obligingly arranged to give him his three airborne tests in close succession as part of Boeing Field's weekly air show.

First came the single-engined-plane

Gregory's father runs an airplane taxi company, and his mother is an accomplished pilot, as is an older brother. Even his twelve-year-old brother David can fly the family Aztecs, although the law insists a pilot be 16 before he can solo. Gregory's window overlooks the Potter family helipad, and he is now empowered to take out the family chopper any time. This puts him one up on his father, who has not got around to taking that test yet.

## CUSTOMS

### Whom To Complain To?

Whether to beg a boon or pick a bone, the man of action has always known where to go and whom to complain to. Job, for example, went straight to the top, while others took their problems to lesser officials, settled, like Ju-

(sewage), the Department of Health. If it is a leak that causes waste of water, it is the Department of Water Supply, Gas & Electricity. If the leak is outdoors, it is the Department of Sewers. The Fire Department is concerned with leaks occurring near electrical fixtures, and the Police Department if the leak comes from an adjoining apartment. The situation in New York, in fact, is so tricky and convoluted that, were it not for a volunteer angel named Ellen Straus, the city would even now be shoulder-high in stagnant water.

Mrs. Straus, wife of the president of Radio Station WMCA, is a dry-minded girl who decided a year and a half ago to "bring about a system to end all the chaos." With a volunteer staff of 25 (including socialites and civic leaders), one secretary (Columnist Max Lerner's daughter) and five telephones, Call for Action set up shop. Sparked by spot announcements over (naturally) WMCA assuring listeners that a phone call to the group would expedite a complaint, Call has handled complaints from nearly 15,000 natives suddenly afforded a sympathetic ear and, more important, the name and telephone number of the proper municipal authority to call. In addition to telephone guidance, Call for Action has assembled and published a neatly tabbed book listing 18 of the city's agencies, with a cross-index linking each problem with cause and solution.

**Pets & Smoke.** Under "Pets," *The Book You Shouldn't Need* provides the information that if the neighbor's dog is keeping you awake by night-long barking, you call the Police Department. If the annoyance is merely smelly or the result of bad house training, appeal to the Department of Buildings. But if the neighboring pet turns out to be a jaguar (fond of dropping in through your window unannounced and at odd hours), the appeal is to the Health Department (keeping dangerous animals without proper safeguards).

If your apartment is suffused by unpleasant smoke, determine where it comes from. If you can't, call the Fire Department. If it can be traced to an incinerator or a defective boiler inside the building, call Health; if to defective wiring, apply to the Department of Water, Gas and Electricity. If it comes from a belching chimney outside the building, call the Department of Air Pollution Control, being careful to note the density of the smoke, the time it occurred, how long it persisted, and the exact location.

Unfortunately, however, the book is not all that shouldn't be needed, but is. Though Mayor Robert Wagner promises that a central switchboard will soon be available to process complaints, the fellow with a problem also needs a goodly dose of patience to see him through the time (often as long as three months) before the authorities can get around to his case.



POTTER WHEELING

*His palm was barely moist.*



POTTER WHIRLING

test; aloft for little more than ten minutes, Gregory brought the red and white Cessna-150 to a perfect, gentle stop, shook hands with a newspaperman ("That boy's palm was barely moist," he reported to the crowd), and bounded on to the twin-engined-plane test. The red, white and black Aztec swooped without a tremor to the skies, made a landing the pilot's mother called "soft as a marshmallow," and was welcomed to earth by a drum-and-hugle corps that sounded a fast fanfare. Gregory fidgeted; a bystander, he said, had fiddled with the plane's gasoline tank cap, but "there was nothing to worry about, I probably only lost two or three gallons."

Onward he went, this time to wheel a helicopter up and out of view, and back again. A helicopter is a perverse and difficult craft; a pilot has to use both hands and feet, and even the pros consider them miserable things to handle. "This fellow did a masterly job," said FAA Supervisor Joe Princen. Said Gregory: "I am probably supposed to have been nervous, but I wasn't."

liet, for a friar; like Aladdin, for a genie; like Oedipus, for an oracle; or like Dorothy, for an available wizard. It is only modern man—charged with an item he did not purchase, in arrears on accounts he has long since paid, his mail misdirected, his drains stopped up, toaster broken or license expired—who does not know where to turn.

The world is full of such beleaguered souls, looking, like Kafka's Joseph K, for someone authorized to cope. And naturally enough, this modern dilemma reaches an apogee of sorts in New York, the world's most modern city. There, the tenant who pays some \$250 for his apartment is likely to find the price does not include a kindly landlord or even one who can be tracked down; faced with a leak that can't be stopped, and no one but his wife who cares, he must plunge into the morass of building regulations.

**Ear, Name & Number.** First, of course, comes the matter of the nature of the leak. If it comes from a sink, it falls under the jurisdiction of the Department of Buildings, if from a toilet



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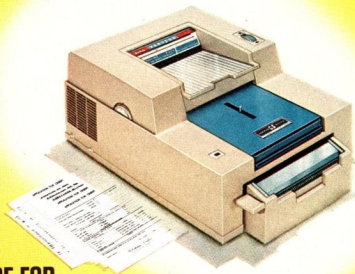
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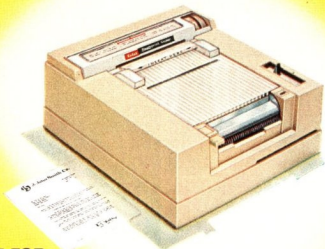
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# SHOW BUSINESS

## TELEVISION

### The New Season

Let us now praise television. Its longbows, drawn since springtime, finally twanged last week and 17 arrows flew. Wunk. Tunk. Boink. Doyng. One after another, TV's new series all hit on or near the mark.

The single word that best distinguishes this year's series is honest. Unlike many plays of Broadway and films of Hollywood, they are free of pretension—unprepossessing, undisturbing and unoffending. They are accomplishments of theatrical engineering, designed to say and mean nothing while being diverting, with a net moral value of point zero zero. All were offered by NBC and ABC—CBS has temporarily held its fire.

The most interesting trend visible so far is an emphasis on sex. The TV men have also forsaken their experiments with ever longer shows. In fact, most of the new series are 1954-style, hard-top, 30-minute comic potboilers.

Plot and situation, however well-turned or bizarre, have much less effect on the lifespan of a TV series than the personalities of its performers. If the performers are liked by the watching families, they are wanted back in the living room next week—and that is what keeps the Nielsen ratings high and the sponsors contented. Most of the new shows are adequately deep in personable people.

### ABC

**Valentine's Day**, for example, is a house of cards about a young bachelor publisher who likes a white fuzzy drink called Cotton Gin and keeps a portable fireplug in his Jaguar XK-E to help create parking spaces. Last week he was publishing a book called *The Fraudulent Female*, which claimed that women criminally exaggerate the burden of housework. To prove its thesis to a

potentially dangerous female critic, he went off with her for a weekend on Staten Island, where he did all the chores for a family of five. Impossible as it may seem, the show was amusing, but only because Tony Franciosa, as the publisher, delivered a winning personality far in excess of the requirements of the script, and Jack Soo, who looks like Robert Mitchum, was irresistible as his Chinese manservant, who talks hip and fancies the ponies.

**The Addams Family** are successful incarnations of the necrogeists in Charles Addams' cartoons. Their house is a great Victorian cobweb with a bear rug that growls when stepped on, a stuffed sailfish that has the legs of a child protruding from its mouth, and a mailbox with a hand in it that receives letters. Including guillotined dolls and thoroughbred spiders that are raised by the children, the props are obviously first-rate, but the people are even better. Beautiful Carolyn Jones plays the mother, Morticia, with a chilling verve that should make any dead-blooded man want to share a bier with her. Her husband Gomez (John Astin) and Uncle Fester (Jackie Coogan) are quite sufficiently insane, but one could research the annals of television and not discover the likes of her butler Lurch, who is played by Ted Cassidy, 6 ft. 9 in., 250 lbs., with a massive, embalmed face and a deft touch on the parlor spinet.

**The Tycoon** stars 70-year-old Walter Brennan as a board chairman. Both the show and the corporation obviously float on his style alone. Last week, on a bet, he went out to prove that he could start over again with \$10 and captain a new industry in no time. He did, with a clanking assist from the script. But what he owed the writers was nothing beside what they owed him. He even scored with an old one-liner about banks: "Never trust a place where they pull the shades down at three o'clock in the afternoon."

In **Wendy and Me**, George Burns is the owner of a Los Angeles apartment building where he acts as chorus and narrator of a running story about his tenants, centering on the nutty wife of an airline pilot. She speaks in a kind of impulsive syntax: "I didn't want you to think I was out when I was gone," she reassured her husband last week. "I always want you to know where I am even when we're together." Sadly, the fictional Wendy (played by Connie Stevens) recalls the late Gracie Allen, who died in August. There is nothing funereal about the show, however. Burns' interpolated remarks save it whenever it sags. Unexpectedly sticking his cigar into the action last week and looking straight into the camera, he said: "This show has everything." Perhaps not. But it has him.

**The Bing Crosby Show** has a similar asset. Crosby plays Bing Collins, an electrical engineer with a wife (Beverly Garland) and two daughters. All he did last week was drift through a nostalgic routine that kidded middle age. Even the laughs were wearing baggy sweaters, but he drew them.

**Mickey** presents Mickey Rooney as an Omaha salesman who inherits a marina in Southern California, and with it a crooked Chinese manager who has a lifetime contract. The situation is unpromising and the dialogue ("Only registered guests are permitted to drown in the pool") needs mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, but inside Mickey Rooney there is a profound sense of the absurd; and last week in moments of wordless action—resisting seduction by Guest Star Dina Merrill or running through downtown streets wearing only a mink coat—he developed humor in the tradition of comic pathos.

**Bewitched**, on the other hand, succeeds because of its situation and not in spite of it. Elizabeth Montgomery and Dick York are newlyweds. She is a witch. Her mother (Agnes Moorehead) is a witch too. And it is a pleasure to watch a man try to cope with a mother-in-law who is a real one. When, with di-



MONTGOMERY IN "BEWITCHED"



THE ADDAMS FAMILY

A year of sexual seismographs and necrogeists . . .



MALONE IN "PEYTON PLACE"



lated pupils, the bridegroom approaches the hotel bridal chamber, he suddenly finds himself standing in the lobby.

**No Time for Sergeants** is TV's most deserving new show because it would seem to be high time for *Sergeants* to jump into the television trough and suck up some of the gravy from the hillbilly trend it started as a Broadway play—illiterate mountaineers burbling with uncorruptible goodness. As Will Stockdale, Actor Sammy Jackson ought to make it. Guys pick fights with him and drive their fists against his stomach again and again while he just stands there smiling. Reveille is at 6 a.m., he learned when he started basic last week. "I ain't going to get up that late for nobody," he said.

**Peyton Place** glows in the night not once but twice a week. The camera impatiently scurries from house to house in the small New England town, functioning as a kind of sexual seismograph, recording the slightest tremor. Most of them are very slight, indeed. For example, last week's biggest one involved a man who had made his secretary his mistress but disapproved of his son's going out with the secretary's daughter. Yet, since all the other new comic and dramatic series are developed through broad caricature, the odd thing about this marathon bore is that it is about the most realistic of the new shows that have opened so far.

**Jonny Quest** is this season's new animated series from Hanna-Barbera, producers of *The Flintstones*, *The Jetsons*, and *Yogi Bear*. Dr. Benton Quest, jack of all sciences, and his son Jonny were last week combatting a horde of enemy agents dressed as lizards, who were destroying shipping with laser beams in the area of the Sargasso Sea. Zow. It is hard to imagine better television than that.

Only two of ABC's new shows are 60-minuters. Both are consecrated to the presentation of heroic deeds. **Twelve O'Clock High**, derived from the novel and movie of the same name, is about men who flew B-17s in World War II. Robert Lansing is the central figure—a flying general named Savage, who can spit 220 nails a minute. "I'm going to make you lay square eggs," he told one of his pilots last week. "I'm going to hand you a copilot who's all thumbs, a bombardier who can't hit his plate with his fork, a navigator who can't find his own feet." He did, too.

**Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea** owes something to Admiral Rickover and even more to Jules Verne. It is the story of an enormous nuclear submarine that patrols the ocean floor, combatting the sinister forces, human and natural, that threaten the American way. Last week earthquakes of unprecedented ferocity were about to produce tidal waves that would drown almost anyone in the U.S. who did not happen to be standing on Pikes Peak. To counteract these H-breakers, the sub had to blast them with H-bombs before they



MAGOO AS WILLIAM TELL



NIVEN IN "THE ROGUES"



WEAVER (STANDING) IN "KENTUCKY JONES" ... of Chinamen, hoods and Rin Tin Tuna.

got rolling. For one hour, on land and at sea, machine guns chattered, torpedoes slurped through the deep, and missiles sang in the air. *Voyage* is all it tries to be: fast-moving calisthenics for young eyeballs.

#### NBC

**The Rogues** is probably television's most awaited new series, since it stars Charles Boyer, David Niven, Gig Young, Gladys Cooper and Robert Coote, a cast that would bestir Broadway. They are an international family of aristocratic robbing hoods, who steal from rich ruff and usually give to the deserving. Unfortunately, they do not all appear all the time. Niven starred in the opener, supported by Coote and Guest Star Dina Merrill, who was having a big week in one-shot appearances. Even though she went swimming nude in the Mediterranean and nearly married a Greek shipping magnate, Dina looked preoccupied, as if she were wondering how she was going to seduce Mickey Rooney on Wednesday night. Niven, posing as an Australian financier in his effort to fleece the shipping magnate, seemed to be looking around desperately for Alfred Hitchcock, of whose style *The Rogues* is an awkward imitation. Traveling by everything from yacht to donkey cart against Riviera backgrounds, *The Rogues* was all shuffle with impossible predicaments, light-

ning solutions and fantastic coincidences. Everywhere they went, in fact, its characters kept running into one another as if they were actors on an overcrowded television set.

**Flipper** stars a 300-lb. Florida porpoise, a kind of Rin Tin Tuna, who saves the day when the people in the story seem doomed. Last week a skin-diver with a rare blood type was chewed by a shark. A container of the rare blood soon arrived by helicopter, but was accidentally dropped into 50 fathoms of water. Flipper flipped to retrieve it. Hi-ho, Flipper! But did the audience flip too? Not flipping likely.

**The Famous Adventures of Mr. Magoo** features the world's most unlikely casting. Tired of the nearsighted rut he was in, the animated Mr. Magoo has opted to play roles from the classics—Don Quixote, the Count of Monte Cristo, Captain Ahab, D'Artagnan, Ulysses, Merlin, Paul Revere. You name it; Magoo is it. And he is not kidding. He is not playing for farce at all. The tales are told straightforwardly, and predictably they will be excellent fare for children. Magoo started his series as William Tell. Looking less nearsighted than blind, he lifted his crossbow, sighted the apple on his son's head, and let 'er fly. The apple split into matching hemispheres. And what was that second arrow for, pray, Tell? Perhaps for the first person to laugh.

Another actor, this one real, who has broken away this season from his stereotyped past is Dennis Weaver. After limping through ten years of *Gunslinger* as Mr. Dillon's deputy Chester, Weaver is now walking alone and normally as *Kentucky Jones*. Trainer of race horses, he is also a widower with a nine-year-old Chinese boy to raise (this is the Year of the Tiger for Chinese TV actors). The little boy, called Dwight Eisenhower Wong, is an escapee from the Chinese mainland, and he has brought with him both ageless philosophy and ancient cuisine. Seeing Weaver in a hung-over condition last week, he warned him: "Lover of wine is cousin of goose." Perhaps as an antidote, he thereafter gave him a steaming pot of powdered horse-manure tea.

The second installment of the season's new TV series will arrive next week—one more from ABC, two from NBC, and twelve from CBS. NBC is holding two others for later premieres, including *Profiles in Courage*.

#### Anchors Away

Anchorman Walter Cronkite no longer rusts on the bottom. After drifting ineffectually through the Democratic Convention with two replacements, CBS has restored Cronkite—and banished the word anchor from its vocabulary. On election night, Cronkite's title will be "National Editor Assigned to Integrate and Summarize the Overall Election Story." Which is a long way to spell crew.



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RORIMER, HOUGHTON & REDMOND IN MET BOARD ROOM  
Smooth machinery, sharp elbows—and loads of money.

## ART

### MUSEUMS

#### New Guide for the Gettingest

The acquisitive philosophy of Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art is forthright: it will get the best, regardless of the envy of lesser museums, by spending vast effort and \$1,000,000 a year to spot and buy good art. To this end it uses a learned and competitive director, plus 100 knowledgeable curators who constantly travel the world. Guiding the effort, by electing the director and curators, and balancing it, by curbing or encouraging them, is the job of the Met's 38-man board of trustees—and most particularly the president of the board.

Last week the Met got a new president who uniquely blends industry and esthetics: Arthur Amory Houghton Jr., 57, president of Steuben Glass.

**Whispers & Wiretaps.** Houghton succeeds Wall Street Lawyer Roland Redmond, 72, whose 17-year reign has been marked by unprecedented growth. Met attendance nearly quadrupled, to 7,000,000 last year. Half of the museum's 20 acres of floor space has been renovated, and a glamorous series of openings will take place this season.

But the Met's soaring stature is also a measure of its cloak-and-dagger, sharp-elbowed driving to get the best.

Day-to-day sleuthing is carried out by the energetic director, James J. Rorimer, and his globe-trotting staff, who scrutinize possibilities with "everything from smell to X rays." Rorimer refuses to tell how his hawkshaws receive their tips. Says he: "Reporters don't reveal their sources and neither do we." The director concedes that masterpieces may be heard of through "a letter, a phone call, a whisper," that U.S. embassies are sometimes sources of information, and that "it is a business

fraught with difficulties—wiretapping, fraud, forgeries."

**Francis Frenchmen.** The Met's greatest stroke was its 1961 auction purchase of Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*; armed with backing from Redmond's board, Rorimer outbid the well-heeled Cleveland Museum with the highest known price ever paid for an art object, \$2,300,000. But that deal involved only money, of which the Met has access to loads (\$104 million-plus in assets, exclusive of its art riches); other triumphs are more intriguing. Four years ago, the Met stirred outrage in the Gaullist Parliament by quietly acquiring, for possibly \$750,000, *The Fortune Teller* by the belatedly discovered 17th century French master, Georges de La Tour. Redmond himself spotted this buy, but how the export license was arranged has never been revealed. When the Met wants something, it can pounce like a cat. Recently a trusted art dealer discovered a 16th century German chessboard in a country house in England, placed a transatlantic call to Rorimer; the Met snapped up the object on the basis of a photograph.

**Making Taste.** The Metropolitan's new president can be counted on to maintain its efficient voracity. A rarebooks collector in his own right, and scion of the Corning Glass Works founding family, Houghton in 1933 was given control of an ailing subsidiary, Steuben. He took a lead pipe and, with two aides, smashed up Steuben's \$1,000,000 stock of "blinding-colored glass monstrosities." Then, with an architect, a sculptor and a stable of artist-advisers that included Thomas Hart Benton and Salvador Dali, set out to create radical new forms in colorless crystal. Says Houghton: "We made taste"—which is not a bad way of describing his challenge at the Met.

### PAINTING

#### Valhalla Revamped

Even after the turn of the century, most German art still looked like stage sets commissioned by Wagner. Idealized landscapes, preferably misty, thronged with the gods of Greece, Valhalla toughs and Bacchic satyrs like some sort of mythological beaux-arts ball. It took a few artists of more personal vision to make German art modern.

At first Lovis Corinth did not look as if he would be one of them. He went to study art in Paris when impressionism was already a decade old. Rather than join this movement, Corinth became a star pupil of the arch-academic Nudist William Bouguereau.

**Stroke of Genius.** There was, however, something about Lovis (so known because he spelled his name, Louis, with the Roman form of *u*) that never was readily tamed. He was a beefy bon vivant who invariably kept two jugs of wine by his elbow during dinner. His lust for life got him the reputation of being Germany's Van Gogh, but the real sources of Corinth's robust energy were the ruddy-checked oils of Rubens, Hals and Rembrandt. An exhaustive retrospective that opens this week at Manhattan's Gallery of Modern Art (see opposite page) and a graphics show at the Allan Frumkin Gallery reveal how—having apparently concluded that Germans make bad French impressionists—Corinth went on to smash the Wagnerian mold.

Returning to Germany, Corinth scandalized Munich with his sensual imagery. He painted slaughterhouse scenes, leering nymphs and popeyed Grafts with equal candor and caricature. He happily moved to Berlin to join the impressionist Secessionists, an art society that scorned the academy. Then in 1911, a near-fatal stroke reminded him of the dark side of delight.

**Skeleton in the Alphabet.** Possibly because of the partial paralysis, Corinth's brushstroke took on a slashing angularity, his colors a staccato spectrum. He studied his own face in 50 oils and 60 etchings; none bear the mark of flat-tery, and many show a skeleton looking over his shoulder. His moodiness could only be broken by his wife, Charlotte Berend, a painter 22 years younger than he, and he replied by painting her 81 times.

Until his death in 1925, Corinth worked night and day. He opposed the new German move toward expressionism, but his lustiness and his awareness of death gave his art a touch of personal agony that overwhelmed the visible world he painted. "True art," he wrote, "is to depict unreality." And his brusque applied colors readied the public for the subsequent makers of German expressionism, such as Max Beckmann and Oskar Kokoschka. In awe, one expressionist, Ernst Kirchner, admitted of Corinth: "At first he was mediocrity. At the end, truly great."

## THE MOODY EYE OF LOVIS CORINTH

ARTIST'S SON suited in armor was depicted in swirls of painterly introversion. Corinth did portrait shortly before he died, aged 67, in 1925.



FOLKRIANG MUSEUM, ESSEN

BERLIN ZOO scene, done in 1908, ripples with maverick brushstroke that gave the artist reputation as Germany's counterpart to Van Gogh.



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## MEDICINE

### OBSTETRICS

#### Fewer Drugs for Happier Mothers

"Instead of being tired, I was exhilarated," said one mother. "In the recovery room," bubbled another, "I wanted to sing and shout about my Pavlov baby." The 300 young women wearing diaper-shaped name tags who flocked around the huge, white-iced cake in a suburban St. Louis garden last week all showed the same enthusiasm. All of them had given birth without general anesthetics in St. Mary's Hospital, where more (1,182) babies have been delivered by natural childbirth than in any other hospital in the U.S. The fifth-birthday celebration of St. Mary's natural-childbirth program last week reflected the growing acceptance of a method that was first tried (and denounced) in the U.S. less than 20 years ago, and is now at least a part-time practice in maternity wards from Long Island to Los Angeles.

**Fear & Pain.** Modern concepts of natural childbirth were first suggested more than 40 years ago by British Obstetrician Grantly Dick Read, who taught that bearing children is not necessarily painful, that pain comes only because of fear, which may interfere with contractions of uterine muscles that open the womb and push the child out through the birth canal. Pavlovian psychologists in Soviet Russia took Dick Read's idea one step farther. Both fear and pain, they reasoned, could be overcome by conditioning. During the 1940s, Soviet doctors began educating mothers to be unfraid of childbirth, and by 1951 hospitals in Moscow, Kharkov and Leningrad all used the natural-childbirth method.

Visiting Russia in 1951, French Obstetrician Fernand Lamaze brought psycho-prophylaxis, a new form of childbirth preparation, back to France with him, began insisting that maternity patients get ready for birth with a routine of exercise. He taught his patients chest breathing to prepare them for the time when their abdominal muscles would help expel the baby from the uterus. He schooled his patients in *effleurage*, a simple massage of the lower abdomen that serves to lessen muscular tension during contractions. Most important, Lamaze taught women to relax while participating actively in labor.

**Slow & Shallow.** The Lamaze method is now taught in a dozen major U.S. cities, and even hospitals where doctors are not Lamaze disciples admit to weaving some of his and Dr. Dick Read's teachings into their obstetrics. Just about all big-city hospitals allow the husbands to be with their wives during labor (a Lamaze precept; it helps to relax the mother), and the most diehard anti-naturalists among obstetricians now recognize the value of prenatal education and exercise.

St. Mary's in St. Louis begins teaching Lamaze breathing exercises (slow, deep breathing when contractions begin; shallow panting when they increase) to women in their seventh month of pregnancy. "The babies are born happier when they're delivered the Lamaze way," insists Sister Mary Charitas, a small, peppery nun who also teaches nursing at St. Louis University School of Nursing and Health Services. "They're easier to take care of, they're more alert—probably because the mother has not had medication that would make them sleepy."

Sister Charitas' observations are based on sound medical theory. Obstetricians are increasingly aware that an overdependence on anesthetics can lead

There is also a growing trend toward the type of prenatal preparation and exercise that naturalists have been strongly recommending as standard obstetrics for more than three decades.

### RESEARCH

#### Thalidomide Remembered

Ever since thalidomide became a drug-industry scandal, medical researchers have made every effort to find ways and means of determining the effects of drugs on unborn children. But how to study a developing fetus *in utero* reacting to drugs passed through its mother's bloodstream? Last week such research was given a hopeful boost when the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development awarded a \$48,500 contract to the Marquardt Corp., of Van Nuys, Calif., to



EXPECTANT PARENTS IN ST. MARY'S LABOR ROOM  
Any time it ceases to be fun, turn on the gas.

to fetal damage. On the other hand, nobody expects mothers going through natural childbirth to be martyrs. St. Mary's Dr. Carl Dreyer tells all natural-childbirth mothers in the delivery room: "Any time this ceases to be fun, we can give you gas." But a surprising number never ask for it, prefer instead to reap the psychological benefits of wide-awake participation in their baby's birth. "It is common for a natural-childbirth mother right after birth to talk about having another baby," says Sister Charitas, "but I have never known a mother who had a general anesthetic to mention having another baby that soon."

Nonetheless, among U.S. medical men, nonbelievers still outnumber believers in natural-childbirth methods, and many obstetricians tend to deride the evangelical fervor of the naturalists for drugless childbirth. But even doctors who are not advocates of natural childbirth are willing to acknowledge that there is good in what the naturalists preach. Nowadays, fewer mothers are anesthetized in delivery—a practice long scorned by naturalists.

probe the effects of drugs on embryonic opossums.

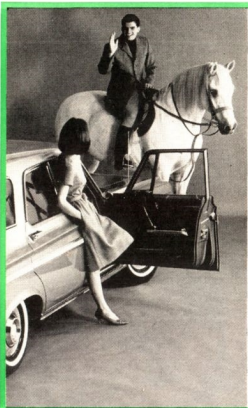
The opossum was chosen because it is a unique animal. Born only twelve days after conception, it spends the next 60 to 70 days in its mother's pouch, firmly and continuously attached to her breast. During that period, it grows and behaves much as a human embryo in normal gestation. Marquardt researchers are already well acquainted with the opossum, having learned how to detach the tiny fetus from the mother's breast to feed it artificially. Mixing drugs with the food, the researchers should be able to observe firsthand their effects on a growing fetus.

### PSYCHIATRY

#### The Wife Beater & His Wife

Psychiatrists have delved for years into the psyche of the alcoholic in an attempt to understand what drives him to drink. But rarely have doctors investigated the unlovely but all too frequent byproduct of alcoholism—wife beating. Now, in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, three psychiatrists probe the





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personalities of the beater and the beaten. One of their findings: those who fight together and stay together do so because each needs the other to balance out his own mental quirks.

In their research, Drs. John E. Snell, Richard J. Rosenbloom and Ames Robey dealt with 37 cases referred to them by Massachusetts courts. Most of the husbands, the doctors discovered, fell into a definite pattern. Though reasonably hard-working and outwardly respectable, they were in reality "shy, sexually ineffectual mother's boys." The wives also fitted a pattern—"aggressive, efficient, masculine and sexually frigid."

Usually the wife was boss, and her weak-willed husband was content to play the subservient role—until he had

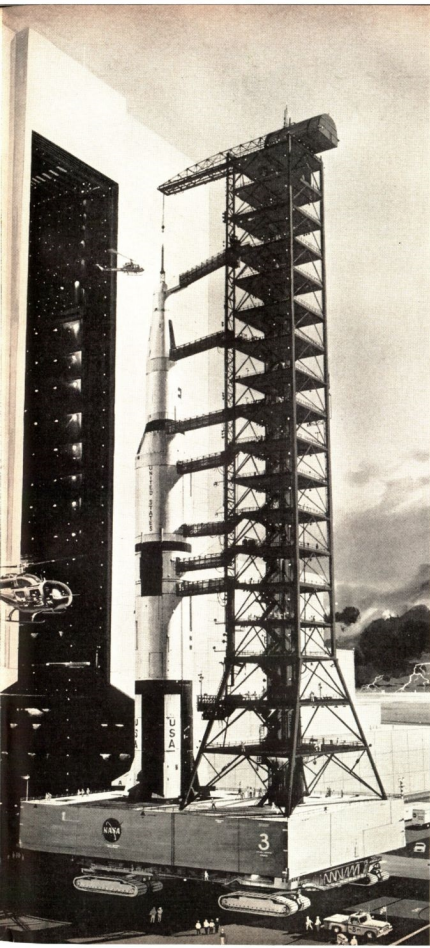
—BETHEANN ARSHOFF



CRUIKSHANK'S "FEARFUL QUARRELS"  
An unlovely byproduct.

a few drinks. Then "role alternation" would take place, and the husband would insist belligerently upon his conjugal rights. The wife, whose father had usually been a wife beater, would resist. The ensuing fight had, however, helpful overtones. "The periods of violent behavior by the husband," the doctors observed, "served to release him momentarily from his anxiety about his ineffectiveness as a man, while giving his wife apparent masochistic gratification and helping probably to deal with the guilt arising from the intense hostility expressed in her controlling, castrating behavior."

Such violent, temporary therapy is hardly what the psychiatrist would prescribe. But the doctors concluded that the battlers seem to need "a frequent alternation of passive and aggressive roles to achieve a working equilibrium" and seldom change their ways until a third party horns in. The third party is usually a teen-aged son with protective feelings toward his mother and a less than friendly attitude toward Dad. What with the size of teen-agers these days, the fight often gets so furious that Mom finally begins to worry that someone may get hurt. Then she calls the cops.



## **Out today— the first of a special two-part LIFE report on the U.S. space program**

This week's LIFE embarks on a two-part report that touches every phase of America's enormous space effort.

It covers the depth of the U.S. commitment to the space race. It studies, in color photographs and paintings, the incredible machinery and equipment that is being built (for example, the Saturn V rocket's hangar will be one-and-a-half times the size of the Pentagon). And, it focuses on the gigantic aerospace industry, already bigger than the entire auto industry.

This is urgent, vital reporting. The kind of reporting that attracts 32 million Americans to LIFE every week.

**LIFE**



## "We needed new industry but the Little Tallapoosa stopped us cold"

The Little Tallapoosa has always supplied water to Temple, Villa Rica and Carrollton in Carroll County, Georgia. In 1954 it nearly dried up, as the citizens of Temple found when they turned on their faucets. In 1961 it went wild, washing out 17 bridges and miles of roads.

Today, it would take a rain heavier than any on record to damage Carroll County. And a six months' drought would only curtail lawn sprinkling.

The credit goes to the Little Tallapoosa Watershed project.

But Carroll County got more than freedom from flooding and sediment damage. The project helped prevent an economic disaster. After cotton, the county's number-one crop, died, the dairy industry that replaced it could not absorb the unemployed.

### Organize to Attract Industry

County planners organized to attract new industries to the area. They found there was barely enough water to handle existing needs. "We thought we were ready for new industry," said Chester Roush, chairman of the area's Planning Commission, "but the Little Tallapoosa stopped us cold."

### The Towns Act

In the meantime, work had already begun on the watershed project, which involved 14 flood-retarding dams. The Commission found that towns could pay for the enlargement of certain structures to include water storage for as little as \$4363 instead of paying as much as \$250,000 for a new pumping station on the Little Tallapoosa. This

economy saved the lives of the county's major towns.

### Hundreds of Jobs Created

Temple benefited first. It got enough water to meet its future needs. It also added a company payroll of 300 to the 50 employed by the town's only other industry.

Villa Rica needed water to keep its industries. Just when it was about to invest in the watershed project, a legal problem blocked needed funds. But Frank Green, farmer, and Harold Smith, service-station operator, knew they couldn't wait. They canvassed the town and raised the money. Certificates were issued to be redeemed with interest from water revenues. Green also got perpetual easements for the reservoir site at no charge from neighboring farmers. Villa Rica's industries stayed and another has located there because there is enough water for future needs.



### Gains Eight New Industries

Carrollton, largest town in the area, could not supply 2000 gallons a minute when Trent Tube considered moving there. But the town wanted the company to locate there.

Because of the watershed project, Carrollton got the water it needed.

Today, Trent Tube is not only established in the area but planning to expand. Since 1959, the town has gained eight new industries and four others, including Southwire, the largest, have expanded substantially.



Manufacturing employment in the county has risen 30%.

### The Nation's Water Outlook

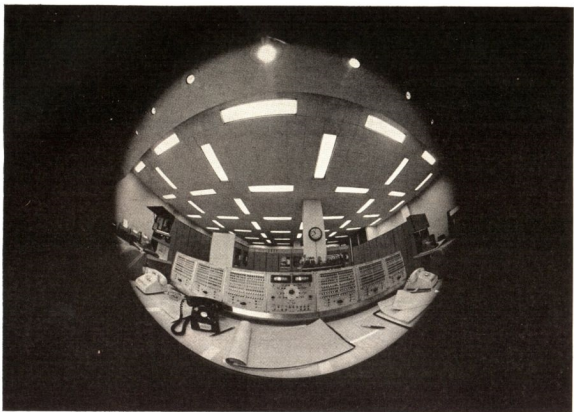
Problems like these aren't limited to one area of the country. Has your community reached the point where there's no safety margin? No reserves to attract new industry? By 1980, our nation will need twice the water we're using now. Is someone doing the job where you live? To see what you can do, write for "WATER CRISIS, U. S. A." to Dept. T54, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.



MACHINES THAT BUILD FOR A GROWING AMERICA ... **CATERPILLAR**

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.





**Courier, consultant, mathematician, statistician, logician,  
sleuth, analyst, order taker, biller, dispatcher, proctor, informer,  
comptroller, expeditor, librarian, raconteur.**

Quite a machine, the ITT 7300 ADX<sup>®</sup> automatic data exchange system.

The first to blend the technologies of telecommunications with those of a computer.

Result: a combined message switching and management information system that can switch, store, transfer and process volumes of messages and data at near-instantaneous speeds. With uncanny accuracy.

It can handle message traffic for a vast network of teleprinters, data lines or computers.

It can recall information from its memory in 5-millionths of a second.

And it will automatically dispatch messages according to priority.

The ITT 7300 ADX system is a successful machine, too. Today there are far more 7300's in action than any other similar machine.

Eastern Air Lines uses the ADX system to handle information between 300 teleprinters comprising its Canadian, United States and Mexican network.

Trans World Airlines' ADX system, cut into service on August 5, handles message switching from all corners of its worldwide network as well as certain administrative

management reports.

Other ITT ADX systems are performing a variety of functions for the State Department in Paris, the Aluminum Company of Canada, NASA's Space Flight Center in Alabama and the U.S. Air Force Global Weather Alarm System.

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**ITT**

# U.S. BUSINESS

## THE ECONOMY

### Contracts à la Mode

Two down—one to go. Walter Reuther is keeping the score, and recording it in some of the most generous figures in Detroit's history. By chalking up another victory at Ford last week, Reuther took the contract that he won from Chrysler one step farther toward becoming the labor manifesto of the auto industry. In the worried view of the economists (see following story), he may also have taken the nation another big step toward the revival of inflation.

The settlement, which will cost Ford an estimated 57¢ an hour for every worker, gives U.A.W. members essentially the same wage and fringe benefits obtained from Chrysler: earlier retirement, increased pensions, continuation of the annual productivity raise and more paid vacation time. In addition, there was, as Reuther phrased it, "attractive chocolate frosting to the happy-birthday cake we got at Chrysler"—a \$25 to \$100 annual Christmas bonus for Ford's 130,000 hourly-rate employees, probably beginning in 1965.

This week Reuther will turn his full attention to General Motors, attempt



REUTHER & FORD NEGOTIATORS  
Next: the biggest and richest.

to obtain similar economic concessions from the biggest and richest of the Big Three. Although there are troublesome "noneconomic" issues involving production standards and working conditions to be resolved with G.M., Reuther seems well on his way toward a perfect season. Would the U.A.W. seek even more from G.M.? Promised Reuther: "We're going to take the à la mode approach." That approach is sure to prove attractive to more than the United Auto Workers: at week's end six unions set a this-week strike deadline against most of the nation's railroads.

### Some Pinch in the Plants

The U.S. is clearly in for an extended debate on the imminence of inflation, set off in earnest by the results of the auto negotiations.

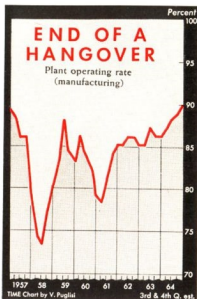
Economists attending the meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board in Manhattan last week not only split about their forecasts for next year—many holding, for the first time, that a slowing or downturn is in the works—but differed widely about whether the U.S. is headed for another inflationary spell. The N.I.C.B. itself seemed to have little doubt: in a special report, it declared that "it is very difficult indeed to establish economic grounds for inflation." At the same time, Manhattan's Morgan Guaranty Trust said in its monthly survey that "the warning is clear that the economy may be close to a new outbreak of inflation."

**Gauge to Watch.** Though rising wages and prices are two obvious heralds of inflation, economists also keep a close watch on plant capacity—the extent to which industry uses its facilities to turn out the goods it needs to meet demand. Reason: any strong and widespread increase in the use of capacity indicates that demand is pressing existing facilities, thus increasing pressures for price hikes. Rising demand has gradually alleviated the painful hangover of idle facilities that followed the plant-building binge of the mid-'50s, but U.S. industry in general is still not being strained to its limits. The nation's factories are now running at 88.5% of capacity v. 87% when the year began, are expected to hit between 89% and 90% before year's end.

Some industries, however, are already being squeezed toward full use of facilities, particularly steel, aluminum, machine tools, heavy machinery, autos and paper. The squeeze shows up not only in rising overtime in these industries but in slower delivery of key items and in the activation of plants that were formerly headed for the scrap heap. Aluminum capacity is so tight that Kaiser Aluminum plans to reopen a smelter in Tacoma that it shut down six years ago. U.S. Steel has just reopened a 47-year-old mill in Gary, Ind., to cope with the demand for heavy plate. A fifth of the nation's basic steel capacity is still idle, but bottlenecks are developing in the rolling mills that form finished steel for autos.

Some industries are also cramped by shortages of skilled workers. For the first time since 1955, steel's pool of laid-off labor has evaporated. Farm-equipment and machine-tool companies, loaded with orders, are struggling to recruit more seasoned help.

**Good Insurance.** Pressure on factory capacity is also strongly reflected in the estimated gain of 13% (to \$44.2 bil-



lion) in spending for new plant and equipment this year, even though much of this goes into modernization rather than straight-out additions to capacity. Papermakers have boosted capital investment by 30% above last year's level, and the chemical industry, despite excess capacity, has massive expansion underway to provide the new production lines required by new products. All this building helps to lessen the pressures on capacity and, because of the cost-cutting automation that goes with it these days, is good insurance against a profit squeeze that some economists fear may develop by the end of 1965. Moreover, the new plants mean new jobs, payrolls and spending that will help the economy grow some more.

## ADVERTISING

### Ex-Chain-Smoker's Exit

People leave advertising agencies all the time and for all sorts of reasons, ranging from a knife in the back to a boot out the door. Last week one of the ad world's top executives resigned his \$150,000-a-year post for what, as he stated it, was a rather different motive. Said Emerson Foote, 57, chairman of McCann-Erickson: "I will not have anything to do with any advertising agency which promotes the sale of cigarettes."

Foote first made a name for himself in the advertising business by working with Albert Lasker and George Washington Hill on American Tobacco's tumultuous Lucky Strike account. As some middle-aged moviegoers still remember, the Hollywood version of *The Hucksters*, a broad 1947 caricature of the ad game, cast Sydney Greenstreet

## PUT A TIGER IN YOUR TANK!



NEW POWER FURNACE ESSE EXTRA GASOLINE BOOSTER POWER THREE WAYS  
1 2 3  
HUMBLE ESSE

ESSO'S PREMIUM PITCH



"sic'em tiger...get Top Brass"



REVLON'S MALE STOPPER



It's nice to have a girl around the house

Leggs

LEGG'S FOOTREST

The tiger's paw.



U.S. Royal

U.S. ROYAL'S COME-ON

as a raucous Hill, while Adolphe Menjou portrayed Foote as a harassed, jittery yes man. Said Foote at the time: "I don't think I could impersonate Mr. Menjou very well, and I don't think he could impersonate me very well."

In 1948 the advertising firm that Foote had helped to found—Foote, Cone & Belding—jolted fellow admen by resigning the \$12 million-a-year American Tobacco business. Foote later left Foote, Cone & Belding, and landed in 1951 at McCann-Erickson, now the biggest agency in the world's largest advertising combine, Interpublic. A former chairman of the American Cancer Society's executive committee, he gave up chain-smoking five years ago. This year he was appointed to the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke. Now he hopes to work for anti-cigarette causes "as a volunteer propagandist, behind the scenes," but plans to continue as a professional adman, even if he has to form his own agency to do it.

### Burning Bright

It may be the Year of the Dragon in the Orient, but along Madison Avenue 1964 has clearly become the Year of the Tiger. From elephants to foxes, animals have long helped admen to peddle their wares, but the tiger has roared onto the advertising scene with irresistible force, turning up as a prop for everything from rented autos to hair oil. Says Martin Baker, an account executive for Doyle Dane Bernbach: "It's almost as if ads are giving up sex for tigers."

Humble Oil is pushing its gasoline sales with pictures of a huge tiger and the advice: "Put a tiger in your tank." U.S. Rubber is using a tiger to stress the clawlike grip of its tires. Revlon is backstopping its pitch for an anti-dandruff preparation with a feline-voiced gal, lounging on a stuffed tiger, who makes every man sit through the commercial by crooning: "I want a word with all you tigers—you men know which ones you are." Kellogg's tigers are puffing vim into breakfast food on

the fronts of cereal boxes. Williamson-Dickie Manufacturing Co. of Fort Worth advertises its campus slacks by picturing them worn by a tiger, and another manufacturer of slacks, Thomson Co. of New York, shows a tiger skin with a girl's head. Fabergé has added a "Tigriss" nail polish and lipstick to its "Tigriss" perfume, which is advertised with a tiger-stripe background.

Admen track the origins of the fad to Britain, where a Humble affiliate used a fierce tiger to introduce a premium gas. In the U.S. the trend has been helped by collegians who for years have been referring to any really swinging types as "tigers." As the psychologists see it, the tiger is a symbol of virility; as the admen see it, it is a surefire gimmick: sales of U.S. Rubber's tiger-paw tires have almost doubled since it began its campaign, and tigers now absorb a third of the company's \$6,000,000 tire-ad budget.

The tiger has roamed into unexpected territory. Hertz uses it to symbolize its dominance in the car-rental field, and Britain's Rootes Motors has just brought out a new \$3,400 sports car called the Sunbeam Tiger, with the slogan "Grab a Tiger by the Wheel." Gimmick manufacturers are selling countless cloth tiger tails, priced from 18¢ to \$1, to department stores. Humble dealers have sold thousands of tiger-tail tips to customers, most of whom clip them onto gas tanks. This fall Humble is ready to introduce napkins, clothing, and trick-or-treat bags with the tiger theme on all of them.

### AUTOS

#### The Change Is Gradual:

#### Slabs, Cubes & Some Curves

Millions of Americans will crowd into showrooms this week for their first close-up look at the widely heralded 1965 autos, which are all being unveiled in a busy, three-day period, closer together than ever before. What the potential customers think of the new models is important not only to Detroit but to the entire U.S. economy—and will

help determine how long the current economic advance continues. Hoping to match or better 1964's estimated sales of 8,200,000 autos, the industry has spent more on its new cars than ever before: \$525 million by Ford, \$300 million by Chrysler, about \$70 million for American Motors, and probably more than all of them put together by General Motors. "No similar industry-wide model change in the past," says Chrysler President Lynn Townsend, "has ever failed to bring a strong new stimulus to automobile sales."

**Successful Formula.** Surprisingly, despite all this spending and all the publicity about the most dramatic changes in years, there are no sudden styling turns in the 1965s—nothing like the sleek airplane-nosed model introduced by Studebaker in 1950, or the fins that sprouted all over in 1957. There are plenty of changes, of course—most of the major cars have been made over from the dies on—but they are gradual rather than dramatic, often show up in such details as headlights, bumpers or grilles. Detroit wanted new cars for 1965, but it was reluctant to tamper too much with a styling formula that had already proved so successful.

The trend toward square lines and flat, unadorned slab sides, originated by the 1960 Lincoln Continental but more recently refined and popularized by Pontiac, has spread to the new Chrysler and to American Motors and Ford models. Perhaps the ultimate in this rectilinear styling has been achieved by the new Mercury, whose squared-off front bumper gives it a cubed look. Even the Cadillac, which abandons its tail fins for the first time in 18 years, has replaced its usual side-panel sculpturing with the slab look.

**Suggestive Hop-Up.** Despite this trend to angularity, several models—notably in General Motors' divisions—have begun to curve cautiously back toward softer, more flowing contours. Hardtop models of the Chevrolet, Buick, Oldsmobile and Pontiac have new roof lines that flow gracefully into their rear decks, and the new fashion for G.M.

cars this year seems to be the "hop-up," a delicate swelling in the rear quarter panel of the car that suggests the outline of a rear fender. G.M.'s square-shaped Corvair has become as rounded as the Karmann-Ghia, and a new curved-roof version of Ford's highly successful Mustang has joined the Valiant Barracuda and the Corvette Sting Ray as the industry's only true fastbacks. Automakers have hedged their expensive bets on public acceptance of the new styling by offering most of the nameplates with curved roofing in squared-off, T-Bird roof versions too, but G.M.'s turn toward softer lines ensures an increasing trend in this direction for 1966 and beyond.

The public's demand for ever greater variety and the increasing competition among automakers—even among divisions in the same company—to sell to all segments of the market has resulted in a record 331 different models for 1965. There are nine different Corvairs, 15 big Chevrolets, twelve different Chevilles, seven different Chevy IIs and two Corvettes—for a total of 45 Chevrolet division models. Ford has 44 models, Oldsmobile 32 and little American Motors 29. Chrysler's Chrysler-Plymouth division alone offers 60 models, claims that it now blankets 74% of the

industry's total price range with cars as far apart in size as the compact Valiant and the luxury Imperial. More than ever, the man who buys a new car in the '65 model year will need to do some studying up before he enters the showroom.

**Important Ballot.** Auto buyers seem to want more pizzazz as well as more models—and 1965 will be the greatest pizzazz year in history. There will be more convertibles, hardtops, four-on-the-floor transmissions and bucket seats than ever before. Many models will be available in sporty "two plus two" versions that have bucket seats not only in front but in the back as well. Ford is out with the industry's first "six plus four" station wagon, which seats six in the front and middle bench seats, and an additional four in two facing, side-aligned rear seats. Most of the restyled cars are longer; American Motors,

whose future depends on its performance this year, has at last tacitly admitted to the swing away from compacts by adding five inches to its Classic and ten to the Ambassador.

Some industry traditions have been abandoned, while others have been formed. Chrysler has given up its push-button transmission for the conventional lever on the steering column; Ford has hexagonal taillights instead of the customary round ones. Style-leading Pontiac has influenced seven other cars to adopt its vertical dual headlights. The industry has also harked back to the auto's earlier days for some models, using simulated-wood steering wheels and dashboards and discarding hubcaps to expose chrome-covered wheelbolts. Whatever the changes, there is plenty of choice for the U.S. consumer, and his vote on the '65s will be the second most important balloting of the year.

J. EDWARD BAILEY



CHEVROLET IMPALA



MERCURY PARK LANE



FORD FASTBACK MUSTANG



CHRYSLER NEW YORKER



RAMBLER AMBASSADOR



CADILLAC SEDAN DE VILLE

More models, more pizzazz.



# WORLD BUSINESS

## BRITAIN

### Trouble for the Pound

The British must trade to eat, and there was general rejoicing last year when Britain sold enough goods to increase its share of worldwide exports for the first time since the late 1940s. Economists rushed to predict that this year would be even better. But 1963 proved to be a fluke, and 1964 has been anything but good for British trade. Last week the government announced that Britain's trade balance showed a discouraging deficit of \$143 million in August—bringing to \$930 million the deficit for the first eight months of the year. Because so much British money is going into foreign coffers, the British pound, one of the free world's two reserve currencies, is sagging perilously.

Some Cushioning. Last week the pound had dropped from its parity of \$2.80 to as low as \$2.78  $\frac{3}{8}$ , the lowest

\$500 million swap arrangement with the U.S. and \$1 billion in stand-by credits from the IMF. Besides, no government is likely to prescribe medicine as stiff as devaluation, the move on which the speculator gambles.

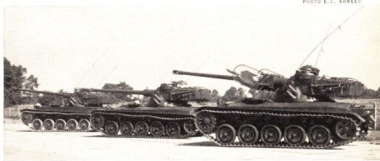
**Reluctant to Bother.** The cure for the quivering pound is as plain as its cause: trade. Manufacturers claim that rising costs and shortages of skilled labor are hampering exports, but that is not the whole story. Ted Heath, President of the Board of Trade, called last week for "more aggressive salesmanship overseas, based on new manufacturing techniques and keenly competitive costs." The trouble is that when business is good at home, many small firms do not want to bother with exports. British officials, noting that Britain's share of the giant U.S. market has slipped this year, tried to persuade businessmen to take part in 15 trade shows across the U.S. The response was apathetic.

purchases from the U.S., but its own defense industry, just emerging from a postwar eclipse, is beginning to look for more export markets.

The competition is growing much tougher, and so are the tactics. In current negotiations about building a Franco-German turboprop transport, the French are holding out for a fifty-fifty split of the contract, while the Germans argue that they have ordered more of the planes and should get more of the production. Right now the tanks of four nations are facing each other across battle lines: the British Chieftain, the West German Leopard, the French AMX30 and the U.S. M60. The French, whose armaments salesmen are trying hardest, have sold many of their light AMX13 tanks, but are having trouble with the newer AMX30; it has failed to win a clear military endorsement over the Leopard, which Germany has just begun to produce to



WEST GERMANY'S STANDARDPANZER



FRANCE'S AMX13s

*The hardest fighting comes before the sale.*

## WESTERN EUROPE

### Clash of Arms

Armaments are once again a big and growing business in Western Europe. The defense budgets of the major NATO powers have increased by about 45% since 1959, but few nations maintain defense establishments large enough to match their ability to produce arms. Result: A fiercely competitive battle for contracts, and the possibility of financial disaster for a company if its new plane or tank fails to win enough customers.

**Tank Trouble.** The arms makers sell chiefly to their own governments, but most of them also vie with each other for NATO contracts and for sales to nations—such as Greece, Portugal and Norway—that do not have their own major armaments industries. Britain does a good business in selling arms on the Continent and around the world. From 1960 to 1963, the French did well in foreign sales, thanks largely to the popularity of their light tanks and the Mystère II interceptor jet. West Germany still relies heavily on arms

replace its Standardpanzer. Belgium recently balked at signing an order for the AMX30, and The Netherlands grumbled that some of the AMX13s it bought have become immobilized with cracked gun mounts. Other European armies are not so sure that they want any new tanks at all, preferring to wait until a more sophisticated joint U.S.-German tank is introduced in the 1970s.

**New Pattern.** To overcome national bias and to broaden their markets, several defense companies are forming international joint ventures. French and British companies have joined to develop air-to-ground missiles. Last week the U.S.'s General Dynamics and France's C.S.F. established a Paris subsidiary called Sestro for the research and production of aerospace instruments. A new pattern of NATO armaments cooperation may be set by companies now seeking the contract for the \$300 million NADGE (for NATO air defense ground environment) system, an electronic "fence" to be strung from Norway to Turkey. There are no jealous national bidders for the job—only international consortiums.

in seven years and uncomfortably close to its official floor of \$2.78, at which the Bank of England is legally obliged to intervene and support the rate by purchasing pounds. Britain's gold and hard currency reserves are at their lowest level since the sterling crisis of 1957, and the respected National Institute of Economic and Social Research has flatly predicted that Britain will show a balance-of-payments deficit for 1964 of \$1.4 billion. Whichever party wins next month's elections, Britain will almost certainly have to draw funds from the International Monetary Fund before year's end.

Despite such troubles, no run on the pound has developed. For one thing, Britain's trade gap has been partly cushioned by a buildup of sterling balances held in London by other sterling area countries. For another, the Bank of England, which has let the sterling rate sag without much intervention, has resources at its call that are formidable enough to discourage currency speculators: \$2.5 billion of Britain's own reserves, several hundred million dollars available from Continental banks, a

Is your luggage  
as impressive  
as your title?  
It should be!



The Silhouette Two-Suiter is designed for today's fast-moving executive. Smart. Slim. Spacious. Special hangers and fixtures pack suits and all accessories without a wrinkle. Light magnesium frame. Concealed locks. Scuff-resistant coverings. Tailored interiors. Forty-two fifty.

## **Samsonite Silhouette® Two-Suiter**

The man's luggage that sets the pace in design...comes in Deep Olive, Tanbark, Oxford Grey.

Shwayer Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver, Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Prices slightly higher.

## What should you do with your extra money?

Invest it in good common stocks.

Why?

Because we think it has a chance to grow with the years—a good chance.

Because most common stocks in sound, well-managed companies pay dividends to their stockholders most years.

Then why do we insist on saying your "extra money?" Because anybody who buys stock takes the risk that he might be forced to sell it sometime in the future for less than he paid for it.

Stock prices do go down as well as up. They always have, they always will.

The chart on any recognized index of stock prices consists of peaks and valleys. But peaks and valleys notwithstanding, ever since the turn of the century, that same chart will show an upward trend of about 3% a year.

Of course nobody can invest in all stocks—or an average stock either for that matter.

That's why careful selection of the stocks that seem appropriate to your particular purposes at any particular time will always be of primary importance in any successful investment program.

And in that selection—for any sum, or any objective—we don't know of anybody in our business more ready, or willing, or able, to help.



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## ITALY

### Beating the Cycle

Sun-baked Sicily is a poor and promise-hungry land whose chief exports are citrus fruit and talent. Armed with native Sicilian shrewdness and the desire to get ahead, thousands of its sons have slipped into the mainstream of Italian business. Few of them have had more spectacular success than Milan Financier Michele Sindona, who founded and heads a corporate complex of manufacturing firms in nine countries and real estate firms in five. While many Italian businessmen are nervously retrenching in the face of rising costs and tightened credits, Sindona, 44, is moving ahead as if the economy were still at full pitch—and for him, it is.

Last week Sindona met with representatives of the U.S. General Foods Corp. to make plans for a joint venture in Sicily, did his homework for a similar planning session this week with Britain's Hambros Bank, and between times grabbed a telephone in his art-adorned office to hold Italian, French or limping English conversations with aides and agents on either side of the Atlantic. He has been on the telephone a lot lately. Last year he made news by swimming against the flood of U.S. acquisitions in Europe to buy, with two partners, a 20% controlling interest in Chicago's Libby, McNeill & Libby food-packing firm. Last month, in a second such venture, Sindona took control, by stock purchases and proxies, of New Hampshire's Brown Co., a paper and plywood maker that has suffered from industry slumps and takeover battles.

**Reversing Trends.** Sindona's penchant for joint ventures and foreign partners is the key to his good financial health. After he moved north from Sicily in 1947, he worked as a tax lawyer and accountant for such companies as Società Generale Immobiliare and Snia Viscosa. In the process he noticed a simple but significant economic fact: while some countries were undergoing slumps, others were almost inevitably in a boom. Sindona reasoned that he could beat the economic cycle by founding firms in various countries, thus covering possible losses with almost certain profits elsewhere.

Organizing a Liechtenstein holding company called Fasco, A. G., Sindona used profits he had made in real estate to buy a small Italian construction company. He hired American technicians to run the firm, won contracts across Europe and the Middle East. Eventually he sold 60% of the company to Belgians and moved on to new ventures in Britain, France, Switzerland and the U.S.

Sindona, a soft-spoken executive who relaxes by reading Tolstoy and collects Renaissance art, runs such distant acquisitions through aides who have sweeping authority. He insists that his companies increase overseas activities to spread their own risk, points proudly to the fact that by so doing, Libby last



SINDONA & 14TH CENTURY CARVING  
Joint ventures and foreign partners.

year raised sales 5% to \$289 million and tripled earnings.

**Contact Man.** Sindona is now president of seven companies, vice president of three and a director of twelve others. Along with protecting him against the winds of misfortune at home, his international complex has another purpose. Sindona is a dedicated free trader, believes businessmen can achieve tariff reductions faster than diplomats. "When enough European companies have interests in the U.S. and enough American companies have interests in Europe," he says, "nobody will want to keep trade barriers up." To speed their fall, Sindona volunteers his services as a contact man and consultant without fee whenever he notices Italian and non-Italian companies that he feels should get together.

## AVIATION

### A Meeting of Worriers

For all its promise of a three-hour flight between New York and Paris, the supersonic transport seems not to have broken the worry barrier yet. Governments worry about the high cost of developing it, which ranges from \$13.5 million per plane for the British-French job to \$40 million for a U.S. design that has not yet been settled on. Airframe makers worry about technical problems—from keeping fuel cool to developing new alloys. Among the most worried of all, as it turned out last week, are the world's airlines, which have already ordered 45 Concorde and 91 of the proposed bigger, faster U.S. model.

In Bogota, at the annual meeting of the 93-member International Air Transport Association—which the normally secretive outfit opened to the press for

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But the warmest sea of all is the Red one. Which is why the port of Eilat is such a popular winter resort. If you get tired of tripping over movie stars on the beach, you can pop into a glass-bottomed boat to see the coral gardens.

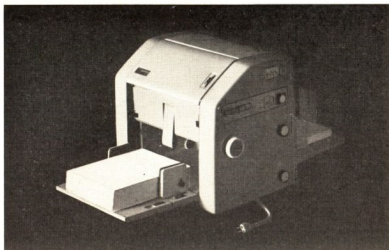
You can do almost anything on an Israel winter vacation except spend a lot of money. The low off-season costs just don't permit it. Sorry.

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the first time in 20 years—airmen sounded sorry that they had ever heard of the SST. They fretted about sonic booms, expressed reluctance to give up the highly profitable jets that they now operate, and worried about the shattering effect that they fear supersonics will have on their balance sheets. "At \$40 million," said Air India's Chairman J.R.D. Tata, "we would be paying five times as much for an aircraft doing only 2½ times the work. I cannot see how we can do this."

A trio of SST engineers tried hard to overcome doubts. Though many airmen have feared that the SSTs would be useless for medium-range flights because of the lengthy ascents they require to reach cruising altitudes, the engineers insisted that the planes will be practical down to flights of only 600 miles, will be able to operate productively for ten hours a day v. nine for the present jets. They held out promise that the sonic-boom problem will be solved eventually, possibly by delaying until high altitudes the cross-over from subsonic to supersonic speeds. Most of all, they stressed the inevitability of the SST—a telling argument to an audience that included many whose careers date back to the trimotor Ford.

In Bogotá, Sir William P. Hildred, 71, who has served as I.A.T.A. director-general for 18 years, announced that he will retire after next year. His replacement: Swedish Diplomat Knut Hammar skjöld, 42, a nephew of the late U.N. Secretary-General. Sir William had a word or two about the SST. "I hope," he said, "that I shall not live to see the damned things."

#### An SAS of the East?

The Scandinavian Airlines System, jointly owned by Denmark, Sweden and Norway, is a rare example of several countries cooperating in a single transport commercial enterprise. Before long, the world may have another example. Exploratory talks are now being held among representatives of Pakistan, Turkey and Iran about the possibility of establishing a joint three-nation air system similar to SAS. A final decision will be made within a year, and the decision is expected to be yes.

Each of the three would continue to operate its internal routes, but international flights to such points as Vienna, Rome, Geneva, Athens and Frankfurt would become a joint service. Together, as the planners see it, the three nations would be able to finance and fly new equipment and negotiate traffic rights that are difficult to attain alone in an increasingly complex air age. The backbone of the new line would probably be Pakistan International Airlines. One international run that profitable, government-owned PIA would continue to fly solo: its weekly flights from Dacca to Red China, which have been so successful that the line last week started a second weekly flight. Turkey and Iran do not recognize Red China.



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## THE THEATER

### New Season—Old Play—No Hit

**Treveller Without Luggage**, the new Broadway season's opening play, is a 27-year-old drama by Jean Anouilh that does not so much betray its age as it does the ineptness of the French playwright in his youth. He concentrates on outer mechanics rather than inner change. He is more concerned with proving an intellectual thesis than with pumping the whole blood of the dramatic imagination into characters that command the stage. They merely mouth the playwright's favorite thoughts. Life corrupts. A man's memory is a history of petty and monstrous crimes, of fond illusions lost. Only a man without a past, Anouilh seems to be saying, is free of the past.

The play's hero (Ben Gazzara) has been abruptly freed of his past at 18

FRIDMAN/ARLEY



GAZZARA & DUNNOCK IN "LUGGAGE"  
*Outer mechanics, not inner change.*

by amnesia suffered in World War I. At the age of 36, he is claimed by several families, and when he stumbles on his real relatives, he begins to loathe the self that was. As a boy, it appears, he was cruel to small animals. He hated his mother (Mildred Dunnock), and she hated him. He crippled his best friend in a fight over a chambermaid. He had an affair with his older brother's wife (Nancy Wickwire), who is more than ready to resume it.

An able but seemingly perplexed cast can scarcely redeem itself, let alone the play. Ben Gazzara sets the acting tone of the evening with a performance of marmoreal monotony. Everyone labors strenuously over the point that Anouilh talkily belabors: to be robbed of the worst, or the best, past is not a theft but a gift. Anouilh further argues, without his later agile irony and cogent wit, that a man can indeed escape his past, which suggests that the young playwright still harbored at least one fond and vastly foolish illusion.

## MILESTONES

**Married.** Michael Balfe Howard, 22, Yale senior, grandson of retired Newspaper Magnate Roy Howard; and Carter Harrison Bottjer, 21, fine arts major at Sarah Lawrence College; in Sudbury, Mass.

**Married.** King Constantine of the Hellenes, 24; and Princess Anne-Marie of Denmark, 18; in a Greek Orthodox ceremony; in Athens (see THE WORLD).

**Died.** Florence ("Big Fanny") Storgoff, 56, massive (240 lbs.) leader of the Canadian Doukhobors' Sons of Freedom, a small (3,000 members) but fanatic religious sect that broke away from the more peaceable "Douks" after they emigrated from Russia in 1899, and is forever giving the authorities fits by squatting on government land, ignoring public schools and legalized marriage, and burning their homes and parading around naked whenever police try to enforce the law; of cancer; in Vancouver.

**Died.** Charles Douglas ("C.D.") Jackson, 62, publisher and public servant, senior vice president of Time Inc., managing director of TIME-LIFE International (1945-49), publisher of FORTUNE (1949-53) and LIFE (1960 to last March), spearhead of Radio Free Europe and Project HOPE, Eisenhower speechwriter and special assistant (he helped draft the Atoms for Peace proposal), U.S. delegate to the U.N. (1954) and, most recently, founder of the International Executive Service Committee, which he envisioned as a Peace Corps of businessmen; of cancer; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Dr. Alfred Blalock, 65, leading U.S. heart surgeon who teamed with his chief pediatrician, Helen Tausig, in 1944 to perform the first Blalock-Tausig "blue baby" operation, which has since restored to health an estimated 10,000 children born with congenital heart defects; of cancer; in Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, where he was surgeon-in-chief from 1941 to last July. Until Blalock's operation, "blue babies" (so called because of their blue lips and finger tips) were considered incurable, suffered from such acute lack of oxygen in their bloodstreams that they either died shortly after birth or spent their lives as invalids.

**Died.** James Frank Dobie, 75, folklorist of the U.S. Southwest; of a heart attack; in Austin, Tex. He called himself a Texian, adding the *i* and defining it as "one of the old rocks of the state." That he was, spending his life slouching across the land in battered Stetson and rundown boots, collecting all the tales, true or tall, of oil and gold, sheriffs and outlaws, then spinning them out in humorously irreverent lectures

as the University of Texas' "Professor Pancho" and weaving them into 21 books, of which *Coronado's Children* and *The Mustangs* were among the best known. He loved Texas as it was—not is—and when he said, "I damn sure would rather hear a coyote bark than anything I've heard on another man's radio," no one doubted his word.

**Died.** Lord Raglan, 79, British author and anthropologist, great-grandson of the man who ordered the charge of the Light Brigade and invented the slope-shouldered Raglan sleeve, himself a salty-tongued gadfly who in the course of nine lively volumes (*Myth and Drama*, *How Came Civilization?*) suggested, among other things, that Shakespeare was the least literate member of a six-man play-writing syndicate; of a heart attack; in Monmouthshire, England.

**Died.** Sean O'Casey, 84, grand and rebellious old man of Irish letters; of a heart attack; in Torquay, England. A blustery, self-proclaimed "guttersnipe" who could jingle a few words together, O'Casey was a Protestant among Catholics, so savagely attacked what he considered the bullying clergy and bullheaded country folk during Ireland's 1916-21 uprising that enraged Dubliners stormed performances of his early—and most famous—plays, *Juno and the Paycock*, a portrayal of Dublin tenement life, and *The Plough and the Stars*, about the 1916 Sinn Féin Easter Week rebellion. By 1928 he was in England, still tilting at the church, now flirting with Communism, and forever filling his prose with such searing rhetoric and tumultuous Irish illogic that he began to feel, he once said, that life had left him "tattered and torn, like a man tossed by the cow with the crumpled horn, but still sparring for defense and a forward blow."

**Died.** Mark Charles Honeywell, 89, retired board chairman (1937-53) and one of the founders of Honeywell Inc., who in 1906 started an oil-beat company in his home town of Wabash, Ind., 20 years later merged with his biggest competitor, Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co., to form the major enterprise that has since gone beyond oil burners and thermostats to all manner of computers and space controls with annual sales of \$650 million; in Wabash.

**Died.** Charles Graham, 111, oldest onetime U.S. Negro slave, who "got freed when the rest was freed," on his 103rd birthday reflected that "slavery was inhumane, but not as torturous as some believe," and that his own longevity was due to two lifelong habits: "When you drink, don't drink with a crowd, and when you shovel, take it easy"; of cancer; in South Bend, Ind., where he moved from Mississippi in 1945.

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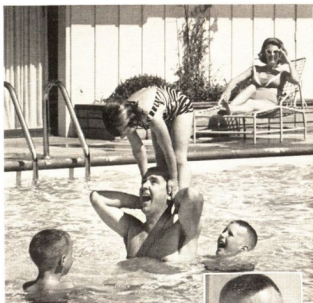
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## BOOKS

### Dissection of the Germans

THIS GERMANY: THE STORY SINCE THE THIRD REICH by Rudolf Walter Leonhardt. 275 pages. New York Graphic Society. \$7.95.

"The Germans find themselves in the same position as the French, the English, cats, or tobacco," aphorizes Author Leonhardt. "To be hated for the right reasons is not always pleasant, but to be loved for the wrong ones can

ROSEMARIE CLAUER



LEONHARDT

*Schizophrenia can be a challenge.*

be downright embarrassing." With that essentially negative prelude out of the way, the West German journalist launches into a wry and gritty explanation of what it is like to be a German today. Leonhardt feels that the Germans are among the world's most unlikely peoples, but his *apologia* gives a tough, fascinatingly qualified answer of yes to the question: "Do you like being a German?"

"Protest-Weary," Leonhardt, 43, is eminently qualified to answer that question. As cultural editor of Hamburg's prestigious weekly *Die Zeit*, he knows Germany inside out; seven years in England as a foreign correspondent taught him also to know it outside in. Published in Germany under the title *X-Mal Deutschland* (X-times Germany), this John Gunther-like look at both Germanys sold 300,000 copies and raised many a hackle—or wattle, as Leonhardt would put it.

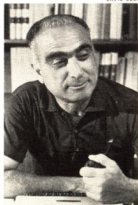
In a series of curt, kaleidoscopic essays loosely tied to the framework of a trip Leonhardt made through Germany with a group of non-German friends, he discourses on anti-Semitism ("Since they murdered the Jews, the Germans are becoming more and more stupid"), the abominable German tourist ("His yearning to communicate assumes loudspeaker proportions as soon

as he crosses the border"), the political decline of West German Protestantism (they are "protest-weary"). But Leonhardt is too thorough a journalist not to buttress his arguments with shocks of statistics and a quorum of quotes from sources as disparate as Madame de Staël ("Love of liberty has not been developed at all among the Germans") and Thomas Wolfe ("How can one speak of Munich but to say it is a kind of German heaven?").

"Tough Humility." At the heart of Leonhardt's book, though, lies the schizophrenia of a Germany divided—affluent and self-satisfied to the west of the Iron Curtain, lean and paranoid to the east. Earlier conquerors—the Romans, the armies of Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War, the Napoleonic French—dropped their Iron Curtains between north and south. Over the centuries there developed a dour, methodical, Protestant North, and an affable, beer-drinking, Catholic South. The East-West split, Leonhardt argues, has cut this historical Germany into quarters and generated an "Athens v. Sparta" complex that most Germans believe can only be cured by reunification.

Being a German today, he feels, means accepting not so much the disgrace of political separation, since Germany has been a nation for only 75 years in her long lifetime, but rather the pain of a sharp cultural rupture. "There we are," Leonhardt concludes, "saddled again with a mission and not at all sure which one. Bulwark against the east? Bulwark against Leipzig and Dresden [both East German cities]? If it were a question of industry, thoroughness, organizing talent, we would have nothing to fear. But I am afraid the world is going to ask of us just what we have left of: the imagination to understand somebody else's point of view and still preserve our own: the tough humility of the democrat." That challenge, Leonhardt believes, makes being a German worthwhile.

DAVID LEE



BARZINI

### Reflections on the Italians

THE ITALIANS by Luigi Barzini. 352 pages. Atheneum. \$6.95.

Some painful, intimate truths are far easier to confess to a chance friend opportunely met than to the closest member of the family. A couple of drinks, a quiet dinner, brandy and cigars before the inn fire—and imperceptibly, from behind the urbanity and wit emerge the true facts of a marriage in shambles or of a mortal sickness. This is exactly the kind of book that Milanese Journalist Luigi Barzini has written to explain to the U.S. the delights and secret deficiencies of his countrymen's manners and morals.

Foreigners have always loved Italy, Barzini points out. Tourists by the thousands, and recently by the millions, have gone there each year, the Germans and Scandinavians looking for sun, the Americans and Russians eager to absorb culture, the artists and fake artists searching for refuge, the rich seeking laxly enforced tax laws and the poor seeking "a place where indigence looks like modest affluence by contrast with the surrounding poverty." Men come to Italy to pursue the young women, who, Barzini concedes, "are now more disturbingly beautiful than they have ever been," with "harmonious behinds like double mandolins"; foreign women often find Italian men irresistible in their "charm, skill, lack of scruples, and boldness." Many return, captivated by the gaiety, warmth and apparent candor that are the overt features of the Italian national character.

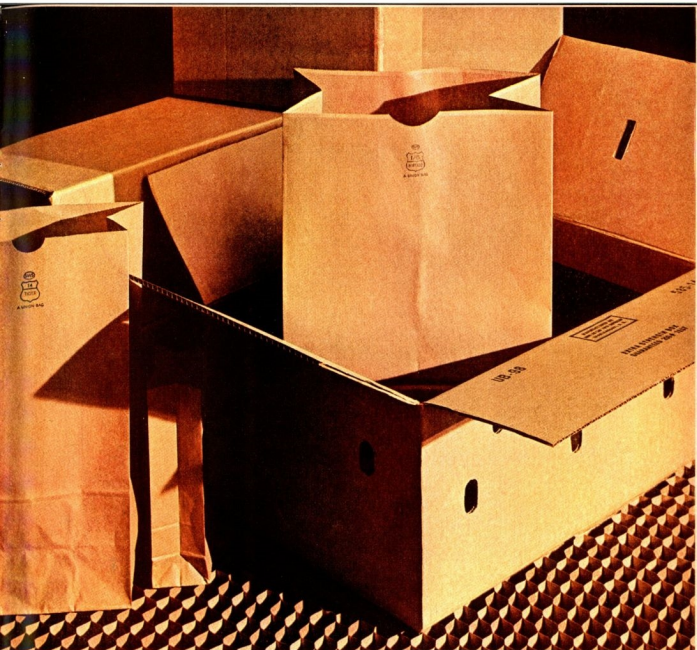
Lies for Happiness. The trouble is that the Italians themselves are captivated by these qualities, Barzini suggests. "Watch an Italian mother fondle her baby. If she is alone, she is tender and solicitous like any other mother, in a matter-of-fact way. As soon as somebody enters the room, she will immediately act a tasteful impersonation of Mother Love. Her face will suddenly shine, tears of affection will fill her eyes, she will crush the infant to her breast,

RUTH OKIN



ITALIAN STREET SCENE

*Deceptions can be disastrous.*



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sing to him . . ." But even at its most innocent, the trait lends "a theatrical quality which enhances but slightly distorts all values."

From here it is but a step to the "polite lies and flattery," still well-intentioned, which Italians use to make life more agreeable. "Tailors praise your build, Dentists exclaim: 'You have the teeth of an ancient Roman!' The doctor cannot help remarking that he has rarely encountered an influenza as baffling as yours." Even speedometers "are made to lie in Italy for your happiness," set to read 10% ahead of the actual speed "to make you feel proud of your automobile and driving skill."

**Self-Swindlers.** Unfortunately, the deceptions can sometimes be disastrous. In Italy, Barzini argues, "ordinary people must usually choose between the unrestrained expression of counterfeit emotions and the controlled expression of real ones." The inevitable result is automatic distrust of idealism, and a cynicism so widespread that "there is a large part of reality the realistic Italian never grasps."

As for the extraordinary people, it was the adventurer Casanova and the swindler Cagliostro who raised deception to a way of life and a high art; Machiavelli who made it a cardinal principle of statecraft; while Mussolini was by no means the first Italian leader to perish finally believing the deceptions he had himself created. At the start, Barzini thinks, Mussolini "watched himself playing the great role he was inventing as he went along, hamming at it with gusto," but over the years he began to believe the stirring show and the lies and flattery, came to read his own newspapers with pleasure, and mistook the parades for real military power, until "in the end he lived within a private imaginary world of his own."

**Habits of Mind.** "The only fundamental institution in the country" is the family, thinks Barzini. Within the family, Italians practice "virtues other men usually dedicate to the welfare of their country at large; the Italians' family loyalty is their true patriotism." High honor, great love and sacrifice can result. But the strength of the family is not only a defense against disorder, argues Barzini, "but one of its principal causes," forestalling the development of strong political institutions, fostering the habits of nepotism and corruption that every Italian instinctively understands.

In the end, for all his tone of jaunty worldliness, Barzini's is a cry of despair: "The tenacity and the eagerness with which the individual pursues his private interests and defends himself from society, his mistrust of noble ideals and motives, the splendid show, the all-pervading indulgence for man's foibles, make Italian life pleasant and bearable in spite of poverty, tyranny and injustice. They also waste the efforts and the sacrifices of the best Italians and make poverty, tyranny and injustice very difficult to defeat."

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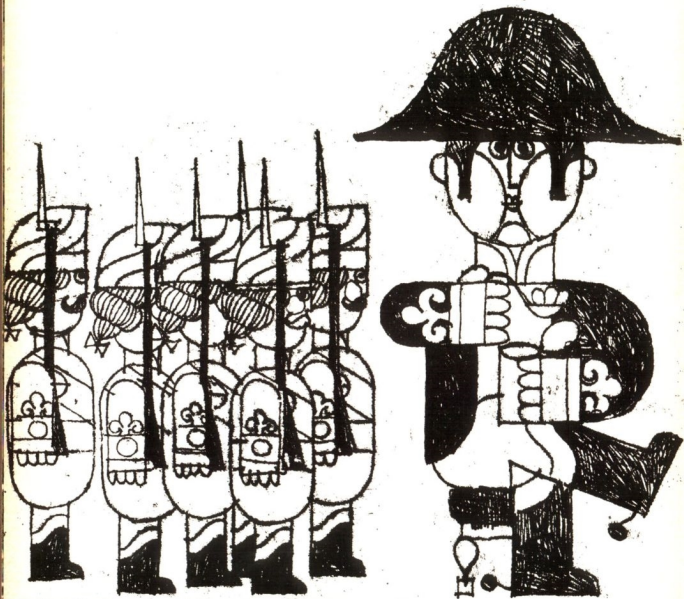
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## A Corner of the Universe

VIVE MOII by Sean O'Faolain. 374 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.75.

When Irish Novelist Sean O'Faolain (pronounced O'Faylawn) was 20 and a student at the University College in Cork, he wrote a poem containing the phrase "Mother Ireland's teeming navel"; he was subsequently astounded, he recalls, to learn from a medical student that in the history of medicine "no mother had yet been known to eject a baby through her belly-button."

That anecdote suggests the innocence in the Irish character that is both appealing and maddening, and Novelist O'Faolain knows as much about it as any Irishman now working: "Ireland is learning, as Americans say, the hard

GORDON STANDING



SEAN O'FAOLAIN

Out of the featherbed's soft smother.

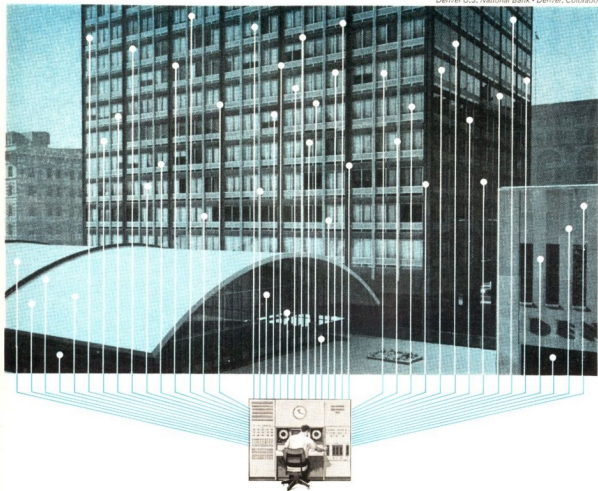
way. Ireland has clung to her youth, indeed to her childhood, longer and more tenaciously than any other country in Europe."

O'Faolain's autobiography is the presumably unfinished story ("Thus far: Dublin, February 1964" reads the final notation in the book) of how one Irishman slowly took in the world "in nuclear bits and pieces," and became a writer in the process.

**Withering Sirocco.** In the city of Cork at the turn of the century, the O'Faolains were "shabby genteels at the lowest possible social level, always living on the edge of false shames and stupid affectations." O'Faolain's father was a police constable in the Royal Irish Constabulary; his mother was a farm girl, a deeply pious woman whose "religious melancholy withered everything it touched, like a sirocco." The ambition of both of them was to see their three sons reach "the highest state in life that anyone could achieve"—that of a Gentleman. No one of the brothers quite made it to Gentleman, but two of them did well enough so that the

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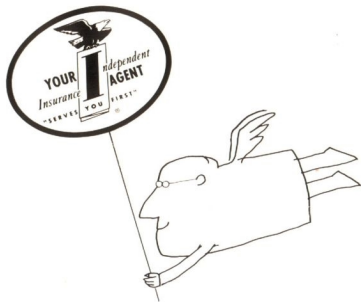
family no longer had to "think small beer of themselves." One became a priest, the other a revenue inspector in the British Civil Service. The young-est, Sean, opted for writing—a decision that his mother never quite forgave him.

His writer's instinct was first honed at the stage door of the Cork Opera House, where every Sunday afternoon he witnessed "the arrival of forests, waterfalls, mountains, white clouds, paneled halls, cannons and candelabras." Out of them he fashioned "highly emotional images of the Admirable Life," undisturbed by the fact that the stagehands who handled the props might be "Lazy Casey or Georgie Cantwell, who might, tomorrow morning, be holding up the street corner by the quay waiting for the pub to open."

In the parish church, young Sean would kneel by the hour before a "full-sized carved and colored figuration of Purgatory," praying most particularly for "the girl highest in the group, always almost redeemed, her long, fair hair always falling to her waist, her manacles always already parted, her uppermost hand always just out of reach of the Divine Child's foot." O'Faolain's father was "absolutely loyal to the Empire, as only a born hero-worshiper can be," and after Sunday services Sean would accompany him to the British army barracks on Wellington Road to watch the regiment parade and "when the drums rolled and the brass shook the air, I could hear the saber clash, the hoofbeats, the rifle fire of *The Dash for Khartoum, With Kitchener in the Soudan*. My father would nod at us sagely and proudly. We belonged."

**Impaled and Trodden.** It took him nearly 30 years, says O'Faolain, to free himself by "slow, tentative, instinctive" steps from the "soft smother of the provincial featherbed." The first step took him to the university, where he learned "the hot and vivid [Irish] pleasures of aimless disputation, of purely contentious shindysm." A second, more important, step took him in 1920 into the Irish Republican Army. His experiences in the I.R.A., first fighting the British and later the troops of the Irish Free State during the civil war, left him with a "savagely disillusion with Ireland's ineptitude." At 26, he won a graduate fellowship to Harvard and departed Ireland, convinced that "I don't care if I never see the bloody place again."

He cared a great deal more than he thought. By the time his two years at Harvard were up, he knew that he "belonged to an old, small, much-trodden country, where every field, every path, every ruin had its memories, where every last corner had its story." It took him seven more years to get back, but he was back to stay. If his book is "a no to my own boyhood, my own youth, even to my own parents," it is a yes to "the basic experiment with life" that made him a writer. For better or worse, he notes, he remains "impaled on one green corner of the universe."



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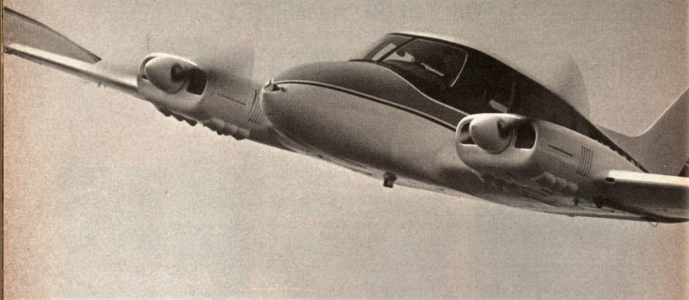
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## The Good Guy

HERZOG by Saul Bellow. 341 pages.  
Viking. \$5.75.

It may be that Saul Bellow is just too nice a guy. He obviously wishes the world well; he wants the world to be pleased with him; and this benevolence, or "potato love," as Bellow calls it, may have damaged the work of a writer who has long been on the threshold of the U.S. literary pantheon but has never quite managed the "big" novel that would put him there permanently.

Bellow's early novel, *The Victim*, had the tension of tragedy: an eerie encounter between a Jew and an anti-Semite in which the Jew turns out to be as much persecutor as victim. This first *succès d'estime* was followed by the book that made Bellow a popular success as well: *The Adventures of Augie March*, a picaresque tale of a Jewish Huck Finn who bounces about the U.S. and Mexico sampling and quickly tiring of all manner of jobs, creeds and persons. But *Augie* sacrificed the dramatic tension of *The Victim* and rambled. Bellow's subsequent novel, *Henderson the Rain King*, rambled even more; and in *Herzog* the tension has snapped completely in a flood of good will.

*Pet Goose*. Few novels have been longer awaited or more often deferred. It has been seven years since the publication of *Henderson*, during which time Bellow has traveled in Europe on a Ford Foundation grant, then settled down at the University of Chicago as Fellow of the Committee on Social Thought. Lecturing on literature in the afternoons, he has spent his mornings working on *Herzog* and on his first play, *The Last Analysis*, about an aging Jewish comedian with a scheme to save humanity, which will open on Broadway this month.

Individual episodes in *Herzog* are brilliant; Bellow can wring a rare pathos out of the most unlikely, unlovely material: scenes of common, everyday, squalid home life, with the kids sniffing, the wash on the line and mommy savaging daddy. No one, in fact, slices life with a sharper eye than Bellow. But on the whole, the new novel is disappointing. Moses E. Herzog, teacher-scholar, is everybody's door mat. Things happen to him: he does nothing. He is tossed out of his own home by his wife and her lover. He is bullied by lawyers, psychiatrists, cops, a priest and friends. At the beginning of the novel, he is at least dashing off undelivered letters to all sorts of people, living and dead, who have offended him. At the end, he gives up even that. He is rough and the rough-and-tumble of the world, he acknowledges, because he was "brought up on moral principles as Victorian ladies were on pianoforte and needle point. He had been spared the destruction of certain sentiments as the pet goose is spared the axe."

Herzog, despite his learned jokes and

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Apr. 28, 30 May 1, 2

Noh Play

Apr. 25

soprano

Victoria de los Angeles

Apr. 24, 27

piano

Claudio Arrau

Apr. 25, 26

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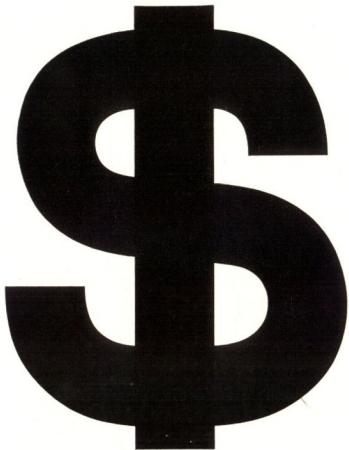
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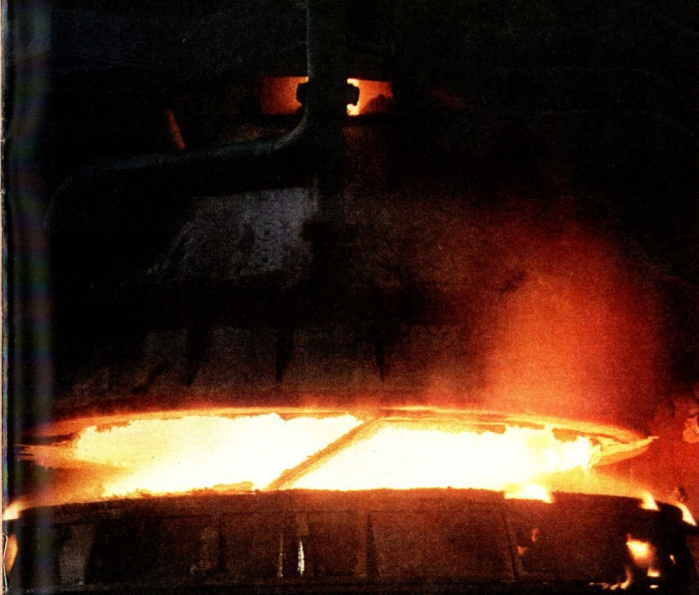
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granddaddy of them all (nine years old)

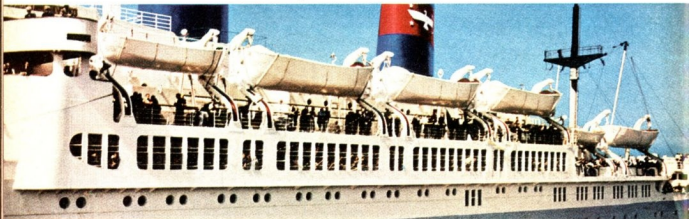
This is the hottest trend in steelmaking today: quick cooking with oxygen. In just nine years, the industry has changed to basic oxygen furnaces for nearly all its new facilities. Reason? You get steel in a fraction of open-hearth time. You're looking at the granddaddy that started it all in the first place. It's still on duty in our Trenton plant, where oxygen process steelmaking was introduced to America, back in 1955.

McLOUTH STEEL CORPORATION—DETROIT, TRENTON AND GIBRALTAR, MICHIGAN





**Every two weeks**



**a great President Liner**



**sails from San Francisco to the Orient.**

Your course: West-Southwest. Speed: 20 knots. Destination: Hawaii, Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines. Along the way you'll see fish that fly, birds that swim, and a bow wave that glows in the night.

Your ship itself will be an adventure. You'll find that your stateroom comes with radio, telephone and 24-hour room service. That the salt water pool is heated to a pleasant 78 degrees. That there are, if you care to count, 420 different dishes served during the two-week Pacific crossing. And that the voyage, if anything, will seem too short to meet all of the 250 passengers aboard your great President Liner.

NYR12

One-way fares to Manila start at \$689 First Class; \$403 Economy Class. Space is still open on two of three special Fall cruises (Nov. 7 and Nov. 21) featuring five extra days, three extra ports and a daylight trip through Japan's Inland Sea—at no extra cost. Later, holiday rates cut round-trip costs by 25% off the normal one-way fares. See your Travel Agent.



SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE • PORTLAND • NEW YORK • COAST GUARD • BIRMINGHAM, ENGL. • HONGKONG

# Harold



## hammers...

out sensible investment programs. A. G. Becker & Co. Registered Representative, Harold L. Citrin, starts by gathering facts, facts, and more facts. He then attempts to evaluate and apply these facts in the light of the unique goals of your investment program.

Harold's background? Solid, beginning with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Economics from Brooklyn College in 1950... a Master of Science degree in Business from Columbia University Graduate School of Business in 1951, and several years in the textile industry. In building a sensible investment program, as in sailboat racing (his favorite pastime), Harold finds it takes steady concentration to be successful.

Harold Citrin would like to meet you and discuss ways to attempt to shape your investments to your own special needs. And for you: a recent report on the Montgomery Ward & Company, with Harold's compliments.

## A. G. Becker & Co.

INCORPORATED

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TIME, SEPTEMBER 25, 1964

sophisticated dalliances with a series of ladies, is that common figure of today's literature: the anti-hero champion of the ordinary life, whose plain decency is contrasted with the theatricality and contrived cruelties of everyone around him. The novel is an attack on the proud intellectualism of over-ratiocinative Jews (and others). "We love apocalypses too much," Herzog decides, "and crisis ethics and florid extremism with its thrilling language. Excuse me. I am a simple human being, more or less."

All Is Dust. But if Herzog is an emotional deadbeat, other characters have plenty of chutzpah. Herzog's wife Madeline is the perfect man killer with her cold, carnivorous smile, her facial tic and gnawed nails; she strips Herzog of his bank account during the ride, ridi-

THURMAN E. RUDGE



SAUL BELLOW

*A stumble on the threshold.*

cles him into impotence at night; after meals she is in the habit of applying her lipstick while gazing at her reflection in a knife blade. Her lover, Valentine Gersbach, is an ex-disk jockey who loves to "yuk it up" with intellectuals, gives Herzog fatherly lectures on how to get along with his wife.

In keeping with the chief character, Bellow's prose is sometimes pudding-soft, mushy and too sweet; but at other times it is as good as anything he has written. In fact, where the novel does not limp, it moves majestically, as in a grimly tender description of the death of Herzog's mother. It is just that Bellow does not seem to be covering any new ground. Toward the end, Herzog reflects: "I look at myself and see chest, thighs, feet—a head. This strange organization, I know it will die. And inside—something, something, happiness... Something produces intensity, a holy feeling... But what do you want, Herzog?" But that's just it—not a solitary thing. I am pretty well satisfied to be, to be just as it is willed, and for as long as I may remain in occupancy."

There must be more to say than that.

# Steve



## stalks...

his quarry with knowledge and experience. The game he goes after? Depressed stocks that he feels show signs of turning around, that show potential for improved earnings. A. G. Becker & Co.'s Registered Representative Stephen Grosberg knows them when he sees them. He tries to make it his business to know and understand his customers' objectives when he recommends securities for them.

Steve came to A. G. Becker & Co. seven years ago, after earning a B.S. degree in business from the University of Rochester. When not deep in investments, Steve is deep in rare coins and good books, and sometimes deep in the rough on the golf course.

Is your investment program due for a check-up? (It needs attention if you've had a recent change in financial objectives.) Contact Stephen Grosberg. By the way, he has a report on Mesta Machine Co. that's yours for the asking.

## A. G. Becker & Co.

INCORPORATED

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NY22



For the first time, Simmons asks...  
and gets the answers to...

## 10 questions about how Top-Income Managers & Professionals feel about advertising in these 5 magazines



**Question:** "Of these five magazines, which one carries advertising that is best described by the following phrases?"

- ? Anyone responding to an offer in its advertising pages can do so with full confidence.
- ? Advertising that influences the most important business executives.
- ? Advertising that provides information about the latest products and services available to business.
- ? Advertising intended specifically for executives with management responsibilities.

- ? Advertising that is most exciting.
- ? Advertising that keeps me in touch with the leading companies in business & industry.
- ? Has advertising that is most authoritative.
- ? Has advertising which is of general interest to anyone in business.
- ? Has advertising that is most important to me.
- ? Advertising that is most enjoyable to look at.

Are reader attitudes important? You can bet your top advertising dollar they are. And they are all the more meaningful when these attitudes reflect the feelings of a vital advertising target. In the new Simmons study on FORTUNE, the attitudes of business leaders toward the five magazines shown above are now revealed. And, the ten questions asked above are answered in a way that suggests the important differences in the approach of Top-Income Managers & Professionals to the advertising in these magazines.

Also revealed in the new Simmons study is FORTUNE'S reach among top-income executives who

function in (1) engineering, design, research and development, (2) production, (3) maintenance and servicing, and (4) purchasing, as well as other non-technical/production areas. And, of course, the usual demographic data about FORTUNE'S audience, e.g., age, income, size of company, education, social position. If you are responsible for investing your company's advertising expenditures—or your clients'—you will want to evaluate how these five magazines reach Top-Income Managers & Professionals and, perhaps more important, their attitudes toward the magazines. FORTUNE salesmen have copies of the report.

**FORTUNE** the magazine of business leadership.



**If you ship from  
5 to 50 pounds anywhere in the U. S.  
you're missing a bet**

**...unless you check Air Express.**

There are many reasons why. For example, you can actually ship a 20 pound package from New York to Chicago by Air Express for less than motor carrier (\$6.20 vs. \$6.82)...and at a sizable saving in time.

Among air cargo services, Air Express is often cheapest and quickest too.

Another point. Air Express rates are figured door-to-door. You only

have one call, one waybill.

And there's more. Air Express can deliver by sunset tomorrow to any one of 21,000 U.S. cities. Pickup is made within 2 hours of your call. Your packages get top priority on every scheduled airline after air mail.

On the ground, 10,500 delivery trucks speed deliveries between you, the airports and your customers. Com-

pare this with any other service.

Air Express is a joint venture of all 39 scheduled airlines and REA Express. No wonder it gives you the best service in the air and on the ground.

Next time you ship from 5 to 50 pounds, try Air Express. Simply call your REA Express agent.

**Air Express outdelivers them all...anywhere in the U.S.A.**

**Air Express**  
Division of REA Express





it's more so



The Olivetti Underwood Divisumma 24 can add, subtract, multiply and divide...separately, or as part of a single combined calculation, without manual re-entry of intermediate results. It provides a tape record of each operation.

The Divisumma 24 Grand Total, now available through Olivetti Underwood Representatives, is even **more** flexible and versatile. It can automatically accumulate individual sums and products for a grand total—or hold them until they're wanted as elements in additional calculations. It can provide a constant dividend without manual re-entry.

May we leave a Divisumma 24 GT in your office for one week? (It's a pretty good salesman, too.) Telephone your Olivetti Underwood Representative. Or write to Olivetti Underwood Corporation, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016

olivetti underwood





Sometimes this great Canadian whisky,  
Seagram's V.O.  
tastes even better. Like now.  
V.O. does for you what no other whisky can.  
It defines smooth once and for all.  
Light? Of course.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

KNOWN BY THE COMPANY IT KEEPS



Discover how good tasting a charcoal filter cigarette can be!

Rare coconut-shell charcoal makes the difference.

*New!*

## Philip Morris Multifilter

*The name you can trust for flavor*

What is surprising about coconut-shell charcoal?

It has no charcoal taste!

Therefore, you have the natural taste of tobacco—unchanged.

Multifilter uses coconut-shell charcoal exclusively.



Soft Plastic Sport Pack